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THE WORKS

OF

GEORGE CHAPMAN:

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1875.

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THE

WHOLE WORKS

OF

HOMER:

PRINCE OF POETS.

In his Iliads, and Odyſseys.

Translated according to the Greek

By

Geo. Chapman.

De Ili: et Odyss:

"*Omnia ab his, et in his sunt omnia: sive beati*
Te decor eloquii, seu rerum pondera tangunt."

ANGEL: POL.

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Commendatory Verses.

TO MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS INTO ENGLISH METRE.*

THOU ghost of Homer 'twere no fault to call
His the translation, thine the original,
Did we not know 'twas done by thee so well
Thou makest Homer Homer's self excel.

ON MR. CHAPMAN'S INCOMPARABLE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS.

WHAT none before durst ever venture on,
Unto our wonder is by Chapman done,
Who by his skill hath made great Homer's Song
To vail its bonnet to our English tongue,
So that the learned well may question it,
Whether in Greek, or English, Homer writ.
O happy Homer, such an able pen
To have for thy Translator, happier than
Ovid,† or Virgil,‡ who beyond their strength
Are stretch'd, each sentence near a mile in length.

But our renowned Chapman worthy praise
And meriting the never blasted bays,
Hath render'd Homer in a genuine sense,
Yea, and hath added to his eloquence:
And in his comments his true sense doth show,
Telling Spondanus, what he ought to know,
Eustathius, and all that on them take
Great Homer's mystic meaning plain to make,
Yield him more dark with far-fetch'd allegories,
Sometimes mistaking clean his learned stories:
As 'bout the fly Menelaus* did inspire,
Juno's retreat, Achilles' strange desire;
But he, to his own sense doth him restore,
And comments on him better than before
Any could do, for which (with Homer) we
Will yield all honour to his memory.

S. SHEPPARD.†

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.‡

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* [From *Wits Recreations, selected from the finest Fancies of Modern Muses*, Lond. 1640.]
† By Golding. ‡ By Phaer.

* Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, a soft-pated Prince, as Homer covertly renders him throughout his Iliads, and as Mr. Chapman hath aptly observed in Homer.

† Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical and Romantic, by S. Sheppard. Lond. 1651, pp. 162-163.

‡ Poems: Lond. 1817, p. 89.

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HOMER'S ILIADS.

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"*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poets,* Translated according to the Greeke, in iudgement of his best Commentaries by George Chapman Gent. *Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons.* London. Printed by John Windet, and are to be solde at the signe of the Crosse-Keyes, neare Paules Wharffe. 1598." (4to.)

"*Achilles Shie'd.* Translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his Eighteenth booke of Iliades. By George Chapman Gent. London. Imprinted by John Windet, and are to be sold at Paules Wharfe, at the signe of the Crosse Keyes. 1598." (4to.)

"*Homer Prince of Poets,* translated according to the Greeke in twelue Bookes of his Iliads By Geo: Chapman. At London printed for Samuel Macham." (no date.) Sm. folio.

"*The Iliads of Homer Prince of Poets.* Neuer before in any language truely translated With a Coment upon some of his chiefe places; Donne according to the Greeke by Geo: Chapman. At London printed for Nathaniell Butter." [fol.]

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Homer's Iliads.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.*

Of all books† extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before his, Josephus affirms nor before him, saith Velleius Paterculus, was there any whom he imitated; nor after him any that could imitate him. And that Poesy may be no cause of detraction from all the eminence we give him, Spondanus (preferring it to all arts and sciences) unanswerably argues and proves; for to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny, man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chief end of man with so much excitation and expression as Poesy; Moses, David, Solomon, Job, Esay, Jeremy, &c., chiefly using that to the end above said? And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man, as all easily confess it, it must needs be acknowledged a divine infusion. To prove which in a word, this distich, in my estimation, serves something nearly:

Great Poesy, blind Homer, makes all see
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him, according to our most grave and judicial Plutarch, are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therefore the world's vilifying of it that can make it vile; for so we might argue, and blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed, but like truth, hides itself from it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdom's truth in all human excellence, as in Poets' fictions. That most vulgar and foolish receipt of poetical licence being of all knowing men to be exploded; accepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling privilege above others, no Artist being so strictly and inextricably confined to all the laws of learning, wisdom, and truth as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinews and souls of all those, how could they differ far from, and be combined with eternity? To all sciences, therefore, I must still, with our learned and ingenious Spondanus, prefer it, as having a perpetual commerce with the divine Majesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts, and enjoying continual discourse with his thrice perfect and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato to the active, as much as the head to the foot, the eye to the hand, reason to sense, the soul to the body, the end itself to all things directed to the end; quiet to motion, and eternity to time; so much prefer I divine Poesy to all worldly wisdom. To the only shadow of whose worth, yet, I entitle not the bold rhymes of every apish and impudent braggart, though he dares assume anything; such I turn over to the weaving of cobwebs; and shall but chatter on molehills (far under the hill of the Muses) when their fortunatest self-love and ambition hath advanced them highest. Poesy is the flower of the Sun, and disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures and counsels from the vulgar, *ne evilescant* (saith our Spondanus.) We have example sacred enough, that true Poesy's humility, poverty and contempt, are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings; that nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy, *nescio quos turgidè spiratis* (that I may use the words of our friend still) *qui solas leges Justinianas crepatis; paragraphum unum aut alterum, pluris quàm vos ipsos facitis*, &c. I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than shine in your vainglorious bubbles and impieties; all your poor policies, wisdoms and their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut. And much

* Prefixed to the Complete Translation of the Iliads of Homer. (fol).
† All books of human wisdom.

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less I weigh the frontless detractions of some stupid ignorants; that no more knowing me than their own beastly ends, and I ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight, whisper behind me vilifyings of my translation; out of the French affirming them, when both in French, and all other languages but his own, our with-all-skill-enriched Poet is so poor and unpleasing that no man can discern from whence flowed his so generally given eminence and admiration. And therefore (by any reasonable creature's conference of my slight comment and conversion) it will easily appear how I shun them, and whether the original be my rule or not. In which he shall easily see, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters and commentors in places of his most depth, importance, and rapture. In whose exposition and illustration, if I abhor from the sense that others wrest and rack out of him, let my best detractor examine how the Greek word warrants me. For my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish galls; nothing so much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or foisting hounds, too vile to think of our sacred Homer, or set their profane feet within their lives' lengths of his thresholds. If I fail in something, let my full performance in other some restore me: haste spurring me on with other necessities. For as at my conclusion, I protest, so here at my entrance, less than fifteen weeks was the time in which all the last twelve books were entirely new translated. No conference had with any one living in all the novelties I presume I have found. Only some one or two places I have showed to my worthy and most learned friend, Master Harriots, for his censure how much mine own weighed; whose judgment and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable and bottomless; yea, to be admired as much, as his most blameless life, and the right sacred expense of his time, is to be honoured and reverenced. Which affirmation of his clear unmatchedness in all manner of learning I make in contempt of that nasty objection often thrust upon me; that he that will judge must know more than he of whom he judgeth; for so a man should know neither God nor himself. Another right learned, honest, and entirely loved friend of mine, Master Robert Hews, I must needs put into my confessed conference touching Homer, though very little more than that I had with Master Harriots. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my general labour; but only of those one or two places, which for instances of my innovation, and how it showed to them, I imparted. If any tax me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in some places, let them read Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, who either use such shortness as cometh nothing home to Homer; or, where they shun that fault, are ten parts more paraphrastical than I. As for example, one place I will trouble you (if you please) to confer with the original, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third book, and is Helen's speech to Venus fetching her to Paris from seeing his cowardly combat with Menelaus; part of which speech I will here cite:

Οὕνεκα δὴ νὺν δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος
Νικήσας, &c.

For avoiding the common reader's trouble here, I must refer the more Greekish to the rest of the speech in Homer, whose translation *ad verbum* by Spondanus I will here cite, and then pray you to confer it with that which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam verò nunc Alexandrum Menelaus
Postquam vicit, vult odiosam me domum abducere,
Propterea verò nunc dolum (ceu dolos) cogitans advenisti?
Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque unquam tuis pedibus revertaris in cœlum,
Sed semper circa eum ærumnas perfer, et ipsum serva
Donec te vel uxorem faciat, vel hic servam, &c.

Valla thus:

"Quoniam victo Paride, Menelaus me miseram est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsâ sub imagine venisti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in Paridem benevolentiam: eò dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti, nec ad eos reversura es ampliùs; adeò (quantum suspicor) aut uxor ejus efficieris, aut ancilla," &c.

Wherein note if there be any such thing as most of this in Homer; yet only to express, as he thinks, Homer's conceit, for the more pleasure of the reader, he useth this over-

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plus, *dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas, atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti.* Which (besides his superfluity) is utterly false. For where he saith *reliquisti deorum commercium*, Helen said, Οσσον δ' ἀπόεισε κελεύθους, *deorum autem abnega*, or *abnue, vias*, ἀπείπειν (*vel* ἀποείπειν as it is used poetically) signifying *denegare*, or *abnuere;* and Helen (in contempt of her too much observing men) bids her renounce heaven, and come live with Paris till he make her his wife or servant; sceptically or scornfully speaking it: which both Valla, Eobanus, and all other interpreters (but these *ad verbum*) have utterly missed. And this one example I thought necessary to insert here, to show my detractors that they have no reason to vilify my circumlocution sometimes, when their most approved Grecians, Homer's interpreters generally, hold him fit to be so converted. Yet how much I differ, and with what authority, let my impartial and judicial reader judge. Always conceiving how pedantical and absurd an affectation it is in the interpretation of any author (much more of Homer) to turn him word for word, when (according to Horace and other best lawgivers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted. If I have not turned him in any place falsely (as all other his interpreters have in many, and most of his chief places), if I have not left behind me any of his sentence, elegancy, height, intention, and invention, if in some few places (especially in my first edition, being done so long since, and following the common tract) I be something paraphrastical and faulty, is it justice in that poor fault (if they will needs have it so) to drown all the rest of my labour? But there is a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition, and buzzing into every ear my detraction, affirming I turn Homer out of the Latin only, &c., that sets all his associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to bear about my impair, and poison my reputation. One that, as he thinks, whatsoever he gives to others, he takes from himself; so whatsoever he takes from others, he adds to himself. One that in this kind of robbery doth like Mercury, that stole good and supplied it with counterfeit bad still. One like the two gluttons, Philoxenus and Gnatho, that would still empty their noses in the dishes they loved, that no man might eat but themselves. For so this kestrel, with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and to devour all himself, discourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I have stricken, single him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rubs or plasters out of the particular way of mine own estimation with the world; for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure:

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.
Without men's honours I will live, and make
No number in the manless course they take.

But, to discourage (if it might be) the general detraction of industrious and well-meaning virtue, I know I cannot too much diminish and deject myself; yet that passing little that I am, God only knows, to whose ever-implored respect and comfort I only submit me. It any further edition of these my silly endeavours shall chance, I will mend what is amiss (God assisting me) and amplify my harsh Comment to Homer's far more right, and mine own earnest and ingenious love of him. Notwithstanding, I know, the curious and envious will never sit down satisfied. A man may go over and over, till he come over and over, and his pains be only his recompense: every man is so loaded with his particular head, and nothing in all respects perfect, but what is perceived by few. Homer himself hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poor self put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignity, and so much encourage myself with mine own known strength, and what I find within me of comfort and confirmance (examining myself throughout with a far more jealous and severe eye than my greatest enemy, imitating this:

Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.),

that after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest means) with more labour than I have lost here, and all unchecked alacrity, dive through his Odysseys. Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient,

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learned, and right noble friend, Master Richard Stapilton, first most desertful mover in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and utterly undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honourable family's speedy and full restorer. In the mean space, I entreat my impartial and judicial Reader, that all things to the quick he will not pare, but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and, if he find anything perfect, receive it unenvied.

OF HOMER.

Of his country and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that there is no question, in my conjecture, of his antiquity beyond all. To which opinion, the nearest I will cite, Adam Cedrenus placeth him under David's and Solomon's rule; and the Destruction of Troy under Saul's. And of one age with Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (*in tertio de Poetică*) affirms he was born in the isle of Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Muses, and a virgin of that isle compressed by that Genius, who being quick with child (for shame of the deed) came into a place called Ægina, and there was taken of thieves, and brought to Smyrna, to Mæon king of the Lydians, who for her beauty married her. After which, she walking near the flood Meletes, on that shore being overtaken with the throes of her delivery, she brought forth Homer, and instantly died. The infant was received by Mæon, and brought up as his own till his death, which was not long after. And, according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna were afflicted by the Æolians, and thought fit to leave the city, the captains by a herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them, Homer, being a little child, said he would also ὁμηρεῖν (that is, *sequi*); and of that, for Melesigenes, which was his first name, he was called Homer. These Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this I omit for length; and in place thereof think it not unfit to insert something of his praise and honour amongst the greatest of all ages; not that our most absolute of himself needs it; but that such authentical testimonies of his splendour and excellence may the better convince the malice of his maligners.

First, what kind of person Homer was, saith Spondanus, his statue teacheth, which Cedrenus describeth. The whole place we will describe that our relation may hold the better coherence, as Nylander converts it. "Then was the Octagonon at Constantinople consumed with fire; and the bath of Severus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus, in which there was much variety of spectacle and splendour of arts; the works of all ages being conferred and preserved there, of marble, rocks, stones, and images of brass; to which this only wanted, that the souls of the persons they presented were not in them. Amongst these master-pieces and all-wit-exceeding workmanships stood Homer, as he was in his age; thoughtful and musing, his hands folded beneath his bosom, his beard untrimmed and hanging down, the hair of his head in like sort thin on both sides before, his face with age and cares of the world, as these imagine, wrinkled and austere, his nose proportioned to his other parts, his eyes fixed or turned up to his eyebrows, like one blind, as it is reported he was." (Not born blind, saith Velleius Paterculus, which he that imagines, saith he, is blind of all senses.) "Upon his under-coat he was attired with a loose robe, and at the base beneath his feet a brazen chain hung." This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagration perished. Another renowned statue of his, saith Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes, stood in the temple of Ptolemy, on the upper hand of his own statue. Cedrenus likewise remembereth a library in the palace of the king, at Constantinople, that contained a thousand a hundred and twenty books; amongst which there was the gut of a dragon of an hundred and twenty foot long; in which, in letters of gold, the Iliads and Odysses of Homer were inscribed; which miracle, in Basiliscus the Emperor's time, was consumed with fire.

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For his respect amongst the most learned, Plato *in Ione* calleth him ἄριστον καὶ θειότατον τῶν ποιητῶν, *Poetarum omnium et præstantissimum et divinissimum; in Phædone* θεῖον ποιητὴν, *divinum Poetam;* and in *Theætetus*, Socrates citing divers of the most wise and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer: Who, saith Socrates, against such an army, being all led by such a captain as Homer, dares fight or resist, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger and all Homer's envious and ignorant detractors. Why, therefore, Plato in another place banisheth him with all other poets out of his Commonwealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, use men, and then cast them off, though Homer he thinks fit to send out crowned and anointed, I see not; since he maketh still such honourable mention of him, and with his verses, as with precious gems, everywhere enchaseth his writings. So Aristotle continually celebrateth him. Nay, even amongst the barbarous, not only Homer's name, but his Poems have been recorded and reverenced. The Indians, saith Ælianus (Var. Hist. lib. xii. cap 48), in their own tongue had Homer's Poems translated and sung. Nor those Indians alone, but the kings of Persia. And amongst the Indians, of all the Greek poets, Homer being ever first in estimation; whensoever they used any divine duties according to the custom of their households and hospitalities, they invited ever Apollo and Homer. Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes affirmeth all Poets celebrated Homer's birthday, and sacrificed to him the first fruits of their verses. So Thersagoras answereth Lucian, he used to do himself. Alex. Paphius, saith Eustathius, delivers Homer as born of Egyptian parents, Dmasagoras, being his father, and Æthra his mother; his nurse being a certain prophetess and the daughter of Oris, Isis' priest, from whose breasts, oftentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he uttered nine several notes or voices of fowls—viz., of a swallow, a peacock, a dove, a crow, a partridge, a redshank, a stare, a blackbird, and a nightingale; and, being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine doves. Sibylla being at a feast of his parents was taken with sudden fury, and sung verses whose beginning was Δμασαγόρα πολύνικε: *polynice*, signifying much victory, in which song also she called him μεγάκλεα, *great in glory*, and στεφανίτην, signifying *garland-seller;* and commanded him to build a temple to the Pegridarii, that is, to the Muses. Herodotus affirms that Phæmius, teaching a public school at Smyrna, was his master; and Dionysius in 56 oration saith, Socrates was Homer's scholar. In short, what he was, his works show most truly; to which, if you please, go on and examine him.

TO THE

MOST HONOURED NOW LIVING INSTANCE OF THE ACHILLEAN VIRTUES ETERNIZED BY DIVINE HOMER,

THE EARL OF ESSEX,

EARL MARSHAL, ETC.*

How irrational and brutish an impiety soever it be, not only to increase the curse of humanity in making the scum of the body the crown of the soul, but to murther and bury her in it; none needs to be benumbed with admiration, since her intellectual blood is shed with such authority, preferment, and profession; and to be a perfec

* Prefixed to "Seven Books of the Iliads" (1598).

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villanizer of her faculties, is to seat Custom and Imputation, like Justice and Wisdom, on both sides of his chair, crowning him with honour. And this even of a plaguy necessity must come to pass; since all the means we have to make her excellency known to us, and to forge out of that holy knowledge darts to enamour us with her unpainted beauties, are held with too true experience of their effects, the only parasites to entangle our estates in miseries and massacres. Her substance yet, being too pure and illustrate to be discerned with ignorant and barbarous sense; and the matter whereon she works too passive and drossy to propagate her earthly residence to eternity; she hath devised, in despite of that worm-eaten idol, another fruitless, dead, and despised receptacle, to reverse her appearance with unspeakable profit, comfort, and life to all posterities; and that is this poor scribbling, this toy, this too living a preservative for the deathful tombs of nobility; being accounted in our most gentle and complimental use of it, only the droppings of an idle humour; far unworthy the serious expense of an exact gentleman's time. So is poor learning the inseparable Genius of this Homerical writing I intend; wherein notwithstanding the souls of all the recorded worthies that ever lived, become eternally embodied even upon earth; and our understanding parts making transition in that we understand, the lives of worthily-termed poets are their earthly Elysiums, wherein we walk with survival of all the deceased worthies we read of; every conceit, sentence, figure, and word being a most beautiful lineament of their souls' infinite bodies; and could a beauty be objected to sense, composed of as many divine members, and that we had senses responsible for their full apprehension, they should impress no more pleasure to such a body, than is sweetly enjoyed in this true manner of communication and combination of souls. But as it is not possible such a beauty and such organs of apprehension should be compact, no more can any sensual delight compare with the felicity of the mind. And ought not this to be so, where the incomprehensible figure of God is diffused in sacred and everlasting beams, where we have in earth society with eternity? All this walks upon the bosom of Death in the worthiest writing; and shall a man veil to a painted beggar on horseback, and go saucily by such a godlike resplendence with a wall-eye and an horned countenance? For as number, sound, and rhyme can challenge no inclusion of the soul without divine invention, judgment, and disposition, no more can the soul expect eternity on earth without such eternal writing. And to cast this with our vanities at our backs, is to bear the lives of beasts in our bosoms; in which base porterage is ever borne contempt of fame, honour, and love of the best; which never hath accompanied any humane or less than barbarous condition.

To you then, most abundant president of true noblesse, in whose manifest actions all these sacred objects are divinely pursued, I most humbly and affectionately consecrate this president of all learning, virtue, valour, honour, and society; who with his own soul hath eternized armies of kings and princes; whose imperial muse, the great monarch of the world would say effected more of his conquests than his universal power. And therefore at Achilles' tomb, with most holy impression of fame, and the zeal of eternity, pronounced him most happy to have so firm an eternizer as Homer.

Most true Achilles, whom by sacred prophecy Homer did but prefigure in his admirable object, and in whose unmatched virtues shine the dignities of the soul, and the whole excellence of royal humanity, let not the peasant-common politics of the world, that count all things servile and simple, that pamper not their private sensualities, burying quick in their filthy sepulchres of earth the whole bodies and souls of honour, virtue, and piety, stir your divine temper from perseverance in godlike pursuit of eternity.

We must assure ourselves that the soul hath use, comfort, and benefit in her dissolution and second being, of the fame, love, and example she proposed here, since she hath general combination with blessed Eternity; and fame, love, and example being all eternal.

Now if eternity be so victorious and triumphant a goddess that with her adamantine foot, she treads upon sceptres, riches, senses, sensualities, and all the saffron-gilded pomp of ignorant braveries, only knowledge having the assentful spirit to tread upon that foot, and be lifted to the height and sweetness of her bosom, what place with the greatest doth an eternizer merit? The foot and the back parts? how to be accounted

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according to his unfashionable habit of poverty, that like the poisoned mists of thawing muckpits smokes from the hoarded treasure of soulless gold-worms? If the crown of humanity be the soul, and the soul an intellectual beam of God, the essence of her substance being intellection, and intellection or understanding the strength and eminence of her faculties, the differencing of men in excellency must be directed only by their proportions of true knowledge. Homerical writing then being the native deduction, image and true heir of true knowledge, must needs in desert inherit his father's dignity.

Help then, renowned Achilles, to prefer and defend your grave and blameless Prophet of Phœbus from the doting and vicious fury of the two Atrides, Arrogancy and Detraction; be dreadless bulwarks to bashful and fainting virtue against all those whose faces Barbarism and Fortune have congealed with standing lakes of Impudency; who being dammed up with their muddy ignorance, retain no feeling of that to which all their senses are dutifully consecrate: against our sleve-witted censors, through whose brains all things exact and refined, run to the earth in heaps; when nothing remains but stones and unserviceable rubbish. And gratulate in English extraction with free and honourable encouragement, this poor assay of Poesy's Greek Nectar: which I durst not more liberally pour out, for fear of vulgar profanation; if that divine sweetness and nourishment it hath wrought in divinest tempers should for want of palate and constitution in others want his due attribution. My hope of excuse therefore may be worthily grounded, since this penury being effected with such store of labour, and so much quintessence to be drawn from so little a project, it will ask as much judgment to peruse worthily as whole volumes of more pervial inventions.

Besides this enforced breach of the commandment to live without care of to-morrow (which ever carries his confounded punishment with it, distracts invention necessary even in translation) interrupts the industry of conceit, and the discourse of the soul, and then the too true consideration, that whatsoever is laboured in this kind is esteemed but idleness and vanity, though of such sacred importance that all wholesome laws and constitutions have heretofore been exhaled, and the conceit, direction, and highest wing of most grave souls have taken strength and inspiration from it: This I say, most excellent Earl, could not as yet admit more English to this most excellent Poet and Philosopher: the flood and variety of my native language as it were with dumbness fettered in my unhappy bosom; and every comfort that might dissolve and encourage it, utterly bereft me; your honoured countenance yet and vouchsafed reacknowledgment of one so unworthy as myself, being the great objects of all my labours in their first dedication, shall draw on the rest.

And thus wishing for the worthy expense of my future life to follow by all opportunity your honoured attempts and admired disposition, I doubt not my zeal to the truth of your rare virtues will enable me, inferior to none, to turn my paper to crystal, from whence no time shall raze the engraven figure of your graces. In the meantime, if your Lordship descend to acceptation of these few disordered Iliads, I shall recompense their defects in their next edition. Nor can it be reputed an unworthy incitement to propose the true image of all virtues and humane government, even in the heart of this tumultuous season, to your other serious affairs; especially since it contains the true portrait of ancient stratagems and disciplines of war; wherein it will be worthy little less than admiration of your apprehensive judgment to note in many things the affinity they have with your present complements of field: the orations, counsels, attempts, and exploits, not to be exceeded by the freshest brains of this hot-spirited time; the horror of arms endlessly thundering; piety, justice, valour, and royalty, eternally shining in his soul-infused verse. To which (honourably pardoning this tedious induction, turn and hear your divine Homer) according to Spondanus' attraction, *magnificè canentem*.

By him that first, and ever freely consecrates his whole faculties to the honour of your princely virtues,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

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TO THE READER.

I SUPPOSE you to be no mere reader, since you intend to read Homer; and therefore wish I may walk free from their common objections that can only read. When my disorder is seen, that four books are skipped, as a man would say, and yet the poem continued according to the Greek alphabet—viz., that for Gamma which is Eta, and that for Delta which is Theta, &c.; then comes my known condemnation more grievously than charity would wish: especially with those that having no eyes to peruse and judge of the translation, and whatsoever the main matter deserves, will be glad to show they see something in finding fault with that form; and peradventure find their queasy stomachs turned at whatsoever is merited in the much-laboured work.

But to him that is more than a reader, I write; and so consequently to him that will disdain those easy objections which every speller may put together. The worth of a skilful and worthy translator, is to observe the sentences, figures, and forms of speech proposed in his author; his true sense and height, and to adorn them with figures and forms of oration fitted to the original, in the same tongue to which they are translated; and these things I would gladly have made the questions of whatsoever my labours have deserved: not slighted with the slight disorder of some books, which if I can put in as fit place hereafter without check to your due understanding and course of the Poet, then is their easy objection answered that I expect will be drowned in the foam of their eager and empty spleens. For likelihood of which ability, I have good authority that the books were not set together by Homer himself; Lycurgus first bringing them out of Ionia in Greece as an entire poem; before whose time his verses were sung dissevered into many works, one called the battle fought at the fleet; another, Doloniades; another, Agamemnon's fortitude; another, the Catalogue of ships; another, Patroclus' death; another, Hector's redemption; another, the funeral games, &c. All which are the titles of several Iliads: and if those were ordered by others, why may not I challenge as much authority, reserving the right of my precedent? But to omit what I can say further for reason to my present alteration, in the next edition when they come out by the dozen, I will reserve the ancient and common received form; in the meantime, do me the encouragement to confer that which I have translated with the same in Homer, and according to the worth of that, let this first edition pass; so shall ye do me but lawful favour, and make me take pains to give you this Emperor of all wisdom (for so Plato will allow him) in your own language, which will more honour it, if my part be worthily discharged, than anything else can be translated. In the meantime, peruse the pamphlet of errors in the impression, and help to point the rest with your judgment, wherein, and in purchase of the whole seven, if you be quick and acceptive, you shall in the next edition have the life of Homer, a table, a pretty comment, true printing, the due praise of your mother tongue above all others, for Poesy, and such demonstrative proof of our English wits above beyond-sea muses, if we would use them, that a proficient wit should be the better to hear it.

TO THE MOST HONOURED EARL,

EARL MARSHAL.*

SPONDANUS, one of the most desertful commentors of Homer, calls all sorts of all men learned to be judicial beholders of this more than artificial and no less than divine rapture; than which nothing can be imagined more full of soul and humane extraction; for what is here prefigured by our miraculous artist, but the universal world, which being

* Prefixed to "Achilles' Shield," 1598.

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so spacious and almost unmeasurable, one circlet of a shield represents and embraceth? In it heaven turns, the stars shine, the earth is enflowered, the sea swells and rageth, cities are built; one in the happiness and sweetness of peace, the other in open war and the terrors of ambush, &c. And all these so lively proposed, as not without reason many in times past have believed, that all these things have in them a kind of voluntary motion; even as those tripods of Vulcan, and that Dedalian Venus αυτοκινητος; nor can I be resolved that their opinions be sufficiently refuted by Aristonicus, for so are all things here described by our divinest poet, as if they consisted not of hard and solid metals, but of a truly living and moving soul. The ground of his invention he shows out of Eustathius, intending by the orbiguity of the Shield, the roundness of the world; by the four metals, the four elements: viz., by Gold, fire; by Brass, earth for the hardness; by Tin, water, for the softness and inclination to fluxure; by Silver, air, for the grossness and obscurity of the metal before it be refined. That which he calls αυτυγα τριπλακα μαμμαρεττω he understands the Zodiac, which is said to be triple for the latitude it contains, and shining by reason of the perpetual course of the Sun made in that circle; by αργυρεον τελαμωνα the Axle-tree, about which heaven hath his motion, &c. Nor do I deny, saith Spondanus, Æneas' arms to be forged with an exceeding height of wit by Virgil, but compared with those of Homer they are nothing. And this is it, most honoured, that maketh me thus suddenly translate this Shield of Achilles, for since my publication of the other seven books, comparison hath been made between Virgil and Homer; who can be compared in nothing with more decisal and cutting of all argument, than in these two Shields; and whosoever shall read Homer throughly and worthily, will know the question comes from a superficial and too unripe a reader; for Homer's poems were writ from a free fury, an absolute and full soul; Virgil's out of a courtly, laborious, and altogether imitatory spirit; not a simile he hath but is Homer's; not an invention, person, or disposition, but is wholly or originally built upon Homerical foundations, and in many places hath the very words Homer useth; besides, where Virgil hath had no more plentiful and liberal a wit, than to frame twelve imperfect books of the troubles and travails of Æneas, Homer hath of as little subject finished eight and forty perfect; and that the trivial objection may be answered, that not the number of books, but the nature and excellence of the work commends it; all Homer's books are such as have been precedents ever since of all sorts of poems; imitating none, nor ever worthily imitated of any; yet would I not be thought so ill created as to be a malicious detractor of so admired a poet as Virgil, but a true justifier of Homer, who must not be read for a few lines with leaves turned over capriciously in dismembered fractions, but throughout; the whole drift, weight, and height of his works set before the apprehensive eyes of his judge. The majesty he enthrones, and the spirit he infuseth into the scope of his work, so far outshining Virgil, that his skirmishes are but mere scramblings of boys to Homer's; the silken body of Virgil's muse curiously dressed in gilt and embroidered silver, but Homer's in plain, massy, and unvalued gold; not only all learning, government, and wisdom being deduced as from a bottomless fountain from him; but all wit, elegancy, disposition and judgment. Ομηρος πρωτος διδασκαλος και ηγεμων, &c. Homer, saith Plato, was the prince and master of all praises and virtues; the emperor of wise men; an host of men against any depraver in any principle he held. All the ancient and lately learned have had him in equal estimation. And for any to be now contrarily affected, it must needs proceed from a mere wantonness of wit; an idle, unthrifty spirit; wilful because they may choose whether they will think otherwise or not, and have power and fortune enough to live like true men without truth; or else they must presume of puritanical inspiration, to have that with delicacy and squeamishness which others with as good means, ten times more time, and ten thousand times more labour could never conceive. But some will convey their imperfections under his Greek Shield, and from thence bestow bitter arrows against the traduction, affirming their want of admiration grows from defect of our language, not able to express the copy and elegancy of the original; but this easy and traditional pretext hides them not enough; for how full of height and roundness soever Greek be above English, yet is there no depth of conceit triumphing in it, but as in a mere admirer it may be imagined, so in a sufficient translator it may be expressed. And Homer that hath his chief holiness of estimation, for matter and instruction, would scorn to have his supreme worthiness glosing in

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his courtship and privilege of tongue. And if Italian, French, and Spanish have not made it dainty, nor thought it any presumption to turn him into their languages, but a fit and honourable labour, and, in respect of their country's profit and their poesy's credit, almost necessary, what curious, proud, poor shamefacedness should let an English muse to traduce him, when the language she works withal is more conformable, fluent, and expressive; which I would your Lordship would command me to prove against all our whippers of their own compliment in their country's dialect.

O what peevish ingratitude and most unreasonable scorn of ourselves we commit, to be so extravagant and foreignly witted, to honour and imitate that in a strange tongue, which we condemn and contemn in our native! for if the substance of the Poet's will be expressed, and his sentence and sense rendered with truth and elocution, he that takes judicial pleasure in him in Greek, cannot bear so rough a brow to him in English to entomb his acceptance in austerity.

But thou, soul-blind Scaliger, that never hadst anything but place, time, and terms, to paint thy proficiency in learning, nor ever writest anything of thine own impotent brain, but thy only impalsied diminution of Homer (which I may swear was the absolute inspiration of thine own ridiculous genius); never didst thou more palpably dam thy drossy spirit in all thy all-countries'-exploded filcheries, which are so grossly illiterate, that no man will vouchsafe their refutation, than in thy senseless reprehensions of Homer; whose spirit flew as much above thy grovelling capacity as heaven moves above Barathrum: but as none will vouchsafe repetition nor answer of thy other unmanly fooleries, no more will I of these; my Epistle being too tedious to your Lordship, besides, and no man's judgment serving better (if your high affairs could admit their diligent perusal), than your Lordship's, to refute and reject him. But alas, Homer is not now to be lift up by my weak arm, more than he is now depressed by more feeble oppositions, if any feel not their conceits so ravished with the eminent beauties of his ascential muse, as the greatest men of all sorts and of all ages have been. Their most modest course is, unless they will be powerfully insolent, to ascribe the defect to their apprehension, because they read him but slightly, not in his surmised frugality of object, that most really and most feastfully pours out himself in right divine occasion. But the chief and unanswerable mean to his general and just acceptance must be your Lordship's high and of all men expected precedent, without which he must, like a poor snail, pull in his English horns, that out of all other languages (in regard of the country's affection and royalties of his patrons) hath appeared like an angel from a cloud, or the world out of chaos. When no language can make comparison of him with ours, if he be worthily converted; wherein before he should have been born so lame and defective, as the French midwife hath brought him forth, he had never made question how your Lordship would accept him; and yet have two of their kings embraced him as a wealthy ornament to their studies, and the main battle of their armies.

If then your bounty would do me but the grace to confer my unhappy labours with theirs so successful and commended, (your judgment serving you much better than your leisure, and yet your leisure in things honourable being to be enforced by your judgment), no malicious and dishonourable whisperer, that comes armed with an army of authority and state against harmless and armless virtue, could wrest your wonted impression so much from itself to reject, with imitation of tyrannous contempt, any affection so zealous and able in this kind to honour your estate as mine. Only kings and princes have been Homer's patrons, amongst whom, Ptolemy would say, he that had slight hands to entertain Homer, had as slight brains to rule his commonwealth. And an usual severity he used, but a most rational (how precise and ridiculous soever it may seem to men made of ridiculous matter) that in reverence of the piety and perfect humanity he taught; whosoever writ or committed any proud detraction against Homer (as even such a man wanted not his malicious depravers), he put him with torments to extremest death. O high and magically raised prospect, from whence a true eye may see means to the absolute redress, or much to be wished extenuation, of all the unmanly degeneracies now tyrannizing amongst us; for if that which teacheth happiness and hath unpainful corrosives in it (being entertained and observed), to eat out the heart of that raging ulcer, which, like a Lernean Fen of corruption furnaceth the universal sighs and complaints of this transposed world, were

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seriously and as with armed garrisons defended and heartened ; that which engender and disperseth that wilful pestilence, would be purged and extirpate ; but that whicl teacheth, being overturned, that which is taught is consequently subject to eversion and if the honour, happiness and preservation of true humanity consist in observing th laws fit for man's dignity, and that the elaborate prescription of those laws must o necessity be authorized, favoured, and defended before any observation can succeed ; i it unreasonable to punish the contempt of that moving prescription with one man' death ; when at the heels of it follows common neglect of observation, and in the necl of it, an universal ruin ? This, my Lord, I enforce only to interrupt in others that ma read this unsavoury stuff, the too open-mouthed damnation of royal and virtuou Ptolemy's severity. For to digest, transform, and sweat a man's soul into rules an attractions to society, such as are fashioned and tempered with her exact and lon laboured contention of study, in which she tosseth with her impertial discours before her, all cause of fantastical objections and reproofs ; and without which sh were as wise as the greatest number of detractors that shall presume to censure her and yet by their flash and insolent castigations to be slighted and turned over thei miserably vain tongues in an instant, is an injury worthy no less penalty than Ptolem inflicted. To take away the heels of which running profanation, I hope your Lordship honourable countenance will be as the unicorn's horn, to lead the way to Englis Homer's yet poisoned fountain ; for till that favour be vouchsafed, the herd will neve drink, since the venomous galls of some of their fellows have infected it, whom, alas, pity. Thus confidently affirming your name and dignities shall never be more honoure in a poor book than in English Homer, I cease to afflict your Lordship with my tediou Dedicatories, and to still sacred Homer's spirit through a language so fit and so favour less ; humbly presenting your Achillean virtues with Achilles' shield ; wishing as it i much more admirable and divine, so it were as many times more rich, than the Shiel the Cardinal pawned at Antwerp.

By him that wisheth all the degrees of judgment and honour to attend your desert to the highest,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE UNDERSTANDER.

YOU are not everybody, to you, as to one of my very few friends, I may be bold t utter my mind, nor is it more impair to an honest and absolute man's sufficiency t have few friends, than to an Homerical poem to have few commenders ; for neither d common dispositions keep fit or plausible consort with judicial and simple honesty, no are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate poem. My Epistle dedicatory before my seven books, is accounted dark and too much laboured : for the darkness there i nothing good or bad, hard or soft, dark or perspicuous, but in respect ; and in respec of men's light, slight, or envious perusals (to whose loose capacities any work worthil composed is knit with a riddle) and that the style is material flowing, and not rank : i may perhaps seem dark to rank riders or readers that have no more souls than burbolts but to your comprehension, and in itself, I know it is not. For the affected labour be stowed in it I protest two mornings both ended it and the Reader's Epistle ; but the truth is, my desire and strange disposition in all things I write, is to set down uncommon, and most profitable coherents for the time : yet further removed from abhorred affecta tion than from the most popular and cold disgestion. And I ever imagine that a Italian and French Poems to our studious linguists win much of their discountrie affection, as well because the understanding of foreign tongues is sweet to their appre hension, as that the matter and invention is pleasing ; so my far-fetched, and as it were beyond-sea manner of writing, if they would take as much pains for their poor country

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men as for a proud stranger when they once understand it, should be much more gracious to their choice conceits than a discourse that falls naked before them and hath nothing but what mixeth itself with ordinary table-talk. For my variety of new words, I have none ink-pot I am sure you know, but such as I give passport with such authority, so significant and not ill-sounding, that if my country language were an usurer, or a man of this age speaking it, he would thank me for enriching him. Why, alas, will my young master the reader affect nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinary? Swaggering is a new word amongst them, and round-headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etymology or derivation; and why may not an elegancy authentically derived, and as I may say of the upper house, be entertained as well in their lower consultation with authority of Art, as their own forgeries licked up by nature? All tongues have enriched themselves from their original (only the Hebrew and Greek which are not spoken amongst us) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh air, and nourishment of new blood in their still growing bodies, and why may not ours? Chaucer, by whom we will needs authorize our true English, had more new words for his time than any man needs to devise now. And therefore for current wits to cry from standing brains, like a brood of frogs from a ditch, to have the ceaseless flowing river of our tongue turned into their frog-pool, is a song far from their arrogation of sweetness, and a sin would soon bring the plague of barbarism amongst us; which in faith it needs not be hastened with defences of his ignorant furtherers, since it comes with meal-mouthed toleration too savagely upon us. To be short; since I had the reward of my labours in their consummation, and the chief pleasure of them in mine own profit, no young prejudicate or castigatory brain hath reason to think I stand trembling under the airy stroke of his fevery censure, or that I did ever expect any flowing applause from his dry fingers; but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to every true lover of virtue, I set in the seat of mine own profit and contentment; and if there be any one in whom this success is enflowered, a few sprigs of it shall be my garland. Since then this never-equalled Poet is to be understood, and so full of government and direction to all estates; stern anger and the affrights of war, bearing the main face of his subject, soldiers shall never spend their idle hours more profitably, than with his studious and industrious perusal; in whose honours his deserts are infinite. Counsellors have never better oracles than his lines; fathers have no morals so profitable for their children as his counsels; nor shall they ever give them more honoured injunction than to learn Homer without book, that being continually conversant in him, his height may descend to their capacities, and his substance prove their worthiest riches. Husbands, wives, lovers, friends, and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties; all sorts of which concourse and society in other more happy ages, have instead of sonnets and lascivious ballads, sung his Iliads. Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours; for talk our quidditical Italianists of what proportion soever their strutting lips affect, unless it be in these couplets into which I have hastily translated this Shield, they shall never do Homer so much right, in any octaves canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoever fustian Epigraphs they shall entitle their measures. Only the extreme false printing troubles my conscience, for fear of your deserved discouragement in the impair of your poet's sweetness; whose general divinity of spirit, clad in my willing labours (envious of none nor detracting any) I commit to your good nature and solid capacity.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

ARGUMENT.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king;
For which her tender'd freedom he entreats:
But, being dismiss'd with contumelious threats,
At Phœbus' hands, by vengeful prayer, he seeks
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks.
Which had, Achilles doth a council cite,
Emboldening Calchas, in the king's despite,
To tell the truth why they were punish'd so.
From hence their fierce and deadly strife did grow.
For wrong in which Æacides* so raves,
That goddess Thetis, from her throne of waves
Ascending heaven, of Jove assistance won,
To plague the Greeks by absence of her son,
And make the general himself repent
To wrong so much his army's ornament.
This found by Juno, she with Jove contends;
Till Vulcan, with heaven's cup, the quarrel ends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings:
The army's plague: the strife of kings.

Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that imposed
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls losed
From breasts heroic; sent them far to that invisible cave[1]
That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave:[2]
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom first strife begun[3]
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.
What god gave Eris their command, and oped that fighting vein?
Jove's and Latona's son; who fired against the king of men,
For contumely shown his priest, infectious sickness sent
To plague the army, and to death by troops the soldiers went.
Occasion'd thus: Chryses, the priest, came to the fleet to buy,
For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty.
The golden sceptre and the crown of Phœbus in his hands
Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the commands
Of both th' Atrides, who most ruled. "Great Atreus' sons," said he,
"And all ye well-greaved Greeks, the Gods, whose habitations be
In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's razed town,
And grant ye happy conduct home! To win which wish'd renown
Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting Phœbus, deign
For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chain
Of my loved daughter's servitude." The Greeks entirely gave[4]
Glad acclamations, for sign that their desires would have
The grave priest reverenced, and his gifts of so much price embraced.
The General yet bore no much mind, but viciously disgraced
With violent terms the priest, and said:—
"Dotard! avoid our fleet,
Where lingering be not found by me; nor thy returning feet
Let ever visit us again; lest nor thy godhead's crown,
Nor sceptre, save thee! Her thou seek'st I still will hold mine own,
Till age deflower her. In our court at Argos, far transferr'd
From her loved country, she shall ply her web, and see prepared*
With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then no more,
But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone." This said, the sea-beat shore,
Obeying his high will, the priest trod off with haste and fear.
And, walking silent, till he left far off his enemies' ear;

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* *Æacides*, surname of Achilles, being the grandchild of Æacus.

* "*See my bed made*," it may be Englished. The word is ἀντίθεσιν, which signifies *contra stantem*, as *standing of one side opposite to another on the other side*; which yet others translate *capessentem et adornantem*; which, since it shows best to a reader, I follow.

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Phœbus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd
up with a vow,
To this stern purpose: "Hear, thou God
that bear'st the silver bow,
That Chrysa guard'st, rulest Tenedos with
strong hand, and the round[5]
Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Smin-
theus! if crown'd
With thankful offerings thy rich fane I ever
saw, or fired
Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee,
this grace desired
Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears let
these rude Greeks repay,
Forced with thy arrows." Thus he pray'd,
and Phœbus heard him pray;
And, vex'd at heart, down from the tops of
steep heaven stoop'd; his bow,
And quiver cover'd round, his hands did
on his shoulders throw;
And of the angry deity the arrows as he
moved
Rattled about him. Like the night he
ranged the host, and roved
(Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-
loosing hand
His silver bow twang'd; and his shafts did
first the mules command,
And swift hounds: then the Greeks them-
selves his deadly arrows shot.
The fires of death went never out; nine
days his shafts flew hot
About the army; and the tenth, Achilles
called a court
Of all the Greeks; heaven's white-arm'd
Queen (who, everywhere cut short,
Beholding her loved Greeks, by death)
suggested it; and he [now I see
(All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides,
We must be wandering again, flight must
be still our stay,
If flight can save us now, at once, sickness
and battle lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some
prophet, priest, or prove
Some dream-interpreter (for dreams are
often sent from Jove)
Why Phœbus is so much incensed; if un-
performed vows
He blames in us, or hecatombs; and if
these knees he bows
To death may yield his graves no more,
but offering all supply
Of savours burnt from lambs and goats,
avert his fervent eye,
An turn his temperate." Thus, he sate;
and then stood up to them
Calchas, surnamed Thestorides, of augurs
the supreme;
He knew things present, past, to come,
and ruled the equipage
Of th' Argive fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic
rage
Given by Apollo; who, well-seen in th' ill
they felt, proposed
This to Achilles: "Jove's beloved, would
thy charge see disclosed
The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant
and take oath
To my discovery, that, with words and
powerful actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth in me;
because I well conceive
That he whose empire governs all, whom
all the Grecians give
Confirm'd obedience, will be moved: and
then you know the state
Of him that moves him. When a king hath
once mark'd for his hate
A man inferior, though that day his wrath
seems to digest
Th' offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes
up in his breast
Brands of quick anger; till revenge hath
quench'd to his desire
The fire reserved. Tell me, then, if what-
soever ire
Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour
will prevent?"
Achilles answer'd: "All thou know'st
speak, and be confident;
For by Apollo, Jove's beloved, (to whom
performing vows,
O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy
spirit prophetic shows
Skills that direct us) not a man of all these
Grecians here,
I living, and enjoying the light shot through
this flowery sphere,
Shall touch thee with offensive hands;
though Agamemnon be
The man in question, that doth boast the
mightiest empery
Of all our army." Then took heart the
prophet unreproved,
And said: "They are not unpaid vows,
nor hecatombs, that moved
The God against us; his offence is for his
priest impair'd
By Agamemnon, that refused the present
he preferr'd,
And kept his daughter. This is cause why
heaven's Far-darter darts
These plagues amongst us; and this still
will empty in our hearts
His deathful quiver, uncontain'd, till to her
loved sire [redemptory hire
The black-eyed damsel be resign'd; no

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Took for her freedom; not a gift; but all
the ransom quit;
And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her
enfranchised feet
Tread Chrysa under; then the God, so
pleased, perhaps we may
Move to remission." Thus, he sate; and
up, the great in sway,
Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing
all;
His mind's seat overcast with fumes; an
anger general
fill'd all his faculties; his eyes sparkled
like kindling fire,
which sternly cast upon the priest, thus
vented he his ire:
"Prophet of ill! for never good came
from thee towards me
Not to a word's worth; evermore thou
took'st delight to be
Offensive in thy auguries, which thou con-
tinuest still;
Now casting thy prophetic gall, and
vouching all our ill,
Shot from Apollo, is imposed since I re-
fused the price
Of fair Chyrseis' liberty; which would in
no worth rise
To my rate of herself, which moves my
vows to have her home;
Past Clytemnestra loving her, that graced
my nuptial room
With her virginity and flower. Nor ask
her merits less
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in
housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more
conducible
That course be then her holding here. I
rather wish the weal
Of my loved army than the death. Provide
yet instantly
Supply for her, that I alone of all our
royalty
Lose not my winnings: 'tis not fit, ye
see all I lose mine
Forced by another, see as well some other
may resign
His prize to me." To this replied the swift-
foot, god-like son
Of Thetis, thus: "King of us all, in all
ambition
Most covetous of all that breathe, why
should the great-soul'd Greeks
Supply thy lost prize out of theirs? nor
what thy avarice seeks
Our common treasury can find; so little it
doth guard [which most is shared,
Of what our razed towns yielded us; of all
And given our soldiers; which again to
take into our hands
Were ignominious and base. Now then,
since God commands,
Part with thy most-loved prize to him; not
any one of us
Exacts it of thee; yet we all, all loss thou
suffer'st thus,
Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter
bestows
The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us; which
by his word he owes."
"Do not deceive yourself with wit," he
answer'd, "god-like man,
Though your good name may colour it;
'tis not your swift foot can
Outrun me here; nor shall the gloss, set
on it with the God,
Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou
maintain in sure abode
Thine own prize, and slight me of mine?
Resolve this: if our friends,
As fits in equity, my worth, will right me
with amends,
So rest it; otherwise, myself will enter
personally
On thy prize, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for
supply;
Let him on whom I enter rage. But come,
we'll order these
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to
sacred seas
Our black sail; in it rowers put, in it fit
sacrifice;
And to these I will make ascend my so
much envied prize,
Bright-cheek'd Chryseis. For conduct of
all which, we must choose
A chief out of our counsellors. Thy ser-
vice we must use,
Idomeneus; Ajax, thine; or thine, wise
Ithacus;
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son
of Peleus,
Which fittest were, that thou might'st see
these holy acts perform'd,
For which thy cunning zeal so pleads;
and he, whose bow thus storm'd
For our offences, may be calm'd." Achilles, with a frown,
Thus answer'd: "O thou impudent! of
no good but thine own
Ever respectful; but of that, with all craft
covetous;
With what heart can a man attempt a
service dangerous,
Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I
was not injured so

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By any Trojan, that my powers should bid
them any blows;
In nothing bear they blame of me: Phthia,
whose bosom flows
With corn and people, never felt impair of
her increase
By their invasion; hills enow, and far-
resounding seas,
Pour out their shades and deeps between;
but thee, thou frontless man,
We follow, and thy triumphs make with
bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought,
thou dog's eyes, of this Troy
By our exposed lives; whose deserts thou
neither dost employ
With honour nor with care. And now,
thou threat'st to force from me
The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks
gave all; and though it be,
Compared with thy part, then snatch'd up,
nothing; nor ever is
At any sack'd town; but of fight, the
fetcher in of this,
My hands have most share; in whose toils
when I have emptied me
Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,
Though it be little, I accept, and turn
pleased to my tent;
And yet that little thou esteem'st too great
a continent
In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia
therefore now
My course is; since 'tis better far, than
here t' endure that thou
Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw
my whole treasure dry,
And add dishonour." He replied: "If
thy heart serve thee, fly;
Stay not for my cause; others here will aid
and honour me;
If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that coun-
sellor is he
That I depend on. As for thee, of all our
Jove-kept kings
Thou still art most my enemy; strifes,
battles, bloody things,
Make thy blood-feasts still. But if
strength, that these moods build upon,
Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and
so 'tis not thine own,
But in his hands still. What then lifts
thy pride in this so high?
Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons; use
there their empery;
Command not here. I weigh thee not,
nor mean to magnify
Thy rough-hewn rages, but, instead, I thus
far threaten thee:
Since Phœbus needs will force from me
Chryseis, she shall go;
My ships and friends shall waft her home;
but I will imitate so
His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in
person, from thy tent
Bright-cheek'd Briseis; and so tell thy
strength how eminent
My power is, being compared with thine;
all other making fear
To vaunt equality with me, or in this
proud kind bear
Their beards against me." Thetis' son at
this stood vex'd, his heart
Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his
discursive part;
If, from this thigh his sharp sword drawn,
he should make room about
Atrides' person, slaughtering him, or sit
his anger out,
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts
strived in his blood and mind,
And he his sword drew, down from heaven
Athenia stoop'd, and shined
About his temples, being sent by th' ivory-
wristed Queen,[6]
Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever
loving been,
And careful for the good of both. She
stood behind, and took
Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave
her look
To him appearance; not a man of all the
rest could see.
He turning back his eye, amaze strook
every faculty;
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so
terrible they were,
Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake:
"Thou seed of Jupiter,
Why comest thou? to behold his pride,
that boasts our empery?
Then witness with it my revenge, and see
that insolence die
That lives to wrong me." She replied:
"I come from heaven to see
Thy anger settled, if thy soul will use her
sovereignty
In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno,
whose affects [give us both respects,
Stand heartily inclined to both. Come,
And cease contention; draw no sword;
use words, and such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just; for, trust
in what I say,
A time shall come when thrice the worth
of that he forceth now,
He shall propose for recompense of these
wrongs; therefore throw

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Reins on thy passions, and serve us." He answer'd : "Though my heart
Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part,
And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part for heaven,
Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish." This said, her charge was given
Fit honour ; in his silver hilt he held his able hand,
And forced his broad sword up ; and up to heaven did re-ascend
Minerva, who, in Jove's high roof, that bears the rough shield, took
Her place with other deities. She gone, again forsook
Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine
His wrath, that this broad language gave : "Thou ever steep'd in wine,
Dog's-face, with heart but of a hart, that nor in th' open eye
Of fight darest thrust into a prease, nor with our noblest lie
In secret ambush : These works seem too full of death for thee ;
'Tis safer far in th' open host to dare an injury
To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king,
Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foul thing
Thou ever author'd'st ; yet I vow, and by a great oath swear,
Even by this sceptre, that, as this never again shall bear*
Green leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth his size,
Nor did since first it left the hills, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft with iron ; which now to other end
Judges of Greece bear, and their laws, received from Jove, defend ;
(For which my oath to thee is great) ; so, whensoever need
Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no prayers shall ever breed
Affection in me to their aid, though well-deserved woes
Afflict thee for them, when to death man-slaughtering Hector throws
Whole troops of them, and thou torment'st thy vex'd mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserved the right
Of all thy army." Thus, he threw his sceptre 'gainst the ground,
With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides' breast was drown'd
In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator ; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood
Of more-than-honey-sweet discourse ; two ages were increased
Of divers-languaged men, all born in his time and deceased,
In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd amongst the third-aged men.
He, well-seen in the world, advised, and thus express'd it then :
"O Gods, our Greek earth will be drown'd in just tears ; rapeful Troy,
Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and joy,
Of these disjunctions ; if of you, that all our host excel
In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear this. Come, repel
These young men's passions. Y'are not both, put both your years in one,
So old as I. I lived long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear
My counsels with respect. My eyes yet never witness were,
Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them ; [pheme,
Pirithous, Exadius, and god-like Poly-
Cæneus, and Dryas, prince of men, Ægean Theseus,
A man like heaven's immortals form'd ; all, all most vigorous,
Of all men that even those days bred ; most vigorous men, and fought
With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts, (for men in strength were nought
Match'd with their forces) fought with them, and bravely fought them down.
Yet even with these men I conversed, being call'd to the renown
Of their societies, by their suits from Pylos far, to fight
In the Asian kingdom ; and I fought, to a degree of might
That help'd even their mights, against such as no man now would dare
To meet in conflict ; yet even these my counsels still would hear,
And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them ;
'Tis better then to wreak your wraths. Atrides, give not stream

* This simile Virgil directly translates.

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To all thy power, nor force his prize, but yield her still his own,
As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crown,
Great son of Peleus, since no king that ever Jove allow'd
Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose thy nerves endow'd
With strength superior, and thy birth a very goddess gave,
Yet he of force is mightier; since what his own nerves have
Is amplified with just command of many other. King of men,
Command thou then thyself; and I with my prayers will obtain
Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury; whose parts are
Worth our intreaty, being chief check to all our ill in war."
"All this, good father," said the king, "is comely and good right;
But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects, past all men, height;
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all
His hot will for their temperate law; all which he never shall
Persuade at my hands. If the Gods have given him the great style
Of ablest soldier, made they that his licence to revile
Men with vile language?" Thetis' son prevented him, and said:
"Fearful and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all means on me I should bear. Others command to this,
Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far my free spirit is
From serving thy command. Beside, this I affirm (afford [my sword
Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use
On thee or any for a wench; unjustly though thou takest
The thing thou gavest; but all things else, that in my ship thou makest
Greedy survey of, do not touch without my leave; or do
Add that act's wrong to this, that these may see that outrage too;
And then comes my part; then be sure, thy blood upon my lance
Shall flow in vengeance." These high terms these two at variance
Used to each other; left their seats; and after them arose
The whole court. To his tents and ships, with friends and soldiers, goes
Angry Achilles. Atreus' son the swift ship launch'd and put
Within it twenty chosen rowers, within it likewise shut
The hecatomb, t' appease the God; then caused to come aboard
Fair-cheek'd Chryseis; for the chief, he in whom Pallas pour'd
Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went last; and then
The moist ways of the sea they sail'd. And now the king of men
Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrificed, and cast
The offal of all to the deeps; the angry God they graced
With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, some goats, along the shore
Of the unfruitful sea, inflamed. To heaven the thick fumes bore
Enwrapped savours. Thus, though all the politic king made show
Respects to heaven, yet he himself all that time did pursue
His own affections; the late jar, in which he thunder'd threats
Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affections' heats
Thus vented to Talthybius, and grave Eurybates,
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.
"Haste to Achilles' tent; where take Briseis' hand, and bring
Her beauties to us. If he fail to yield her, say your king
Will come himself with multitudes, that shall the horribler
Make both his presence and your charge, that so he dares defer."
This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.
They went unwillingly, and trod the fruitless sea's shore; soon
They reach'd the navy and the tents, in which the quarter lay
Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chief Chief in their sway
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was Achilles glad [any glory had
To see their presence; nor themselves in
Their message, but with reverence stood, and fear'd th' offended king,
Ask'd not the dame, nor spake a word. He yet, well knowing the thing
That caused their coming, graced them thus: "Heralds, ye men that bear
The messages of men and gods, y' are welcome, come ye near.

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I nothing blame you, but your king; 'tis he, I know, doth send
You for Briseis; she is his. Patroclus, honour'd friend,
Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to their lord.
But, heralds, be you witnesses, before the most adored,
Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king, [bring
Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter
My aid in question, to avert any severest bane
It brings on others, I am 'scused to keep my aid in wane,
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischief, raves,
Nor sees at once by present things the future; how like waves
Ills follow ills; injustices being never so secure
In present times, but after-plagues even then are seen as sure.
Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his present lust, which, check'd,
Would check plagues future; and he might, in succouring right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleet. They still in safety fight,
That fight still justly." This speech used, Patroclus did the rite
His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis from her tent,
Gave her the heralds, and away to th' Achive ships they went.
She sad, and scarce for grief could go. Her love all friends forsook,
And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea he betook
Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea
His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven advancing, this sad plea
Made to his mother: Mother, since you brought me forth to breathe
So short a life, Olympius had good right to bequeath
My short life honour; yet that right he doth in no degree,
But lets Atrides do me shame, and force that prize from me
That all the Greeks gave." This with tears he utter'd, and she heard,
Set with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appear'd?
Up from the grey sea like a cloud, sate by his side, and said:
"Why weeps my son? What grieves thee? speak, conceal not what hath laid
Such hard hand on thee, let both know."
He, sighing like a storm,
Replied: "Thou dost know; why should I things known again inform?
We march'd to Thebes, the sacred town of king Œetion,
Sack'd it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which every valiant son
Of Greece indifferently shared. Atrides had for share
Fair-cheek'd Chryseis. After which, his priest that shoots so far,
Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arrived at th' Achive fleet,
With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprison'd feet
Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held Apollo's crown, [Grecian son,
And golden sceptre; making suit to every
But most the sons of Atreus, the others' orderers,
Yet they least heard him; all the rest received with reverend ears
The motion, both the priests and gifts gracing, and holding worth
His wish'd acceptance. Atreus' son yet (vex'd) commanded forth
With rude terms Phœbus' reverend priest; who, angry, made retreat,
And pray'd to Phœbus, in whose grace he standing passing great
Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad
That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The host had no abode
That was not visited. We ask'd a prophet that well knew
The cause of all; and from his lips Apollo's prophecies flew,
Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to appease
The anger'd God; which Atreus' son did at the heart displease,
And up he stood, used threats, perform'd. The black-eyed Greeks sent home
Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a hecatomb.
Then, for Briseis, to my tents Atrides' heralds came,
And took her, that the Greeks gave, all.
If then thy powers can frame
Wreak for thy son, afford it. Scale Olympus, and implore
Jove (if by either word, or fact, thou ever didst restore
Joy to his grieved heart) now to help. I oft have heard thee vaunt,
In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was conversant

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n rescue from a cruel spoil the black-cloud-gathering Jove,
Whom other Godheads would have bound (the Power whose pace doth move
The round earth, heaven's great Queen, and Pallas) ; to whose bands
Thou camest with rescue, bringing up him with the hundred hands
To great Olympus, whom the Gods call Briareus, men
Ægæon, who his sire surpass'd, and was as strong again,
And in that grace sat glad by Jove. Th' immortals stood dismay'd [his aid.
At his ascension, and gave free passage to
Of all this tell Jove ; kneel to him, embrace his knee, and pray
If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now their forces may
Beat home the Greeks to fleet and sea ; embruing their retreat
In slaughter ; their pains paying the wreak of their proud sovereign's heat ;
And that far-ruling king may know, from his poor soldier's harms
His own harm falls ; his own and all in mine, his best in arms."
Her answer she pour'd out in tears : "O me, my son," said she,
"Why brought I up thy being at all, that brought thee forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to heaven, that since
Thy fate is little, and not long, thou might'st without offence
And tears perform it. But to live, thrall to so stern a fate
As grants thee least life, and that least so most unfortunate,
Grieves me t' have given thee any life. But what thou wishest now,
If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask ; Olympus crown'd with snow
I'll climb ; but sit thou fast at fleet, renounce all war, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope o. wreak ; till which come, thou shalt need
A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday to feast
Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th' ocean's deepen'd breast,
All Gods attending him ; the twelfth, high heaven again he sees,
And then his brass-paved court I'll scale, cling to his powerful knees,
And doubt not but to win thy wish." Thus, made she her remove,
And left wrath tyring on her son, for his enforced love.

Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arrived at Chrysa's shore ;
And when amidst the haven's deep mouth, they came to use the oar,
They straight strook sail, then roll'd them up, and on the hatches threw ;
The top-mast to the kelsine then, with halyards down they drew ;
Then brought the ship to port with oars ; then forked anchor cast ;
And, 'gainst the violence of storms, for drifting made her fast.
All come ashore, they all exposed the holy hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and, with it, Chryseis welcomed home ;
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at th' altar stand,
For honour led, and, spoken thus, resign'd her to his hand :
"Chryses, the mighty king of men, great Agamemnon, sends
Thy loved seed by my hands to thine ; and to thy God commends
A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice, and seek
Our much-sigh-mix'd woe, his recure, invoked by every Greek."
Thus he resign'd her, and her sire received her, highly joy'd.
About the well-built altar, then, they orderly employ'd
The sacred offering, wash'd their hands, took salt cakes ; and the priest,
With hands held up to heaven, thus pray'd : "O thou that all things seest,
Fautor of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully dispose [Tenedos,
Celestial Cilla, governing in all power
O hear thy priest, and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers,
Shot fervent plague-shafts through the Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renew'd, and quite remove th' infection from their blood."
He pray'd ; and to his prayers again the God propitious stood.
All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew back, kill'd, flay'd the beeves,
Cut out and dubb'd with fat their thighs, fair dress'd with doubled leaves,
And on them all the sweetbreads prick'd. The priest, with small sere wood,
Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine ; by whom the young men stood,
And turn'd, in five ranks, spits ; on which (the legs enough) they eat
The inwards ; then in giggots cut the other fit for meat,

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And put to fire; which, roasted well, they drew. The labour done,
They served the feast in, that fed all to satisfaction.
Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd, the youths crown'd cups of wine
Drunk off, and fill'd again to all. That day was held divine,
And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight hid the clear,
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn.
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd Morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,
The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did rore; [aloft the sandy shore,
Which, coming to the camp, they drew
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before.
But Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at his swift ships sate,
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That make men honour'd; never trod the fierce embattail'd field,
But kept close, and his loved heart pined: what fight and cries could yield
Thirsting at all parts to the host. And now, since first he told
His wrongs to Thetis, twelve fair morns their ensigns did unfold,
And then the ever-living gods mounted Olympus, Jove
First in ascension. Thetis then, remember'd well to move
Achilles' motion, rose from sea, and, by the morn's first light,
The great heaven and Olympus climb'd; where, in supremest height
Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the far-seen son [seat alone.
Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free
Before whom, on her own knees fall'n, the knees of Jupiter
Her left hand held, her right his chin, and thus she did prefer
Her son's petition: "Father Jove! If ever I have stood [implored good
Aidful to thee in word or work, with this
Requite my aid, renown my son, since in so short a race
(Past others) thou confinest his life. An insolent disgrace
Is done him by the king of men; he forced from him a prize
Won with his sword. But thou, O Jove, that art most strong, most wise,
Honour my son for my sake; add strength to the Trojans' side
By his side's weakness in his want; and see Troy amplified
In conquest, so much, and so long, till Greece may give again
The glory reft him, and the more illustrate the free reign
Of his wrong'd honour." Jove at this sate silent; not a word
In long space pass'd him. Thetis still hung on his knee, implored
The second time his help, and said: "Grant, or deny my suit,
Be free in what thou doest; I know, thou canst not sit thus mute
For fear of any; speak, deny, that so I may be sure,
Of all heaven's Goddesses 'tis I, that only must endure
Dishonour by thee." Jupiter, the great cloud-gatherer, grieved
With thought of what a world of griefs this suit ask'd, being achieved;
Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd: "Works of death thou urgest. O, at this
Juno will storm, and all my powers inflame with contumelies.
Ever she wrangles, charging me in ear of all the Gods
That I am partial still, that I add the displeasing odds
Of my aid to the Ilians. Begone then, lest she see;
Leave thy request to my care; yet, that trust may hearten thee
With thy desire's grant, and my power to give it act approve
How vain her strife is, to thy prayer my eminent head shall move;
Which is the great sign of my will with all th' immortal states; [rates
Irrevocable; never fails; never without the
Of all powers else; when my head bows, all heads bow with it still
As their first mover; and gives power to any work I will."
He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook; and both were severed,

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Their counsels broken. To the depth of
Neptune's kingdom dived
Thetis from heaven's height; Jove arose;
and all the Gods received
(All rising from their thrones) their Sire,
attending to his court.
None sate when he rose, none delay'd the
furnishing his port
Till he came near; all met with him, and
brought him to his throne.
Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she
beheld alone
Old Nereus' silver-footed seed with Jove,
that she had brought
Counsels to heaven; and straight her
tongue had teeth in it, that wrought
This sharp invective: "Who was that
(thou craftiest counsellor
Of all the Gods) that so apart some secret
did implore?
Ever, apart from me, thou lovest to counsel
and decree
Things of more close trust than thou
think'st are fit t' impart to me.
Whatever thou determinest, I must ever be
denied [speech thus replied
The knowledge of it by thy will." To her
The Father both of men and Gods:
"Have never hope to know
My whole intentions, though my wife; it
fits not, nor would show
Well to thine own thoughts; but what fits
thy woman's ear to hear,
Woman, nor man, nor God, shall know
before it grace thine ear.
Yet what, apart from men and Gods, I
please to know, forbear
T' examine, or inquire of that." She with
the cow's fair eyes,
Respected Juno, this return'd: "Austere
king of the skies,
What hast thou utter'd? When did I
before this time inquire,
Or sift thy counsels? Passing close you
are still. Your desire
Is served with such care, that I fear you
can scarce vouch the deed
That makes it public, being seduced by
this old sea-god's seed,
That could so early use her knees, em-
bracing thine. I doubt, [working out
The late act of thy bowed head was for the
Of some boon she ask'd; that her son thy
partial hand would please
With plaguing others." "Wretch!" said
he, "thy subtle jealousies
Are still exploring; my designs can never
'scape thine eye, [curiosity
Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy
Makes thee less cared for at my hands, and
horrible the end [suspects intend,
Shall make thy humour. If it be what thy
What then? 'Tis my free will it should;
to which let way be given
With silence. Curb your tongue in time;
lest all the Gods in heaven
Too few be and too weak to help thy
punish'd insolence,
When my inaccessible hands shall fall on
thee." The sense
Of this high threatening made her fear, and
silent she sate down,
Humbling her great heart. All the Gods
in court of Jove did frown
At this offence given; amongst whom
heaven's famous artisan,
Ephaistus, in his mother's care, this comely
speech began:
"Believe it, these words will breed
wounds, beyond our powers to bear,
If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a
tumult here
That spoils our banquet. Evermore worst
matters put down best.
But, mother, though yourself be wise, yet
let your son request
His wisdom audience. Give good terms to
our loved father Jove,
For fear he take offence again, and our
kind banquet prove
A wrathful battle. If he will, the heavenly
Lightener can
Take you and toss you from your throne;
his power Olympian
Is so surpassing. Soften then with gentle
speech his spleen,
And drink to him; I know his heart will
quickly down again."
This said, arising from his throne, in his
loved mother's hand
He put the double-handled cup, and said:
"Come, do not stand
On these cross humours; suffer, bear,
though your great bosom grieve,
And lest blows force you; all my aid not
able to relieve
Your hard condition, though these eyes
behold it, and this heart
Sorrow to think it. 'Tis a task too
dangerous to take part
Against Olympius. I myself the proof of
this still feel.
When other Gods would fain have help'd,
he took me by the heel,
And hurl'd me out of heaven. All day I
was in falling down;
At length in Lemnos I strook earth; the
likewise-falling sun

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And I, together, set; my life almost set too; yet there
The Sintii cheer'd and took me up." This did to laughter cheer
White-wristed Juno, who now took the cup of him, and smiled.
The sweet peace-making draught went round, and lame Ephaistus fill'd
Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter never left
Shook all the blessed deities, to see the lame so deft
At that cup service. All that day, even till the sun went down,
They banqueted, and had such cheer as did their wishes crown.
Nor had they music less divine; Apollo there did touch
His most sweet harp, to which, with voice, the Muses pleased as much.
But when the sun's fair light was set, each Godhead to his house
Address'd for sleep, where every one, with art most curious,
By heaven's great both-foot-halting God, a several roof had built.
Even he to sleep went, by whose hand heaven is with lightning gilt,
High Jove, where he had used to rest when sweet sleep seized his eyes;
By him the golden-throned Queen slept, the Queen of deities.

COMMENTARIUS.

SINCE I dissent from all other translators, and interpreters, that ever assayed exposition of this miraculous poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity in grammarians merely, and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred muse is only within eye-shot of a poetical spirit's inspection (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound, by this brief comment, to show I understand how all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I receive my author. In which labour, if, where all others find discords and dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate; if, where they often alter and fly his original, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it; if, where they mix their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration (though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her), I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm her, that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our Homer, he shall now gird his temples with the sun, and be confessed (against his good friend) *nunquam dormitare*. But how all translators, censors, or interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirm, nor of difficulty in you to believe, if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartial conference of their pains and mine be admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and persuasion, trouble yourselves but to know this. This never-enough-glorified poet (to vary and quicken his eternal poem) hath inspired his chief persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters, which not understood, how are their speeches, being one by another as conveniently and necessarily known as the instrument by the sound? If a translator or interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly-described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the original, to make his speech grave, and him valiant; can the negligence and numbness of such an interpreter or translator be less than the sleep and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him? Or could I do less than affirm and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This, therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let me hope my other assumpts will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second book I have wholly translated again; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since, and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground so amply discovered in my first twelve labours as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this

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silver bow of our Phœbus; the clear scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautiful figures of his persons. To those last twelve, then, I must refer you, for all the chief worth of my clear discoveries; and in the mean space I entreat your acceptance of some few new touches in these first. Not perplexing you in first or last with anything handled in any other interpreter, further than I must conscionably make congression with such as have diminished, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered author.

[1] Ἀΐδι προΐαψεν. ἀΐδης (being compounded *ex ἀ privativa*, and εἶδω, *video*) signifies *locus tenebricosus*, or, according to Virgil, *sine luce domus;* and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

[2] Κύνεσσιν, οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι (Διὸς, &c.) is the vulgar reading, which I read, κύνεσσιν οἰωνοῖσί τε (πᾶσι Διὸς δὲ τελείετο βουλὴ) because πᾶσι referred to κύνεσσιν, &c., is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Jove's counsel, grave, and sententious.

[3] Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, &c., *ex quo quidem primum:* Here our common readers would have *tempore* understood, because βουλὴ (to which they think the poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Jove; as in Τὰν, verse 273, he expounds himself in these words: ἀλλά ποθι Ζεύς, &c., which Pindarus Thebanus, in his epitome of these Iliads, rightly observes in these verses:—

"Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas
Sceptriger Atrides, et bello clarus Achilles."

[4] Ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ, *comprobarunt Græci* all others turn it; but since ἐπευφημέω signifies properly, *fausta acclamatione do significationem approbationis*, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greeks by word; which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations or shouts.

[5] Ἀμφιβέβηκας· ἀμφιβεβάω signifies properly *circumambulo*, and only metaphoricè *protego*, or *tueor*, as it is always in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in towns of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the original.

[6] Πρὸ γὰρ ἧκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη. *Præmiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Juno.* Why Juno should send Pallas is a thing not noted by any; I therefore answer, because Juno is Goddess of state. The allegory, therefore, in the prosopopœia both of Juno and Pallas, is, that Achilles, for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented, Juno procures it; as in the eighteenth book, for the state of Patroclus his fetching off, Juno commands the sun to go down before his time, &c.

[7] Ὃς φάτο δακρυχέων: *sic dixit lachrymans*, &c. These tears are called, by our commentors, unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such an hero as Achilles; and therefore Plato is cited in iii. de Repub. where he saith, Ὀρθῶς ἄρα, &c. *Meritò igitur clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus*, &c. To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the Great, &c.), I oppose against Plato, only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all others we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears; viz., our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears, generally, utterly unanswerable, these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural; tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits, either when their abilities cannot perform to their wills, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations; as now the consideration of the state and gravity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for cursed heart, when Apollo strook his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before not to resist the deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then. So when not-enough-vented anger was not to be expressed enough by that tear-starting affection in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplished expresser helps the illustration in a simile of his fervour, in most fervent-spirited fowls, resembling the wrathful fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:—

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" Down jump'd he from his chariot; down
leap'd his foe as light;
And as, on some far-seeing rock, a cast of
vultures fight,
Fly on each other, strike, and truss; part,
meet, and then stick by,
Tug both with crooked beaks and seres; cry,
fight, and fight, and cry.
So fiercely fought these angry kings," &c.

Wherein you see that crying in these eagerly-fought fowls (which is like tears in angry men) is so far from softness or faintness, that to the superlative of hardiness and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must we be so gross to imagine that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, &c., but, in the very point and sting of their unvented anger, shed a few violent and seething-over tears. What ass-like impudence is it then for any merely vainglorious and self-loving puff, that everywhere may read these inimitable touches of our Homer's mastery, anywhere to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations, when he should rather (with his much better understander Spondanus) submit where he oversees him faulty, and say thus; " Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ authoritati [illegible] me nihil detrahetur."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

JOVE calls a vision up from Somnus' den
To bid Atrides muster up his men.
The King, to Greeks dissembling his desire,
Persuades them to their country to retire.
By Pallas' will, Ulysses stays their flight;
And wise old Nestor heartens them to fight.
They take their meat; which done, to arms they go,
And march in good array against the foe.
So those of Troy; when Iris, from the sky,
Of Saturn's son performs the embassy.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta the dream and synod cites;
And catalogues the naval knights.

THE other Gods, and knights at arms, all night slept; only Jove
Sweet slumber seized not; he discoursed how best he might approve
His vow made for Achilles' grace, and make the Grecians find
His miss in much death. All ways cast, this counsel served his mind
With most allowance; to despatch a harmful dream to greet
The king of men, and gave this charge: "Go to the Achive fleet,
Pernicious dream, and, being arrived in Agamemnon's tent, [him to convent
Deliver truly all this charge. Command
His whole host arm'd before these towers; for now Troy's broad-way'd town
He shall take in; the heaven-housed Gods are now indifferent grown:
Juno's request hath won them; Troy now under imminent ills
At all parts labours." This charge heard, the Vision straight fulfils;
The ships reach'd, and Atrides' tent, in which he found him laid,
Divine sleep pour'd about his powers. He stood above his head
Like Nestor, graced of old men most, and this did intimate:
"Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son? a councillor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep; to whom the people are
For guard committed, and whose life stands bound to so much care.
Now hear me, then, Jove's messenger, who, though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in ruth and care, and gives command by me
To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in; no more the Gods dissentiously employ
Their high-housed powers; Juno's suit hath won them all to her;
And ill fates overhang these towers, address'd by Jupiter.
Fix in thy mind this, nor forget to give it action, when
Sweet sleep shall leave thee." Thus he fled; and left the king of men
Repeating in discourse his dream, and dreaming still, awake,
Of power, not ready yet for act. O fool, he thought to take
In the next day old Priam's town; not knowing what affairs
Jove had in purpose, who prepared, by strong fight, sighs and cares
For Greeks and Trojans. The dream gone, his voice still murmured
About the king's ears; who sate up, put on him in his bed
His silken inner weed, fair, new; and then in haste arose,
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft feet fair shoes,
His silver-hilted sword he hung about his shoulders, took
His father's sceptre never stain'd; which then abroad he shook,
And went to fleet. And now great heaven, Goddess Aurora scaled,
To Jove, and all Gods, bringing light; when Agamemnon call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud to call to instant court
The thick-hair'd Greeks. The heralds call'd; the Greeks made quick resort.
The Council chiefly be composed of old great-minded men,
At Nestor's ships, the Pylian king; all there assembled then,
Thus Atreus' son begun the court: "Hear, friends: A dream divine,
Amidst the calm night in my sleep, did through my shut eyes shine,

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Within my fantasy. His form did passing naturally
Resemble Nestor; such attire, a stature just as high.
He stood above my head, and words thus fashion'd did relate:
'Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son? A councillor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep; to whom the people are
For guard committed, and whose life stands bound to so much care.
Now hear me then, Jove's messenger, who, though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in love and care, and gives command by me
To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in; no more the Gods dissentiously employ
Their high-housed powers; Saturnia's suit hath won them all to her;
And ill fates over-hang these towers, address'd by Jupiter.
Fix in thy mind this.' This express'd, he took wing and away,
And sweet sleep left me. Let us then by all our means assay
To arm our army; I will first (as far as fits our right)
Try their addictions, and command with full-sail'd ships our flight;
Which if they yield to, oppose you." He sate, and up arose
Nestor, of sandy Pylos king, who willing to dispose
Their counsel to the public good, proposed this to the state:
"Princes and Councillors of Greece, if any should relate
This vision but the king himself, it might be held a tale,
And move the rather our retreat; but since our General
Affirms he saw it, hold it true, and all our best means make
To arm our army." This speech used, he first the Council brake;
The other sceptre-bearing States arose too, and obey'd
The people's Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flockers to them, that came forth, as when of frequent bees[1]
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new [still as it faded, grew,
From forth their sweet nest; as their store,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers; so from the ships and tents the army's store
Troop'd to these princes and the court, along th' unmeasured shore;
Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress, Fame, in her virtue shined,
Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble, thus inclined,
Hurried together; uproar seized the high court; earth did groan
Beneath the settling multitude; tumult was there alone.
Thrice-three vociferous heralds rose, to check the rout, and get
Ear to their Jove-kept governors; and instantly was set
That huge confusion; every man set fast, and clamour ceased:
Then stood divine Atrides up, and in his hand compress'd
His sceptre, th' elaborate work of fiery Mulciber, [his messenger;
Who gave it to Saturnian Jove; Jove to
His messenger, Argicides, to Pelops, skill'd in horse;
Pelops to Atreus, chief of men; he, dying, gave it course
To prince Thyestes, rich in herds; Thyestes to the hand
Of Agamemnon render'd it, and with it the command
Of many isles and Argos all. On this he leaning, said:
"O friends, great sons of Danaus, servants of Mars, Jove laid
A heavy curse on me, to vow, and bind it with the bent
Of his high forehead; that this Troy of all her people spent,
I should return; yet now to mock our hopes built on his vow,
And charge ingloriously my flight, when such an overthrow
Of brave friends I have authored. But to his mightiest will
We must submit us, that hath razed, and will be razing still
Men's footsteps from so many towns; because his power is most,
He will destroy most. But how vile such and so great an host
Will show to future times! that, match'd with lesser numbers far,
We fly, not putting on the crown of our so long-held war,

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Of which there yet appears no end. Yet should our foes and we
Strike truce, and number both our powers ; Troy taking all that be
Her arm'd inhabitants ; and we, in tens, should all sit down
At our truce banquet : every ten allow'd one of the town
To fill his feast-cup ; many tens would their attendant want ;
So much I must affirm our power exceeds th' inhabitant.
But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers of spears, [our hinderers,
From many cities drawn, are they that are
Not suffering well-raised Troy to fall. Nine years are ended now,
Since Jove our conquest vow'd ; and now, our vessels rotten grow,
Our tackling fails ; our wives, young sons, sit in their doors and long
For our arrival ; yet the work, that should have wreak'd our wrong,
And made us welcome, lies unwrought. Come then, as I bid, all
Obey, and fly to our loved home ; for now, nor ever, shall
Our utmost take in broad-way'd Troy." This said, the multitude
Was all for home ; and all men else that what this would conclude
Had not discover'd. All the crowd was shoved about the shore,
In sway, like rude and raging waves, roused with the fervent blore
Of th' east and south winds, when they break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
On rough backs of th' Icarian seas : or like a field of corn
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts bring easily underneath,
And make the stiff up-bristled ears do homage to his breath ;
For even so easily, with the breath Atrides used, was sway'd
The violent multitude. To fleet with shouts, and disarray'd,
All rush'd ; and, with a fog of dust, their rude feet dimm'd the day ;
Each cried to other, 'Cleanse our ships, come, launch, aboard, away.'
The clamour of the runners home reach'd heaven ; and then past fate
The Greeks had left Troy, had not then the Goddess of estate
Thus spoke to Pallas : "O foul shame, thou untamed seed of Jove,
Shall thus the sea's broad back be charged with these our friends' remove ?
Thus leaving Argive Helen here ? thus Priam graced ? thus Troy ?
In whose fields, far from their loved own, for Helen's sake, the joy
And life of so much Grecian birth is vanish'd ? Take thy way
T' our brass-arm'd people ; speak them fair, let not a man obey
The charge now given, nor launch one ship." She said, and Pallas did
As she commanded ; from the tops of heaven's steep hill she slid,
And straight the Greeks' swift ships she reach'd ; Ulysses (like to Jove
In gifts of counsel) she found out ; who to that base remove
Stirr'd not a foot, nor touch'd a ship ; but grieved at heart to see
That fault in others. To him close the blue-eyed Deity
Made way, and said : "Thou wisest Greek, divine Laertes' son,
Thus fly ye homewards, to your ships, shall all thus headlong run ?
Glory to Priam thus ye leave ; glory to all his friends,
If thus ye leave her here, for whom so many violent ends
Have closed your Greek eyes, and so far from their so loved home.
Go to these people, use no stay, with fair terms overcome
Their foul endeavour, not a man a flying sail let hoise."
Thus spake she ; and Ulysses knew 'twas Pallas by her voice ;
Ran to the runners ; cast from him his mantle, which his man
And herald, grave Eurybates, the Ithacensian
That follow'd him, took up. Himself to Agamemnon went, [descent,
His incorrupted sceptre took, his sceptre of
And with it went about the fleet. What prince, or man of name,
He found flight-given, he would restrain with words of gentlest blame :
"Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid,
You should not only stay yourself, but see the people staid.
You know not clearly, though you heard the king's words, yet his mind ;
He only tries men's spirits now, and, whom his trials find
Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He spake in council ; nor durst press too near our General,

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Lest we incensed him to our hurt. The anger of a king
Is mighty; he is kept of Jove, and from Jove likewise spring
His honours, which, out of the love of wise Jove, he enjoys."
Thus he the best sort used; the worst, whose spirits brake out in noise,
He cudgell'd with his sceptre, chid, and said: "Stay, wretch, be still,
And hear thy betters; thou art base, and both in power and skill
Poor and unworthy, without name in council or in war. [most irregular,
We must not all be kings. The rule is
Where many rule. One lord, one king, propose to thee; and he,
To whom wise Saturn's son hath given both law and empery
To rule the public, is that king." Thus ruling, he restrain'd
The host from flight; and then again the Council was maintain'd
With such a concourse, that the shore rung with the tumult made;
As when the far-resounding sea doth in his rage invade
His sandy confines, whose sides groan with his involved wave,
And make his own breast echo sighs. All sate, and audience gave.
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage; anything, with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings; t' oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege; he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot;
So crook-back'd, that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there spersed) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide.
Nor could the sacred King himself avoid his saucy vein;
Against whom since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
Being angry for Achilles' wrong, he cried out railing thus:
"Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what wouldst thou more of us?
Thy tents are full of brass; and dames, the choice of all, are thine,
With whom we must present thee first, when any towns resign
To our invasion. Want'st thou then, besides all this, more gold
From Troy's knights to redeem their sons, whom to be dearly sold
I or some other Greek must take? or wouldst thou yet again
Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts that reign
In thy encroaching appetite? It fits no prince to be [progeny
A prince of ill, and govern us, or lead our
By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
By ills eternal; Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are: Come, fly
Home with our ships; leave this man here to perish with his preys,
And try if we help'd him or not; he wrong'd a man that weighs
Far more than he himself in worth; he forced from Thetis' son,
And keeps his prize still. Nor think I that mighty man hath won
The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss;
Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries."
Thus he the people's Pastor chid; but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter check gave: "Cease, vain fool, to vent thy railing vein
On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou canst restrain,
With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree;
For not a worse, of all this host, came with our King than thee,
To Troy's great siege; then do not take into that mouth of thine
The names of kings; much less revile the dignities that shine
In their supreme states, wresting thus this motion for our home,
To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not what will come
Of these designments: if it be our good, to stay or go.
Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revilest our General so,
Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou
But our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me vow

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(Which shall be curiously observed) if ever I shall hear
This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes, weeping hence
This glory thou affect'st to rail." This said, his insolence
He settled with his sceptre; strook his back and shoulders so
That bloody wales rose. He shrunk round; and from his eyes did flow
Moist tears, and, looking filthily, he sate, fear'd, smarted, dried
His blubber'd cheeks; and all the prease, though grieved to be denied
Their wish'd retreat for home, yet laugh'd delightsomely, and spake
Either to other: "O ye Gods, how infinitely take [counsels, great
Ulysses' virtues in our good! author of
In ordering armies, how most well this act became his heat,
To beat from council this rude fool! I think his saucy spirit,
Hereafter, will not let his tongue abuse the sovereign merit,
Exempt from such base tongues as his." Thus spake the people; then
The city-razer Ithacus stood up to speak again,
Holding his sceptre. Close to him grey-eyed Minerva stood,
And, like a herald, silence caused, that all the Achive brood
(From first to last) might hear and know the counsel; when, inclined
To all their good, Ulysses said: "Atrides, now I find
These men would render thee the shame of all men; nor would pay
Their own vows to thee, when they took their free and honour'd way
From Argos hither, that, till Troy were by their brave hands razed,
They would not turn home: yet, like babes, and widows, now they haste
To that base refuge. 'Tis a spite to see men melted so
In womanish changes; though 'tis true, that if a man do go
Only a month to sea, and leave his wife far off, and he,
Tortured with winter's storms, and toss'd with a tumultuous sea,
Grows heavy, and would home. Us then, to whom the thrice three year
Hath fill'd his revoluble orb since our arrival here,
I blame not to wish home much more; yet all this time to stay,
Out of our judgments, for our end; and now to take our way
Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustain then, friends; abide [prophesied
The time set to our object; try if Calchas
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witness well,
(Whom these late death-conferring fates have fail'd to send to hell)
That when in Aulis, all our fleet assembled with a freight
Of ills to Ilion and her friends, beneath the fair grown height
A platan bore, about a fount, whence crystal water flow'd,
And near our holy altar, we upon the Gods bestow'd
Accomplish'd hecatombs; and there appear'd a huge portent,
A dragon with a bloody scale, horrid to sight, and sent
To light by great Olympius; which, crawling from beneath
The altar, to the platan climb'd, and ruthless crash'd to death
A sparrow's young, in number eight, that in a top-bough lay
Hid under leaves; the dam the ninth, that hover'd every way,
Mourning her loved birth, till at length, the serpent, watching her,
Her wing caught, and devour'd her too. This dragon, Jupiter,
That brought him forth, turn'd to a stone; and made a powerful mean[2]
To stir our zeals up, that admired, when of a fact so clean
Of all ill as our sacrifice, so fearful an ostent
Should be the issue. Calchas, then, thus prophesied th' event:
'Why are ye dumb strook, fair-hair'd Greeks? Wise Jove is he hath shown
This strange ostent to us. 'Twas late, and passing lately done,
But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffering all the state
Of his appearance (being so slow) nor time shall end, nor fate.
As these eight sparrows, and the dam (that made the ninth) were eat
By this stern serpent; so nine years we are t' endure the heat

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Of ravenous war, and, in the tenth, take
in this broad-way'd town.'
Thus he interpreted this sign; and all
things have their crown
As he interpreted, till now. The rest,
then, to succeed
Believe as certain. Stay we all till that
most glorious deed
Of taking this rich town, our hands are
honour'd with." This said,
The Greeks gave an unmeasured shout;
which back the ships repaid
With terrible echoes, in applause of that
persuasion [comparison
Divine Ulysses used; which yet held no
With Nestor's next speech, which was
this: "O shameful thing! ye talk
Like children all, that know not war. In
what air's region walk
Our oaths, and covenants? Now, I see
the fit respects of men
Are vanish'd quite; our right hands given,
our faiths, our counsels vain,
Our sacrifice with wine, all fled in that
profaned flame
We made to bind all; for thus still we vain
persuasions frame,
And strive to work our end with words, not
joining stratagems
And hands together, though, thus long,
the power of our extremes
Hath urged us to them. Atreus' son, firm
as at first hour stand:
Make good thy purpose; talk no more in
councils, but command
In active field. Let two or three, that by
themselves advise,
Faint in their crowning; they are such as
are not truly wise;
They will for Argos, ere they know if that
which Jove hath said
Be false or true. I tell them all, that high
Jove bow'd his head,
As first we went aboard our fleet, for sign
we should confer
These Trojans their due fate and death;
almighty Jupiter
All that day darting forth his flames, in an
unmeasured light,
On our right hands. Let therefore none
once dream of coward flight,
Till (for his own) some wife of Troy he
sleeps withal, the rape
Of Helen wreaking, and our sighs enforced
for her escape.
If any yet dare dote on home, let his dis-
honour'd haste
His black and well-built bark but touch,
that (as he first disgraced
His country's spirit) fate, and death, may
first his spirit let go.
But be thou wise, king, do not trust thyself,
but others. Know
I will not use an abject word. See all thy
men array'd
In tribes and nations: that tribes, tribes;
nations, may nations aid.
Which doing, thou shalt know what chiefs,
what soldiers play the men,
And what the cowards; for they all, will
fight in several then,
Easy for note. And then shalt thou, if
thou destroy'st not Troy,
Know if the prophecy's defect, or men thou
dost employ
In their approved arts, want in war; or
lack of that brave heat
Fit for the venturous spirits of Greece, was
cause to thy defeat."
To this the king of men replied: "O
father, all the sons
Of Greece thou conquer'st in the strife of
consultations. [could make,
I would to Jove, Athenia, and Phœbus, I
Of all, but ten such counsellors; then in-
stantly would shake
King Priam's city, by our hands laid hold
on and laid waste.
But Jove hath order'd I should grieve, and
to that end hath cast
My life into debates past end. Myself, and
Thetis' son,
Like girls, in words fought for a girl, and
I th' offence begun:
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus
deferred fall
Shall never vex us more one hour. Come
then, to victuals all,
That strong Mars all may bring to field.
Each man his lance's steel
See sharpen'd well, his shield well lined
his horses meated well,
His chariot carefully made strong, that
these affairs of death
We all day may hold fiercely out. No man
must rest, or breathe;
The bosoms of our targeteers must all be
steep'd in sweat;
The lancer's arm must fall dissolved; our
chariot-horse with heat
Must seem to melt. But if I find one
soldier take the chase,
Or stir from fight, or fight not still fix'd in
his enemy's face,
Or hid a shipboard, all the world, for force,
nor price, shall save
His hated life; but fowls and dogs be his
abhorred grave."

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He said; and such a murmur rose, as on a lofty shore
The waves make, when the south-wind comes, and tumbles them before
Against a rock, grown near the strand, which diversely beset
Is never free; but, here and there, with varied uproars beat.
All rose then, rushing to the fleet, perfumed their tents, and eat;
Each offering to th' immortal gods, and praying to 'scape the heat
Of war and death. The king of men an ox of five years' spring
I' almighty Jove slew: call'd the peers; first Nestor, then the king
Idomeneus; after them th' Ajaces; and the son
Of Tydeus; Ithacus the sixth, in counsel paragon
To Jove himself. All these he bade; but at-a-martial-cry[3] [busily
Good Menelaus, since he saw his brother
Employ'd at that time, would not stand on invitation,
But of himself came. All about the offering overthrown
Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the king himself thus pray'd for all:
"O Jove, most great, most glorious, that, in that starry hall,
Sitt'st drawing dark clouds up to air, let not the sun go down,
Darkness supplying it, till my hands the palace and the town
Of Priam overthrow and burn; the arms on Hector's breast
Dividing; spoiling with my sword thousands, in interest
Of his bad quarrel, laid by him in dust, and eating earth."
He pray'd; Jove heard him not, but made more plentiful the birth
Of his sad toils, yet took his gifts. Prayers past, cakes on they threw;
The ox then, to the altar drawn, they kill'd, and from him drew
His hide; then cut him up; his thighs (in two hewn), dubb'd with fat,
Prick'd on the sweetbreads; and with wood, leaveless, and kindled at
Apposed fire, they burn the thighs; which done, the inwards, slit,
They broil'd on coals and eat; the rest, in giggots cut, they spit,
Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast; nought lack'd to leave allay'd
Each temperate appetite; which served, Nestor began and said:

"Atrides, most graced king of men, now no more words allow,
Nor more defer the deed Jove vows. Let heralds summon now
The brazen-coated Greeks, and us range everywhere the host,
To stir a strong war quickly up." This speech no syllable lost;
The high-voiced heralds instantly he charged to call to arms
The curl'd-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.
The Jove-kept kings, about the king all gather'd, with their aid
Ranged all in tribes and nations. With them the grey-eyed Maid
Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old,
Never corrupted, fringed about with serpents forged of gold,
As many as sufficed to make an hundred fringes, worth
A hundred oxen, every snake all sprawling, all set forth
With wondrous spirit. Through the host with this the Goddess ran,
In fury, casting round her eyes, and furnish'd every man
With strength, exciting all to arms, and fight incessant. None
Now liked their loved homes like the wars. And as a fire upon
A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that far off hurls his light;
So the divine brass shined on these, thus thrusting on for fight,
Their splendour through the air reach'd heaven. And as about the flood
Caïster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
Cranes, geese, or long-neck'd swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritful cry
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these many-nation'd men
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from tents and ships; the din
Was dreadful, that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth.
And in the flourishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring; or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring wing applies
To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails; all eagerly disposed [heaps closed,
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude

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Though huge goatherds are at their food, the goatherds easily yet
Sort into sundry herds; so here the chiefs in battle set
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all. Amongst whom shined the king,
With eyes like lightning-loving Jove, his forehead answering,
In breast like Neptune, Mars in waist. And as a goodly bull
Most eminent of all a herd, most strong, most masterful,
So Agamemnon, Jove that day made over-heighten clear
That heaven-bright army, and preferr'd to all the heroes there.
Now tell me, Muses, you that dwell in heavenly roofs, (for you
Are Goddesses, are present here, are wise, and all things know,
We only trust the voice of fame, know nothing), who they were
That here were captains of the Greeks, commanding princes here.
The multitude exceed my song, though fitted to my choice
Ten tongues were, harden'd palates ten, a breast of brass, a voice
Infract and trump-like; that great work, unless the seed of Jove,
The deathless Muses, undertake, maintains a pitch above
All mortal powers. The princes then, and navy that did bring
These so inenarrable troops, and all their soils, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE GRECIAN SHIPS AND CAPTAINS.

Penelëus, and Leitus, all that Bœotia bred,
Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothoenor, led;
Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stony Aulida,
Schœne, Scole, the hilly Eteon, and holy Thespia,
Of Græa, and great Mycalesse, that hath the ample plain, [remain
Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did
In Eryth, and in Eleon, in Hylen, Peteona,
In fair Ocalea, and, the town well-builded, Medeona,
Copas, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for pigeons doth surpass, [of grass,
Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store
All those that in Platæa dwelt, that Glissa did possess,
And Hypothebs, whose well-built walls are rare and fellowless,
In rich Onchestus' famous wood, to watery Neptune vow'd,
And Arne, where the vine-trees are with vigorous bunches bow'd,
With them that dwelt in Midea, and Nissa most divine,
All those whom utmost Anthedon did wealthily confine.
From all these coasts, in general, full fifty sail were sent;
And six-score strong, Bœotian youths in every burthen went.
But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Minian Orchomen,
God Mars his sons did lead (Ascalaphus and Ialmen),
Who in Azidon Actor's house did of Astyoche come;
The bashful maid, as she went up into the higher room,
The War-god secretly compress'd. In safe conduct of these,
Did thirty hollow-bottom'd barks divide the wavy seas.
Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocian captains were,
(Naubolida-Iphitus' sons all-proof 'gainst any fear;
With them the Cyparisians went, and bold Pythonians,
Men of religious Clirysa's soil, and fat Daulidians,
Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyampolists;
And those that dwell where Cephisus casts up his silken mists;
The men that fair Lilæa held, near the Cephisian spring;
All which did forty sable barks to that designment bring.
About th' entoil'd Phocensian fleet had these their sail assign'd;
And near to the sinister wing the arm'd Bœotians shined.
Ajax the less, Oileus' son, the Locrians led to war;
Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by far,
Little he was, and ever wore a breastplate made of linne,
But for the manage of his lance he general praise did win.
The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoën,
The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias, lovely men,
Of Tarphis, and of Thronius, near flood Boagrius' fall;
Twice-twenty martial barks of these, less Ajax sail'd withal.

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Who near Eubœa's blessed soil their habitations had,
Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats in sweet Eubœa made,
The Histiæans rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida,
The Cerinths bordering on the sea, of rich Eretria,
Of Dion's highly-seated town, Charistus, and of Styre,
All these the duke Alphenor led, a flame of Mars his fire,
Surnamed Chalcodontiades, the mighty Abants' guide,
Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs their trailing hair did hide,
Well-seen in fight, and soon could pierce with far extended darts
The breastplates of their enemies, and reach their dearest hearts.
Forty black men of war did sail in this Alphenor's charge.
The soldiers that in Athens dwelt, a city builded large,
The people of Eristhius, whom Jove-sprung Pallas fed,
And plenteous-feeding Tellus brought out of her flowery bed;
Him Pallas placed in her rich fane, and, every ended year,
Of bulls and lambs th' Athenian youths please him with offerings there;
Mighty Menestheus, Peteus' son, had their divided care;
For horsemen and for targeteers none could with him compare,
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend;
But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend;
With him came fifty sable sail. And out of Salamine
Great Ajax brought twelve sail, that with th' Athenians did combine.
Who did in fruitful Argos dwell, or strong Tiryntha keep,
Hermion, or in Asinen, whose bosom is so deep,
Trœzena, Eïon, Epidaure, where Bacchus crowns his head,
Ægina, and Maseta's soil, did follow Diomed,
And Sthenelus, the dear-loved son of famous Capaneus,
Together with Euryalus, heir of Mecisteus,
The king of Talæonides; past whom, in deeds of war,
The famous soldier Diomed of all was held by far.
Four-score black ships did follow these. The men fair Mycene held,
The wealthy Corinth, Cleon that for beauteous site excell'd,
Aræthyrea's lovely seat, and in Ornia's plain,
And Sicyona, where at first did king Adrastus reign,
High-seated Gonoëssa's towers, and Hyperisius,
That dwelt in fruitful Pellenen, and in divine Ægius,
With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helice's friends,
To Agamemnon every town her native birth commends,
In double fifty sable barks. With him a world of men
Most strong and full of valour went, and he in triumph then
Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did overshine
The whole heroic host of Greece, in power of that design.
Who did in Lacedæmon's rule th' unmeasured concave hold,
High Pharis', Sparta's, Messe's towers, or doves so much extoll'd;
Bryseia's and Augia's ground; strong Laa, Oetylon,
Amyclas, Helos' harbour-town, that Neptune beats upon;
All these did Menelaus lead (his brother, that in cries
Of war was famous); sixty ships convey'd these enemies
To Troy in chief; because their king was chiefly injured there,
In Helen's rape; and did his best to make them buy it dear.
Who dwelt in Pylos' sandy soil, and Arene the fair,
In Thryon, near Alpheus' flood, and Aepy full of air,
In Cyparisseus, Amphigen, and little Pteleon,
The town where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon,
Where all the Muses, opposite, in strife of poesy,
To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did use him cruelly
(He coming from Eurytus' court, the wise Œchalian king),
Because he proudly durst affirm he could more sweetly sing
Than that Pierian race of Jove; who, angry with his vaunt,
Bereft his eyesight, and his song, that did the ear enchant,

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And of his skill to touch his harp disfurnished his hand.
All these in ninety hollow keels grave Nestor did command. 1060
The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
Below Cyllene's mount (that by Epyrus' tomb did stand)
Where dwell the bold near-fighting men, who did in Phæneus live,
And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep the shepherds clustering drive,
In Ripe, and in Stratie, the fair Mantinean town,
And strong Enispe, that for height is ever weather-blown;
Tegea, and in Stymphalus, Parrhasia strongly wall'd,
All these Alcæus' son to field (king Agapenor) call'd;
In sixty barks he brought them on, and every bark well-mann'd 1200
With fierce Arcadians, skill'd to use the utmost of a band.
King Agamemnon, on these men, did well-built ships bestow
To pass the gulfy purple sea, that did no sea rites know.
They who in Hermin, Buphrasis, and Elis, did remain,
What Olen's cliffs, Alisius, and Myrsin did contain,
Were led to war by twice two dukes and each ten ships did bring, 4800
Which many venturous Epians did serve for burthening,
Beneath Amphimachus his charge, and valiant Thalpius,
Son of Eurytus-Actor one, the other Cteatus,
Diores Amaryncides the other did employ;
The fourth divine Polixenus, Agasthenes his joy.
The king of fair Angeiades, who from Dulichius came,
And from Echinaus' sweet isles, which hold their holy frame
By ample Elis' region, Meges Phylides led;
Whom duke Phyleus, Jove's beloved, begat, and whilom fled
To large Dulichius, for the wrath that fired his father's breast.
Twice-twenty ships with ebon sails were in his charge address'd. 4800
The warlike men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,
Woody Neritus, and the men of wet Crocylia,
Sharp Ægilipha, Samos' isle, Zacynthus, sea-enclosed,
Epirus, and the men that hold the continent opposed;
All these did wise Ulysses lead, in counsel peer to Jove;
Twelve ships he brought, which in their course vermilion sterns did move. 1440
Thoas, Andremon's well-spoke son, did guide the Ætolians well,
Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell,
Great Chalcis, that by sea-side stands, and stony Calydon;
(For now no more of Œneus' sons survived; they all were gone;
No more his royal self did live, no more his noble son,
The golden Meleager now, their glasses all were run.)
All things were left to him in charge, th' Ætolians' chief he was,
And forty ships to Trojan wars the seas with him did pass. 4800
The royal soldier Idomen did lead the Cretans stout,
The men of Gnossus, and the town Gortyna wall'd about,
Of Lictus, and Miletus' towers, of white Lycastus' state,
Of Phæstus, and of Rhytius, the cities fortunate,
And all the rest inhabiting the hundred towns of Crete;
Whom warlike Idomen did lead, co-partner in the fleet
With kill-man Merion. Eighty ships with them did Troy invade. 8000
Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
Brought nine tall ships of war from Rhodes, which haughty Rhodians mann'd, 1080
Who dwelt in three dissever'd parts of that most pleasant land,
Which Lyndus and Jalissus were, and bright Camirus, call'd.
Tlepolemus commanded these, in battle unappall'd;
Whom fair Astyoche brought forth, by force of Hercules, [Selleës,
Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from river
When many towns of princely youths he levell'd with the ground.
Tlepolem, in his father's house (for building much renown'd)
Brought up to headstrong state of youth, his mother's brother slew,
The flower of arms, Licynius, that somewhat aged grew;

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Then straight he gather'd him a fleet, assembling bands of men,
And fled by sea, to shun the threats that were denounced then
By other sons and nephews of th' Alciden fortitude.
He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in with tempests rude.
The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Jove did stand,
The King of men and Gods, who gave much treasure to their land.
Nirëus out of Syma's haven three well-built barks did bring;
Nirëus, fair Aglaia's son, and Charopes the king;
Nirëus was the fairest man that to fair Ilion came
Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, who pass'd for general frame;
But weak this was, not fit for war, and therefore few did guide.
Who did in Cassus, Nisyrus, and Crapathus abide, [soils,
In Co, Eurypylus his town, and in Calydna's
Phidippus and bold Antiphus did guide to Trojan toils
(The sons of crowned Thessalus, derived from Hercules),
Who went with thirty hollow ships well-order'd to the seas.
Now will I sing the sackful troops Pelasgian Argos held,
That in deep Alus, Alope, and soft Trechina dwell'd,
In Phthia, and in Hellade where live the lovely dames,
The Myrmidons, Hellenians, and Achives, robb'd of fames;
All which the great Æacides in fifty ships did lead.
For these forgat war's horrid voice, because they lack'd their head
That would have brought them bravely forth; but now at fleet did lie
That wind-like user of his feet, fair Thetis' progeny,
Wroth for bright-cheek'd Briseis' loss, whom from Lyrnessus' spoils
(His own exploit) he brought away as trophy of his toils,
When that town was depopulate; he sunk the Theban towers;
Myneta, and Epistrophus, he sent to Pluto's bowers,
Who came of king Evenus' race, great Helepiades;
Yet now he idly lives enraged, but soon must leave his ease.
Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and flowery Pyrason
The wood of Ceres, and the soil that sheep are fed upon
Iton, and Antron built by sea, and Pteleus full of grass,
Protesilaus, while he lived, the worthy captain was,
Whom now the sable earth detains; his tear torn-faced spouse
He woful left in Phylace, and his half-finish'd house;
A fatal Dardan first his life, of all the Greeks, bereft,
As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men unleft
Without a chief; for though they wish'd to have no other man
But good Protesilaus their guide, Podarces yet began
To govern them (Iphitis' son, the son of Phylacus),
Most rich in sheep, and brother to short-lived Protesilaus,
Of younger birth, less, and less strong; yet served he to direct
The companies, that still did more their ancient duke affect.
Twice-twenty jetty sails with him the swelling stream did take.
But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the Bœbeian lake,
In Bœbe, and in Glaphyra, Iaolcus builded fair,
In thrice six ships to Pergamus did through the seas repair,
With old Admetus' tender son, Eumelus, whom he bred
Of Alcest, Pelius' fairest child of all his female seed.
The soldiers that before the siege Methone's vales did hold,
Thaumacie, flowery Meliboe, and Olison the cold,
Duke Philoctetes governed, in darts of finest sleight;
Seven vessels in his charge convey'd their honourable freight, [bow;
By fifty rowers in a bark, most expert in the
But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low
By torment of an ulcer grown with Hydra's poison'd blood,
Whose sting was such, Greece left him there in most impatient mood;
Yet thought they on him at his ship, and choosed, to lead his men,
Medon, Oileus' bastard son, brought forth to him by Rhen.

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From Trica, bleak Ithomen's cliffs, and hapless Oechaly,
Eurytus' city, ruled by him in wilful tyranny,
In charge of Æsculapius' sons, physician highly praised,
Machaon, Podalirius, were thirty vessels raised.
Who near Hyperia's fountain dwelt, and in Ormenius,
The snowy tops of Titanus, and in Asterius,
Evemon's son, Eurypylus, did lead into the field;
Whose towns did forty black-sail'd ships to that encounter yield.
Who Gyrton, and Argissa, held, Orthen, and Elon's seat,
And chalky Oloössone, were led by Polypœte,
The issue of Pirithous, the son of Jupiter.
Him the Athenian Theseus' friend Hippodamy did bear,
When he the bristled savages did give Ramnusia,
And drove them out of Pelius, as far as Æthica.
He came not single, but with him Leonteus, Coron's son,
An arm of Mars, and Coron's life Cenëus' seed begun.
Twice twenty ships attended these. Gunëus next did bring
From Cyphus twenty sail and two; the Enians following;
And fierce Perœbi, that about Dodone's frozen mould
Did plant their houses; and the men that did the meadows hold,
Which Titaresius decks with flowers, and his sweet current leads
Into the bright Penelus, that hath the silver heads:
Yet with his admirable stream doth not his waves commix,
But glides aloft on it like oil; for 'tis the flood of Styx,
By which th' immortal Gods do swear. Teuthredon's honour'd birth,
Prothous, led the Magnets forth, who near the shady earth
Of Pelius, and Penelon, dwelt; forty revengeful sail
Did follow him. These were the dukes and princes of avail
That came from Greece. But now the man, that overshined them all,
Sing, Muse; and their most famous steeds to my recital call,
That both th' Atrides followed. Fair Pheretiades
The bravest mares did bring by much; Eumelius managed these,
Swift of their feet as birds of wings, both of one hair did shine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as measured by a line,
Whom silver-bow'd Apollo bred in the Pierian mead,
Both slick and dainty, yet were both in war of wondrous dread.
Great Ajax Telamon for strength pass'd all the peers of war,
While vex'd Achilles was away; but he surpass'd him far.
The horse that bore that faultless man were likewise past compare;
Yet lay he at the crook'd-stern'd ships, and fury was his fare,
For Atreus' son's ungracious deed; his men yet pleased their hearts
With throwing of the holed stone, with hurling of their darts,
And shooting fairly on the shore; their horse at chariots fed
On greatest parsley, and on sedge that in the fens is bred.
His princes' tents their chariots held, that richly cover'd were;
His princes, amorous of their chief, walk'd storming here and there
About the host, and scorn'd to fight; their breaths as they did pass
Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the trembling grass;
Earth under-groan'd their high raised feet, as when offended Jove, [drove
In Arime, Typhœus with rattling thunder
Beneath the earth; in Arime, men say, the grave is still,
Where thunder-tomb'd Typhœus, and is a monstrous hill;
And as that thunder made earth groan, so groan'd it as they past,
They trod with such hard-set-down steps, and so exceeding fast.
To Troy the rainbow-girded Dame right heavy news relates
From Jove, as all to council drew in Priam's palace-gates,
Resembling Priam's son in voice, Polites, swift of feet;
In trust whereof, as sentinel, to see when from the fleet
The Grecians sallied, he was set upon the lofty brow
Of aged Æsyetes' tomb; and this did Iris show:

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"O Priam, thou art always pleased with indiscreet advice,
And framest thy life to times of peace, when such a war doth rise
As threats inevitable spoil. I never did behold
Such and so mighty troops of men, who trample on the mould
In number like Autumnus' leaves, or like the marine sand,
All ready round about the walls to use a ruining hand.
Hector, I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake.
A multitude remain in Troy, will fight for Priam's sake,
Of other lands and languages; let every leader then
Bring forth well-arm'd into the field his several bands of men."
Strong Hector knew a Deity gave charge to this assay,
Dismiss'd the council straight; like waves, clusters to arms do sway;
The ports are all wide open set; out rush'd the troops in swarms,
Both horse and foot; the city rung with sudden-cried alarms.
A column stands without the town, that high his head doth raise,
A little distant, in a plain trod down with divers ways,
Which men do Batieia call, but the Immortals name
Myrine's famous sepulchre, the wondrous active dame.
Here were the auxiliary bands, that came in Troy's defence,
Distinguish'd under several guides of special excellence.
The duke of all the Trojan power great helm-deck'd Hector was,
Which stood of many mighty men well-skill'd in darts of brass. [a man,
Æneas of commixed seed (a Goddess with
Anchises with the Queen of love) the troops Dardanian
Led to the field; his lovely sire in Ida's lower shade
Begat him of sweet Cyprides; he solely was not made
Chief leader of the Dardan powers, Antenor's valiant sons,
Archilochus and Acamas, were join'd companions.
Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foot of Ide,
That drink of black Æsepus' stream, and wealth made full of pride,
The Aphnii, Lycaon's son, whom Phœbus gave his bow,
Prince Pandarus, did lead to field. Who Adrestinus owe,
Apesus' city, Pityæ, and mount Tereiës,
Adrestus and stout Amphius led; who did their sire displease,
(Merops Percosius, that excell'd all Troy in heavenly skill
Of futures-searching prophecy) for, much against his will,
His sons were agents in those arms; whom since they disobey'd,
The fates, in letting slip their threads, their hasty valours stay'd.
Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisba, did abide, [did guide;
Who Sestus and Abydus bred, Hyrtacides
Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that, through great Selees' force,
Brought from Arisba to that fight the great and fiery horse.
Pylæus, and Hippothous, the stout Pelasgians led, [nourished:
Of them Larissa's fruitful soil before had
These were Pelasgian Pithus' sons, son of Teutamidas. [valiant Acamas,
The Thracian guides were Pirous, and
Of all that the impetuous flood of Hellespont enclosed.
Euphemus, the Ciconian troops, in his command disposed,
Who from Trœzenius-Ceades right nobly did descend.
Pyræchmes did the Pæons rule, that crooked bows do bend;
From Axius, out of Amydon, he had them in command,
From Axius, whose most beauteous stream still overflows the land.
Pylæmen with the well-arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,
From Enes, where the race of mules fit for the plough is bred.
The men that broad Cytorus' bounds, and Sesamus enfold, [much extoll'd;
About Parthenius' lofty flood, in houses
From Cromna and Ægialus, the men that arms did bear,
And Erythinus situate high, Pylæmen's soldiers were.
Epistrophus and Dius did the Halizonians guide,
Far-fetch'd from Alybe, where first the silver mines were tried.
Chromis, and augur Eunomus, he Mysians did command,
Who could not with his auguries the strength of death withstand,

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But suffer'd it beneath the stroke of great Æacides,
In Xanthus; where he made more souls dive to the Stygian seas.
Phorcys, and fair Ascanius, the Phrygians brought to war,
Well train'd for battle, and were come out of Ascania far.
With Methles, and with Antiphus (Pylæmen's sons) did fight
The men of Meïon, whom the fen Gygæa brought to light,
And those Meionians that beneath the mountain Tmolus sprung.
The rude unletter'd Caribæ, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did under Naustes' colours march, and young Amphimachus
(Nomion's famous sons), to whom, the mountain Phthirorus,
That with the famous wood is crown'd, Miletus, Mycales
That hath so many lofty marks for men that love the seas,
The crooked arms Mæander bow'd with his so snaky flood,
Resign'd for conduct the choice youth of all their martial brood.
The fool Amphimachus, to field, brought gold to be his wrack,
Proud-girllike that doth ever bear her dower upon her back;
Which wise Achilles mark'd, slew him, and took his gold in strife,
At Xanthus' flood; so little Death did fear his golden life.
Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus unreproved,
From Lycia, and the gulfy flood of Xanthus far removed.

COMMENTARIUS.

1 Ἠΰτε ἔθνεα, &c. *Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium*, &c. In this simile Virgil (using the like in imitation) is preferred to Homer; with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different; Homer intending to express the infinite multitude of soldiers everywhere dispersing; Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil's simile is this: I. Æneid:—

"Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut, agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent:
Fervet opus, redolent thymo fragrantia mella."

Now compare this with Homer's, but in my translation; and judge if, to both their ends, there be any such betterness in Virgil's, but that the reverence of the scholar, due to the master (even in these his maligners), might well have contained their lame censures of the poetical fury from these unmannerly and hateful comparisons. Especially, since Virgil hath nothing of his own, but only elocution; his invention, matter, and form, being all Homer's; which laid by a man, that which he addeth is only the work of a woman, to netify and polish. Nor do I, alas, but the foremost rank of the most ancient and best learned that ever were, come to the field for Homer; hiding all other poets under his ensign. Hate not me then, but them; to whom, before my book, I refer you. But much the rather I insist on the former simile; for the word ἰλαδόν, *catervatim*, or *confertim*, which is noted by Spondanus to contain all the ἀπόδοσις, reddition, or application of the comparison, and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition Homer expresseth, yet he intends two special parts in the application more, which he leaves to his judicial reader's understanding, as he doth in all his other similes; since a man may pervially (or, as he passeth) discern all that is to be understood. And here, besides the throngs of soldiers expressed in the swarms of bees, he intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from fleet so ceaselessly that there appeared almost no end of their issue; and thirdly, the everywhere dispersing themselves. But Spondanus would excuse Homer for expressing no more of his application, with affirming it impossible that the thing compared, and the comparison, should answer in all parts; and therefore alleges the vulgar understanding of a simile, which is as gross as it is vulgar, that a similitude must *uno pede semper claudicare*. His reason for it is as absurd as the rest; which is this, *Si ea inter se*

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omnino responderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem; as though the general application of the compared and the comparison would make them anything more the same, or all one; more than the swarms of bees and the throng of soldiers are all one or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a simile must needs halt of one foot still showeth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of poesy. For who at first sight will not conceive it absurd to make a simile, which serves to the illustration and ornament of a poem, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable similes, being expressed in his place, will abundantly prove the stupidity of this tradition; and how injuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him in his strait and deep places, when in his open and fair passages they halt and hang back so.

2 Τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, &c. *hunc quidem clarum* (or *illustrem*) *fecit Deus*, as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word ἀρίζηλος, beginning here, and continuing wheresoever it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transition of ζ into δ in derivation, according to the Doric; for which cause our interpreters will needs have Homer intend ἀρίδηλος, which is *clarus* or *illustris*, when he himself saith ἀρίζηλος, which is a compound of ἀρι, which is *valde*, and ζήλος, and signifies, *quem valde æmulamur*, or *valde æmulandus*, according to Scapula. But because ζήλος is most authentically expounded, *impetus mentis ad cultum divinum*, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, *hunc quidem magnum impulsum ad cultum divinum fecit Deus;* because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the dragon to a stone. To make it ἀρίδηλον, and say *clarum* or *illustrem fecit Deus qui ostendit*, or *ostenderat*, which follows in the verse, and saith thus much in our tongue, *God that showed this, made it clear*, is very little more than, *God that showed this, showed it.* One way it observes the word (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is fair, full, grave; the other alters the original, and is ugly, empty, idle.

3 Αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, &c. *Spontaneus autem ei venit voce bonus Menelaus;* and some say *bello strenuus Menelaus*, which is far estranged from the mind of our Homer, βοὴ signifying *vociferatio*, or *clamor*, though some will have it *pugna*, ex consequenti, *because fights are often made with clamour.* But *in bello strenuus* (unless it be ironically taken) is here strained beyond sufferance, and is to be expounded *vociferatione bonus Menelaus;* which agreeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice, which is μαλὰ λιγέως, *valde stridulè*, or *arguto cum stridore*, λιγέως being commonly and most properly taken in the worse part, and signifieth *shrilly*, or *noisefully, squeaking;* howsoever in the vulgar conversion it is in that place most grossly abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I refer you in his place, and in the meantime show you, that, in this first and next verse, Homer (speaking scoptically) breaks open the fountain of his ridiculous humour following, never by any interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenious conceited person that any man can show in any heroical poem, or in any comic poet. And that you may something perceive him before you read to him in his several places, I will, as I can in haste, give you him here together as Homer at all parts presents him—viz., simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small, and shrill-voiced (not sweet, or eloquent, as some most against the hair would have him), short spoken, after his country the Laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to be employed, and (being *mollis bellator* himself) set still to call to every hard service the hardiest; even by the wit of Ajax played upon, about whom he would still be diligent, and what he wanted of the martial fury and faculty himself, that he would be bold to supply out of Ajax, Ajax and he, to any for blows; Antilochus and he for wit (Antilochus, old Nestor's son, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellently formed person); sometimes valiant, or daring (as what coward is not?) sometimes falling upon sentence and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacity doth not?) Nor useth our most inimitable imitator of nature this cross and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person, than to follow the true life of nature, being often, or always, expressed so disparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poor critics

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have stood upon, to make fools always foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c., is far from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions must needs contain the like opposition.

But now to the first; αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε, &c., *spontaneus autem ei venit*, &c., about which a passing great piece of work is picked out by our greatest philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to supper or council, which some commend, others condemn in him; but the reason why he staid not the invitement, rendered immediately by Homer, none of them will understand—viz., Ἤδεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν, &c., *sciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat;* of which verse his interpreters cry out for the expunction, only because it was never entered in their apprehension, which I more than admire (for the easiness of it) so freely offering itself to their entertainment, and yet using the hoof of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as above said) the fountain of his humour. For thus I expound it (laying all aga together, to make it plain enough for you) Agamemnon, inviting all the chief com manders to supper, left out his brother but he, seeing how much his brother wa troubled about the dream, and busied would not stand upon invitement, bu came of himself. And this being spoke *scopticè*, or by way of irrision, argueth wha manner of man he made of him. *Ineptu enim* (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, Symp. and second question) *fuit* Menelaus *et locum dedit proverbio, qui ad consilium dandum accessisset non vocatus.* And to this place he had reference, because a council of war was to be held at this supper. And here, I say, Homer opened the vein of his simplicity, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and council, as in the reason for it ironically rendered, that he knew his brother was busy, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sense of our poet is not safe, our interpreters would have razed.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

PARIS, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks, dares the most hardy knight.
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, with all she brought to Troy,
If he subdued; else Paris should enjoy
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant;
But Venus to her champion's life doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field
Into his chamber, and for Helen sends,
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends;
Yet Venus for him still makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Gamma the single fight doth sing
'Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

WHEN every least commander's will best soldiers had obey'd,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight, the Trojans would have fray'd
The Greeks with noises, crying out, in coming rudely on;
At all parts like the cranes that fill, with harsh confusion,
Of brutish clanges all the air, and in ridiculous war
(Eschewing the unsuffer'd storms, shot from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei soldier's death.
The Greeks charged silent, and like men, bestow'd their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows, still entertaining care
Of either's rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare.
And as, upon a hill's steep tops, the south wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless, but by thieves, that love the night, allow'd,
A darkness letting down, that blinds a stone's cast off men's eyes;
Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet (made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mix'd both strengths, fair Paris stept before
The Trojan host; athwart his back a panther's hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two brazen-headed darts;
With which well-arm'd, his tongue provoked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom when the man, wrong'd most
Of all the Greeks, so gloriously saw stalk before the host:
As when a lion is rejoiced (with hunger half forlorn),
That finds some sweet prey, as a hart, whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat, which he devours, though never so pursued
With dogs and men; so Sparta's king exulted, when he view'd
The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his so thirsted wreak,
Whereof his good cause made him sure. The Grecian front did break,
And forth he rush'd, at all parts arm'd, leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Which seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retired as headlong from the king
As in him he had shunn'd his death. And as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet,
Her blue neck, swoln with poison, raised, and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry, suddenly his walk he altereth,
Starts back amazed, is shook with fear, and looks as pale as death;
So Menelaus Paris scared; so that divine-faced foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld by Hector, he let go
This bitter check at him: "Accursed, made but in beauty's scorn,
Impostor, woman's man! O heaven, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or, being so manless, never lived to bear man's noblest state,
The nuptial honour! which I wish, because it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame. This spectacle doth make
A man a monster. Hark how loud the Greeks laugh, who did take

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Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair. A rape
Thou madest of nature, like their queen. No soul; an empty shape
Takes up thy being; yet how spite to every shade of good
Fills it with, ill! for as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood
Of others like thee, and far hence fetch ill enough to us,
Even to thy father; all these friends make those foes mock them thus
In thee, for whose ridiculous sake so seriously they lay
All Greece and fate upon their necks. O wretch! Not dare to stay
Weak Menelaus? But 'twas well; for in him thou hadst tried
What strength lost beauty can infuse, and with the more grief died
To feel thou robb'dst a worthier man, to wrong a soldier's right.
Your harp's sweet touch, curl'd locks, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
Given thee by Venus, would have done your fine dames little good,
When blood and dust had ruffled them; and had as little stood
Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies [fectious cowardice
We should inflict on thee ourselves. In-
In thee hath terrified our host; for which thou well deservest
A coat of tombstone, not of steel, in which, for form, thou servest."
To this thus Paris spake (for form, that might inhabit heaven):
"Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out of justice given,
I take it well; but though thy heart, inured to these affrights,
Cuts through them as an axe through oak, that more used more excites
The workman's faculty, whose art can make the edge go far;
Yet I, less practised than thyself in these extremes of war,
May well be pardon'd, though less bold; in these your worth exceeds;
In others mine. Nor is my mind of less force to the deeds
Required in war, because my form more flows in gifts of peace.
Reproach not, therefore, the kind gifts of golden Cyprides.
All heaven's gifts have their worthy price; as little to be scorn'd
As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adorn'd,
Some men would change state, wealth, or strength. But, if your martial heart
Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the rest to rest,
And, 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king and me perform our best
For Helen and the wealth she brought; and he that overcomes,
Or proves superior any way, in all your equal dooms,
Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep her, or take her home;
The rest strike leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become;
You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, the Greeks retire their force
T' Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse."
He said, and his amendsful words did Hector highly please,
Who rush'd betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,
By holding up in midst his lance. The Grecians noted not
The signal he for parley used, but at him fiercely shot,
Hurl'd stones, and still were levelling darts. At last the king of men,
Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: "Argives! for shame, contain;
Youths of Achaia, shoot no more; the fair-helm'd Hector shows
As he desired to treat with us." This said, all ceased from blows,
And Hector spake to both the hosts: "Trojans, and hardy Greeks,
Hear now what he that stirr'd these wars, for their cessation seeks.
He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he alone may fight
With Menelaus, for us all, for Helen and her right,
With all the dower she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day, [way,
Or is, in all the art of arms, superior any
The queen, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy;
The rest strike truce, and let love seal firm leagues 'twixt Greece and Troy."
The Greek host wonder'd at this brave; silence flew everywhere;
At last spake Sparta's warlike king: "Now also give me ear,
Whom grief gives most cause of reply. I now have hope to free
The Greeks and Trojans of all ills, they have sustain'd for me,

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And Alexander, that was cause I stretch'd my spleen so far.
Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his death end the war;
The rest immediately retire, and greet all homes in peace.
Go then (to bless your champion, and give his powers success)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sun (the Gods on whom ye call)
Two lambs, a black one and a white, a female and a male;
And we another, for ourselves, will fetch, and kill to Jove.
To sign which rites bring Priam's force, because we well approve
His sons perfidious, envious, and (out of practised bane
To faith, when she believes in them) Jove's high truce may profane.
All young men's hearts are still unstaid; but in those well-weigh'd deeds
An old man will consent to pass things past, and what succeeds
He looks into, that he may know, how best to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact, and will the worst obey."
This granted, a delightful hope, both Greeks and Trojans fed,
Of long'd-for rest from those long toils, their tedious war had bred.
Their horses then in rank they set, drawn from their chariots round,
Descend themselves, took off their arms, and placed them on the ground,
Near one another; for the space 'twixt both the hosts was small.
Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they from thence might call
King Priam, and to bring the lambs, to rate the truce they swore.
But Agamemnon to the fleet Talthybius sent before,
To fetch their lamb; who nothing slack'd, the royal charge was given.
Iris, the rain-bow, then came down, ambassadress from heaven,
To white-arm'd Helen.[1] She assumed at every part the grace
Of Helen's last love's sister's shape, who had the highest place
In Helen's love, and had to name Laodice; most fair
Of all the daughters Priam had, and made the nuptial pair
With Helicaon, royal sprout of old Antenor's seed.
She found queen Helena at home, at work [about a weed,
Woven for herself; it shined like fire, was rich, and full of size,
The work of both sides being alike; in which she did comprise
The many labours warlike Troy and brass-arm'd Greece endured
For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and his stern friends procured.
Iris came in in joyful haste, and said: "O come with me,
Loved nymph, and an admired sight of Greeks and Trojans see,
Who first on one another brought a war so full of tears,
Even thirsty of contentious war. Now every man forbears,
And friendly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield,
Their long and shining lances pitch'd fast by them in the field.
Paris, and Sparta's king, alone must take up all the strife; [his wife."
And he that conquers only call fair Helena
Thus spake the thousand-colour'd Dame, and to her mind commends
The joy to see her first espoused, her native towers, and friends;
Which stirr'd a sweet desire in her; to serve the which she hied,
Shadow'd her graces with white veils, and (though she took a pride
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see, in her clear beauty's flood,
What choice of glory swum to her yet tender womanhood)
Season'd with tears her joys to see, more joys the more offence,
And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.
Thus went she forth, and took with her her women most of name,
Æthra, Pitthëus' lovely birth, and Clymene, whose fame
Hath for her fair eyes memorized. They reach'd the Scæan towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors;
Panthous, Lampus, Clytius, and stout Hicetaon,
Thymœtes, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon;
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears[2]

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For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so, talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sate; who when they saw the power
Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years,
That they were forced (through whispering) to say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the Goddesses'. And yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize, [progenies,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our
Labour and ruin, let her go; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty." Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections, yet, when all their gravest powers were used,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accused
The gods than beauty; for thus spake the most-famed king of Troy:
"Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy joy
Of thy first husband's sight, old friends, and princes near allied,
And name me some of these brave Greeks, so manly beautified.
Come, do not think I lay the wars, endured by us, on thee,
The gods have sent them, and the tears in which they swum to me.
Sit then, and name this goodly Greek, so tall, and broadly spread,
Who than the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head;
The bravest man I ever saw, and most majestical,
His only presence makes me think him king amongst them all."
The fairest of her sex replied: "Most reverend father-in-law,
Most loved, most fear'd, would some ill death had seized me, when I saw
The first mean why I wrong'd you thus; that I had never lost
The sight of these my ancient friends, of him that loved me most;
Of my sole daughter, brothers both, with all those kindly mates,
Of one soil, one age, born with me, though under different fates.
But these boons envious stars deny; the memory of these
In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
Nor satisfy they your demand, to which I thus reply: [in empery;
That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great
A king, whom double royalty doth crown, being great and good,
And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contain'd my blood,
And was more worthy; if at all I might be said to be,
My being being lost so soon in all that honour'd me."
The good old king admired, and said: "O Atreus' blessed son,
Born under joyful destinies, that hast the empire won
Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here!
I once march'd into Phrygia, that many vines doth bear,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well-skill'd in use of horse,
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force,
Otrëus, and great Mygdonus, who on Sangarius' sands
Set down their tents, with whom myself, for my assistant bands,
Was number'd as a man in chief; the cause of war was then
Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts affected to be men.
In all there was a mighty power, which yet did never rise
To equal these Achaian youths, what have the sable eyes."
Then (seeing Ulysses next) he said: "Loved daughter, what is he
That, lower than great Atreus' son, seems by the head to me,
Yet, in his shoulders and big breast, presents a broader show?
His armour lies upon the earth; he up and down doth go,
To see his soldiers keep their ranks, and ready have their arms,
If, in this truce, they should be tried by any false alarms.
Much like a well-grown bell-wether, or feltred ram, he shows,
That walks before a wealthy flock of fair white-fleeced ewes."
High Jove and Leda's fairest seed to Priam thus replies:
"This is the old Laertes' son, Ulysses, call'd the wise;

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Who, though unfruitful Ithaca was made
his nursing seat,
Yet knows he every sort of sleight, and is
in counsels great."
The wise Antenor answer'd her: "'Tis
true, renowned dame;
For, some times past, wise Ithacus to Troy
a legate came,
With Menelaus, for your cause; to whom
I gave receipt
As guests, and welcomed to my house,
with all the love I might.
I learn'd the wisdoms of their souls, and
humours of their blood;
For when the Trojan council met, and
these together stood,
By height of his broad shoulders had
Atrides eminence,
Yet, set, Ulysses did exceed, and bred
more reverence.
And when their counsels and their words
they wove in one, the speech
Of Atreus' son was passing loud, small,
fast, yet did not reach[8]
To much, being naturally born Laconical;
nor would[4] [th' other, old;
His humour lie for anything, or was, like
But when the prudent Ithacus did to his
counsels rise, [earth his eyes;
He stood a little still, and fix'd upon the
His sceptre moving neither way, but held
it formally, [wrathful quality,
Like one that vainly doth affect. Of
And frantic (rashly judging him) you would
have said he was,
But when, out of his ample breast, he gave
his great voice pass,
And words that flew about our ears, like
drifts of winter's snow,
None thenceforth might contend with him,
though nought admired for show."
The third man, aged Priam mark'd, was
Ajax Telamon,
Of whom he ask'd: "What lord is that, so
large of limb and bone,
So raised in height, that to his breast I see
there reacheth none?"
To him the Goddess of her sex, the
large-veil'd Helen, said:
"That lord is Ajax Telamon, a bulwark in
their aid.
On th' other side stands Idomen, in Crete
of most command,
And round about his royal sides his Cretan
captains stand;
Oft hath the warlike Spartan king given
hospitable due
To him within our Lacene court, and all
his retinue.
And now the other Achive dukes I generally
discern;
All which I know, and all their names
could make thee quickly learn.
Two princes of the people yet, I nowhere
can behold,
Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and
Pollux, uncontroll'd
For all stand-fights, and force of hand;
both at a burthen bred;
My natural brothers; either here they have
not followed
From lovely Sparta, or, arrived within the
sea-borne fleet, [shame to meet."
In fear of infamy for me, in broad field
Nor so; for holy Tellus' womb inclosed
those worthy men
In Sparta, their beloved soil. The voice-
ful heralds then
The firm agreement of the Gods through
all the city ring;
Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine (the
fruit of earth) they bring,
Within a goat-skin bottle closed; Idæus
also brought
A massy glittering bowl, and cups, that all
of gold were wrought;
Which bearing to the king, they cried:
"Son of Laomedon
Rise, for the well-rode peers of Troy, and
brass-arm'd Greeks, in one,
Send to thee to descend the field, that they
firm vows may make;
For Paris and the Spartan king must fight
for Helen's sake,
With long-arm'd lances; and the man that
proves victorious,
The woman and the wealth she brought,
shall follow to his house;
The rest knit friendship, and firm leagues;
we safe in Troy shall dwell,
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in
dames excel."
He said; and Priam's aged joints with
chilled fear did shake,
Yet instantly he bade his men his chariot
ready make.
Which soon they did, and he ascends:
he takes the reins, and guide
Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to
his royal side,
And, through the Scæan ports to field,
the swift-foot horse they drive.
And when at them of Troy and Greece the
aged lords arrive,
From horse, on Troy's well-feeding soil,
'twixt both the hosts they go.
When straight up-rose the king of men,
up-rose Ulysses too;

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The heralds in their richest coats repeat
(as was the guise)
The true vows of the Gods term'd theirs,
since made before their eyes.
Then in a cup of gold they mix the wine
that each side brings,
And next pour water on the hands of both
the kings of kings.
Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that
evermore he put
Within the large sheath of his sword;
with which away he cut
The wool from both fronts of the lambs,
which (as a rite in use
Of execration to their heads, that brake
the plighted truce)
The heralds of both hosts did give the
peers of both; and then,
With hands and voice advanced to heaven,
thus pray'd the king of men:
"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and
hast the titles won [all-seeing Sun,
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou
All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods;
earth; and powers beneath,
That all the perjuries of men chastise even
after death;
Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hearty
vows we make; [take,
If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus
He shall from henceforth Helena, with all
her wealth, retain,
And we will to our household Gods, hoise
sail, and home again.
If by my honour'd brother's hand, be
Alexander slain,
The Trojans then shall his forced queen,
with all her wealth, restore,
And pay convenient fine to us, and ours
for evermore.
If Priam and his sons deny to pay this,
thus agreed, [perfidious deed,
When Alexander shall be slain; for that
And for the fine, will I fight here, till
dearly they repay,
By death and ruin, the amends, that false-
hood keeps away."
This said, the throats of both the lambs
cut with his royal knife,
He laid them panting on the earth, till,
quite deprived of life,
The steel had robb'd them of their strength;
then golden cups they crown'd,
With wine out of a cistern drawn; which
pour'd upon the ground,
They fell upon their humble knees to all
the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts,
that might do sacrifice:
"O Jupiter, most high, most great, and
all the deathless powers,
Who first shall dare to violate the late
sworn oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and brains of them, and
all they shall produce,
Flow on the stain'd face of the earth, as
now this sacred juice;
And let their wives with bastardice brand
all their future race."
Thus pray'd they; but, with wish'd effects
their prayers Jove did not grace;
When Priam said: "Lords of both hosts,
I can no longer stay
To see my loved son try his life, and so
must take my way
To wind-exposed Ilion. Jove yet and
heaven's high States
Know only, which of these must now pay
tribute to the Fates."
Thus, putting in his coach the lambs, he
mounts and reins his horse;
Antenor to him; and to Troy, both take
their speedy course.
Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepp'd
forth, and met the ground,
With wise Ulysses, where the blows of
combat must resound;
Which done, into a helm they put two
lots, to let them know
Which of the combatants should first his
brass-piled javelin throw;
When all the people standing by, with
hands held up to heaven,
Pray'd Jove the conquest might not be by
force or fortune given,
But that the man, who was in right the
author of most wrong,
Might feel his justice, and no more these
tedious wars prolong,
But, sinking to the house of death, leave
them (as long before)
Link'd fast in leagues of amity, that might
dissolve no more.
Then Hector shook the helm that held
the equal dooms of chance,
Look'd back, and drew; and Paris first
had lot to hurl his lance.
The soldiers all sat down enrank'd, each
by his arms and horse
That then lay down and cool'd their hoofs.
And now th' allotted course
Bids fair-hair'd Helen's husband arm; who
first makes fast his greaves
With silver buckles to his legs; then on
his breast receives
The curets that Lycaon wore (his brother)
but made fit [and fasten'd it,
For his fair body; next his sword he took,

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All damask'd, underneath his arm; his shield then, grave and great,
His shoulders wore; and on his head his glorious helm he set;
Topp'd with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,
And seem'd to threaten as he moved; at last he takes his lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with ease could use.
In like sort, Sparta's warlike king himself with arms indues.
Thus arm'd at either army both, they both stood bravely in,
Possessing both hosts with amaze, they came so chin to chin,
And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.
A fair large field was made for them; where wraths, for hugeness mute,
And mutual, made them mutually at either shake their darts
Before they threw. Then Paris first with his long javelin parts;
It smote Atrides' orby targe, but ran not through the brass,
For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.
Then did the second combatant apply him to his spear,
Which ere he threw, he thus besought almighty Jupiter:
"O Jove! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy, [deservedly
For doing wrong so undeserved, may pay
The pains he forfeited; and let these hands inflict those pains,
By conquering, ay, by conquering dead, him on whom life complains;
That any now, or any one of all the brood of men
To live hereafter, may with fear from all offence abstain,
Much more from all such foul offence to him that was his host,
And entertain'd him as the man whom he affected most."
This said, he shook and threw his lance; which strook through Paris' shield,
And, with the strength he gave to it, it made the curets yield,
His coat of mail, his breast, and all, and drave his entrails in,
In that low region where the guts in three small parts begin;
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.
This taint he follow'd with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath,
Which lifting high, he strook his helm full where his plume did stand,
On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.
At which he sighing stood, and stared upon the ample sky,
And said: "O Jove, there is no God given more illiberally
To those that serve thee than thyself, why have I pray'd in vain?
I hoped my hand should have revenged the wrongs I still sustain,
On him that did them, and still dares their foul defence pursue;
And now my lance hath miss'd his end, my sword in shivers flew,
And he 'scapes all." With this, again he rush'd upon his guest,
And caught him by the horse-hair plume, that dangled on his crest,
With thought to drag him to the Greeks; which he had surely done,
And so, besides the victory, had wondrous glory won
(Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helm was tied
Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty throat implied,
Had strangled him); but that, in time, the Cyprian seed of Jove
Did break the string, with which was lined that which the needle wove,
And was the tough thong of a steer; and so the victor's palm
Was, for so full a man-at-arms, only an empty helm.
That then he swung about his head, and cast among his friends,
Who scrambled, and took 't up with shouts. Again then he intends
To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran on him amain,
With shaken javelin; when the Queen,* that lovers loves, again
Attended, and now ravish'd him from that encounter quite,
With ease, and wondrous suddenly; for she, a Goddess, might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him known,
Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she gently set him down,
And went for Helen; whom she found in Scæa's utmost height,
To which whole swarms of city dames had climb'd to see the sight.

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* This place Virgil imitateth

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To give her errand good success, she took on her the shape
Of beldame Græa, who was brought by Helen, in her rape,
From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her secrets still,
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the main bent of her will,
And spun for her her finest wool. Like her, Love's Empress came,
Pull'd Helen by the heavenly veil, and softly said: "Madame,
My lord calls for you, you must needs make all your kind haste home;
He's in your chamber, stays, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,
'Tis richly made, and sweet; but he more sweet, and looks so clear,
So fresh, and movingly attired, that, seeing, you would swear
He came not from the dusty fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing." This she made a charm for dalliance;
Whose virtue Helen felt, and knew, by her so radiant eyes,
White neck, and most enticing breasts, the deified disguise.
At which amazed, she answer'd her: "Unhappy Deity!
Why lovest thou still in these deceits to wrap my fantasy?
Or whither yet, of all the towns given to their lust beside, [my guide,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia, comest thou to be
If there (of divers-languaged men) thou hast, as here in Troy,
Some other friend to be my shame; since here thy latest joy
By Menelaus now subdued, by him shall I be borne
Home to his court, and end my life in triumphs of his scorn?
And, to this end, would thy deceits my wanton life allure?
Hence, go thyself to Priam's son, and all the ways abjure
Of Gods, or godlike-minded dames, nor ever turn again
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven, but for his sake sustain
Toils here; guard, grace him endlessly, till he requite thy grace
By giving thee my place with him; or take his servant's place,
If, all dishonourable ways, your favours seek to serve
His never-pleased incontinence; I better will deserve,
Than serve his dotage now. What shame were it for me to feed
This lust in him; all honour'd dames would hate me for the deed;
He leaves a woman's love so shamed, and shows so base a mind,
To feel nor my shame nor his own; griefs of a greater kind
Wound me than such as can admit such kind delights so soon."
The Goddess, angry that, past shame, her mere will was not done,
Replied: "Incense me not, you wretch, lest, once incensed, I leave
Thy cursed life to as strange a hate, as yet it may receive
A love from me; and lest I spread through both hosts such despite,
For those plagues they have felt for thee, that both abjure thee quite,
And setting thee in midst of both, turn all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead; that such a death may wreak thy wrong of me."
This strook the fair dame with such fear, it took her speech away,
And, shadow'd in her snowy veil, she durst not but obey;
And yet, to shun the shame she fear'd, she vanish'd undescried
Of all the Trojan ladies there, for Venus was her guide.
Arrived at home, her women both fell to their work in haste;
When she, that was of all her sex the most divinely graced,
Ascended to a higher room, though much against her will, [Venus still.
Where lovely Alexander was, being led by
The laughter-loving Dame discern'd her moved mind by her grace,
And, for her mirth sake, set a stool, full before Paris' face,
Where she would needs have Helen sit; who, though she durst not choose
But sit, yet look'd away for all the Goddess' power could use,
And used her tongue too, and to chide whom Venus soothed so much,
And chid, too, in this bitter kind: "And was thy cowardice such,
So conquer'd, to be seen alive? O would to God, thy life
Had perish'd by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife!
Before this, thou wouldst glorify thy valour and thy lance,
And, past my first love's, boast them far. Go once more, and advance

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Thy braves against his single power; this foil might fall by chance.
Poor conquer'd man: 'twas such a chance, as I would not advise
Thy valour should provoke again. Shun him, thou most unwise, [be his prize."
Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body
He answer'd: "Pray thee, woman, cease, to chide and grieve me thus.
Disgraces will not ever last. Look on their end. On us
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victor's wreath, [love sink beneath
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our
The hate of fortune? In love's fire, let all hates vanish. Come,
Love never so inflamed my heart; no, not when, bringing home
Thy beauty's so delicious prize, on Cranaë's blest shore [this he went before,
I long'd for, and enjoy'd thee first." With
She after, to the odorous bed. While these to pleasure yield, [down the field,
Perplex'd Atrides, savage-like, ran up and
And every thickest troop of Troy, and of their far-call'd aid,
Search'd for his foe, who could not be by any eye betray'd;
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceal his sight,
All hated him so like their deaths, and owed him such despite.
At last thus spake the king of men: "Hear me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans, and the rest, whose powers you in their aids employ.
The conquest on my brother's part, ye all discern is clear,
Do you then Argive Helena, with all her treasure here,
Restore to us, and pay the mulct, that by your vows is due,
Yield us an honour'd recompense, and, all that should accrue
To our posterities, confirm; that when you render it,
Our acts may here be memorized." This all Greeks else thought fit.

COMMENTARIUS.

1 Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένῃ, &c. *Iris autem Helene*, &c. Elegantly and most aptly (saith Spondanus) is Helen called by Homer to the spectacle of this single fight, as being the chief person in cause of all the action. The chief end of whose coming yet, enviously and most vainly, Scaliger's Criticus taxeth; which was her relation to Priam of the persons he noted there; jesting (with his French wit) at this Greek father, and fount of all wit, for making Priam to seek now of their names and knowledges, when nine years together they had lien there before. A great piece of necessity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no such urgent occasion before to bring Priam to note them, nor so calm a convenience in their ordered and quiet distinction. But let his criticism in this be weighed with his other faults found in our master: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or rain; which the most ignorant upland peasant could teach him out of his observations. For which yet his Criticus hath the project impudence to tax Homer; most falsely repeating his words too; *ubi ningit*, when he saith, τείχων ὕβρον, &c., *parans*, or *struens, vel multum imbrem, immensamve grandinem, vel nivem:* preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the air, not in present act with them. From this, immediately and most rabidly, he ranges to Ulysses' reprehension, for killing the wooers with his bow, in the Odysses. Then to his late vomit again in the Iliads the very next word, and envieth Achilles' horse for speaking (because himself would have all the tongue) when, in Sacred Writ, Balaam's ass could have taught him the like hath been heard of. Yet now to the Odysses again with a breath, and challenges Ulysses' ship for suffering Neptune to turn it to a rock. Here is strange laying out for a master so curiously methodical. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may ask, he was inspired, but with what Harpies, what Furies, putting the *putidum mendacium* upon Homer? *Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis* (being terms fitter for a scold or a bawd, than a man softened by learning) he belcheth against him whom all the world hath reverenced, and admired, as the fountain of all wit, wisdom, and learning. What touch is it to me, then, to bear spots of depravations, when my great master is thus muddily daubed with

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it? But whoever saw true learning, wisdom, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vain-glorious, and braggartly spirit, when their chief act and end is to abandon and abhor it? Language, reading, habit of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant; but, in this poesy, redundant I affirm him, and rammish. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus, (*in calce Epinomidos*), which are these (as I convert it):—"Great was his name, but had been futurely greater, would himself have been less; where now, bold with the greatness of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much less exactness; and so his confidence, set on by the renown of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c."

2 Ὅπα λειριόεσσαν ἰεῖσι. *Vocem suavem emittunt*, saith the interpreter (intending the grasshoppers, to whom he compareth the old counsellors); but it is here to be expounded, *vocem teneram* not *suavem* (λειριόεις in this place signifying *tener*) for grasshoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly, wherein the weak and tender voice of the old counsellors is to admiration expressed. The simile Spondanus highly commends as most apt and expressive; but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it; and that is, to make the old men resemble grasshoppers for their cold and bloodless spininess, Tithon being for age turned to a grasshopper; but where they were grave and wise counsellors, to make them garrulous, as grasshoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so, these being Ἐσθλοὶ ἀγορηταὶ *boni, et periti, concionatores;* the word ἐσθλὸς signifying *frugi* also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and, so, far from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our poet by Spondanus or any other understood in this simile.

3 Ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευε, *succincte concionabatur Menelaus;* he speaks succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice ἐπιτροχάδην, signifying *velociter*, properly, *modo eorum qui currunt;* he spake fast or thick.

παῦρα μὲν, &c., few words yet, he used, ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, *sed valde acutè*, they expound it, when it is *valde stridulè*, shrilly, smally, or aloud; λιγέως (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part; and accordingly expounded, maketh even with his simple character at all parts, his utterance being noiseful, small, or squeaking; an excellent pipe for a fool. Nor is the voice or manner of utterance in a man the least key that discovereth his wisdom or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Ulysses in the second book—that he knew Pallas by her voice.

ἐπεὶ οὐ πολύμυθος, *quoniam non garrulus*, or *loquax;* being born naturally Laconical; which agreeth not the less with his fast or thick speaking; for a man may have that kind of utterance, and yet few words.

4 Οὐ δ' ἁφαμαρτοεπὴς: *neque in verbis peccans*, say the commentors, as though a fool were perfectly spoken; when the word here hath another sense, and our Homer a far other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: *neque mendax erat*, he would not lie by any means, for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a fool *non peccans verbis*, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancy or absurdity in men of mere language.

You see, then, to how extreme a difference and contrariety the word and sense lie subject; and that, without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to express an author truly, especially any Greek author; the language being so differently significant, which not judicially fitted with the exposition that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley and confused man a translator may present! As now they do all of Menelaus, who, wheresoever he is called Ἀρηΐφιλος, is there untruly translated *bellicosus*, but *cui Mars est charus*, because he might love the war, and yet be no good warrior, as many love many exercises at which they will never be good; and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar epithets, as a vain-glorious affectation in him, rather than a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new annotations, deferring the like in the next nine books for more breath and encouragement, since time (that hath ever oppressed me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my author entered and emboldened me; where so many rich discoveries importune my poor expression, that I fear rather to betray them to the world than express them to their price. But howsoever envy and prejudice stand

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squirting their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appear to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the original with authentical expositions, according to the proper signification of the word in his place, though I differ therein utterly from others; I have rendered all things of importance with answerable life and height to my author, though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthily translate any worthy poet. And since the translation itself, and my notes (being impartially conferred) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve books (leaving other horrible errors in his other interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entered me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council, at the last, decree
That famous Ilion shall expugned be;
And that their own continued faults may prove
The reasons that have so incensed Jove.
Minerva seeks, with more offences done
Against the lately injured Atreus' son
(A ground that clearest would make seen their sin),
To have the Lycian Pandarus begin.
He ('gainst the truce with sacred covenants bound)
Gives Menelaus a dishonour'd wound.
Machaon heals him. Agamemnon then
To mortal war incenseth all his men.
The battles join; and, in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless night.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Delta is the Gods' Assize;
The Truce is broke; wars freshly rise.

WITHIN the fair-paved court of Jove, he and the Gods conferr'd
About the sad events of Troy; amongst whom minister'd
Bless'd Hebe nectar. As they sat, and did Troy's towers behold,
They drank, and pledged each other round in full-crown'd cups of gold.
The mirth at whose feast was begun by great Saturnides [Goddesses.
In urging a begun dislike amongst the
But chiefly in his solemn Queen, whose spleen he was disposed
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it inclosed,
And how wives' angers should be used. On which, thus pleased, he play'd:
"Two Goddesses there are that still give Menelaus aid,
And one that Paris loves. The two that sit from us so far
(Which Argive Juno is, and she that rules in deeds of war),
No doubt are pleased to see how well the late-seen fight did frame;
And yet, upon the adverse part, the laughter-loving Dame
Made her power good too for her friend; for, though he were so near
The stroke of death in th' others' hopes, she took him from them clear.
The conquest yet is questionless the martial Spartan king's.
We must consult then what events shall crown these future things;
If wars and combats we shall still, with even successes strike;
Or (as impartial) friendship plant on both parts. If ye like
The last, and that it will as well delight, as merely please
Your happy deities, still let stand old Priam's town in peace,
And let the Lacedæmon king again his queen enjoy."
As Pallas and heaven's Queen sat close, complotting ill to Troy,
With silent murmurs they received this ill-liked choice from Jove;
'Gainst whom was Pallas much incensed, because the Queen of Love
Could not, without his leave relieve, in that late point of death
The son of Priam, whom she loathed; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her supreme wisdom, and was curb'd; but Juno needs must ease
Her great heart with her ready tongue, and said: "What words are these,
Austere, and too much Saturn's son? Why wouldst thou render still
My labours idle, and the sweat of my industrious will
Dishonour with so little power? My chariot horse are tired
With posting to and fro for Greece, and bringing banes desired
To people-mustering Priamus, and his perfidious sons;
Yet thou protect'st, and join'st with them, whom each just Deity shuns.
Go on, but ever go resolved, all other Gods have vow'd
To cross thy partial course for Troy, in all that makes it proud."
At this, the cloud-compelling Jove a far-fetch'd sigh let fly,
And said: "Thou fury! what offence of such impiety
Hath Priam or his sons done thee, that, with so high a hate,
Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to raze and ruinate

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So well a builded town as Troy? I think,
hadst thou the power,
Thou wouldst the ports and far-stretch'd
walls fly over, and devour
Old Priam and his issue quick, and make
all Troy thy feast,
And then at length I hope thy wrath and
tired spleen would rest;
To which run on thy chariot, that nought
be found in me
Of just cause to our future jars. In this
yet strengthen thee,
And fix it in thy memory fast; that if I
entertain
As peremptory a desire to level with the
plain
A city where thy loved live, stand not be-
twixt my ire
And what it aims at; but give way, when
thou hast thy desire,
Which now I grant thee willingly, although
against my will.
For not beneath the ample sun, and
heaven's star-bearing hill,
There is a town of earthly men so honour'd
in my mind
As sacred Troy; nor of earth's kings as
Priam and his kind,
Who never let my altars lack rich feast of
offerings slain,
And their sweet savours; for which grace
I honour them again."
Dread Juno, with the cow's fair eyes, re-
plied: "Three towns there are
Of great and eminent respect, both in my
love and care;
Mycene, with the broad highways; and
Argos, rich in horse;
And Sparta; all which three destroy, when
thou enviest their force,
I will not aid them, nor malign thy free
and sovereign will, [their ill,
For if I should be envious, and set against
I know my envy were in vain, since thou
art mightier far.
But we must give each other leave, and
wink at either's war.
I likewise must have power to crown my
works with wished end,
Because I am a Deity, and did from thence
descend
Whence thou thyself, and th' elder born;
wise Saturn was our sire;
And thus there is a twofold cause that
pleads for my desire,
Being sister, and am call'd thy wife: and
more, since thy command
Rules all Gods else, I claim therein a like
superior hand.
All wrath before then now remit, and
mutually combine
In either's empire; I, thy rule, and thou,
illustrate, mine;
So will the other Gods agree, and we shall
all be strong.
And first (for this late plot) with speed let
Pallas go among
The Trojans, and some one of them entice
to break the truce,
By offering in some treacherous wound the
honour'd Greeks abuse."
The Father both of men and Gods agreed,
and Pallas sent,
With these wing'd words, to both the hosts:
"Make all haste, and invent
Some mean by which the men of Troy,
against the truce agreed,
May stir the glorious Greeks to arms with
some inglorious deed."
Thus charged he her with haste that did,
before, in haste abound,
Who cast herself from all the heights, with
which steep heaven is crown'd.
And as Jove, brandishing a star, which
men a comet call,
Hurls out his curled hair abroad, that from
his brand exhale
A thousand sparks to fleets at sea, and
every mighty host, [trusted most;
Of all presages and ill-haps a sign mis-
So Pallas fell 'twixt both the camps, and
suddenly was lost;
When through the breasts of all that saw,
she strook a strong amaze
With viewing, in her whole descent, her
bright and ominous blaze.
When straight one to another turn'd, and
said: "Now thundering Jove
(Great Arbiter of peace and arms) will
either stablish love
Amongst our nations, or renew such war
as never was."
Thus either army did presage, when
Pallas made her pass
Amongst the multitude of Troy; who
now put on the grace
Of brave Laodocus, the flower of old
Antenor's race,
And sought for Lycian Pandarus, a man
that, being bred [fit to shed
Out of a faithless family, she thought was
The blood of any innocent, and break the
covenant sworn.
He was Lycaon's son, whom Jove into a
wolf did turn
For sacrificing of a child; and yet in arms
renown'd [standing found,
As one that was inculpable. Him Pallas

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And round about him his strong troops
that bore the shady shields ;
He brought them from Æsepus' flood, let
through the Lycian fields ;
Whom standing near, she whisper'd thus :
" Lycaon's warlike son,
Shall I despair at thy kind hands to have a
favour done?
Nor darest thou let an arrow fly upon the
Spartan king?
It would be such a grace to Troy, and
such a glorious thing,
That every man would give his gift ; but
Alexander's hand
Would load thee with them, if he could
discover from his stand
His foe's pride strook down with thy shaft,
and he himself ascend
The flaming heap of funeral. Come, shoot
him, princely friend.
But first invoke the God of Light, that in
thy land was born, [sheaf hath worn,
And is in archers' art the best that ever
To whom a hundred first-ewed lambs vow
thou in holy fire,
When safe to sacred Zelia's towers thy
zealous steps retire."
With this the mad-gift-greedy man
Minerva did persuade,
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most
admirably made
Of th' antler of a jumping goat, bred in a
steep up-land,
Which archer-like (as long before he took
his hidden stand,
The evicke skipping from a rock) into the
breast he smote,
And headlong fell'd him from his cliff.
The forehead of the goat
Held out a wondrous goodly palm, that
sixteen branches brought ;
Of all which, join'd, an useful bow, a
skilful bowyer wrought ;
Which pick'd and polish'd, both the ends
he hid with horns of gold.
And this bow, bent, he close laid down,
and bade his soldiers hold
Their shields before him ; lest the Greeks,
discerning him, should rise
In tumults ere the Spartan king could be
his arrow's prise.
Mean space, with all his care he choosed,
and from his quiver drew,
An arrow, feather'd best for flight, and yet
that never flew ;
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce :
then took he up his bow,
And nock'd his shaft ; the ground whence
all their future grief did grow.

When—praying to his God the Sun, that
was in Lycia bred,
And king of archers, promising that he the
blood would shed
Of full an hundred first-fall'n lambs, all
offer'd to his name,
When to Zelia's sacred walls from rescued
Troy he came,—
He took his arrow by the nock, and to his
bended breast* [pile did rest
The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the
Upon the bosom of the bow ; and as that
savage prise [the wind did rise
His strength constrain'd into an orb, as if
The coming of it made a noise, the sinew-
forged string
Did give a mighty twang ; and forth the
eager shaft did sing,
Affecting speediness of flight, amongst the
Achive throng.
Nor were the blessed heavenly powers un-
mindful of thy wrong,
O Menelaus ; but, in chief, Jove's seed, the
Pillager, [the arrow did confer,
Stood close before, and slack'd the force
With as much care and little hurt, as doth
a mother use,
And keep off from her babe, when sleep
doth through his powers diffuse
His golden humour, and th' assaults of
rude and busy flies
She still checks with her careful hand ; for
so the shaft she plies
That on the buttons made of gold, which
made his girdle fast,
And where his curets double were, the fall
of it she placed.
And thus much proof she put it to : the
buckle made of gold ;
The belt is fasten'd, bravely wrought ; his
curets' double fold ;
And last, the charmed plate he wore,
which help'd him more than all ;
And, 'gainst all darts and shafts bestow'd,
was to his life a wall.
So, through all these, the upper skin the
head did only race ;
Yet forth the blood flow'd, which did much
his royal person grace,
And show'd upon his ivory skin, as doth a
purple dye
Laid by a dame of Caïra or lovely Mæony
On ivory, wrought in ornaments to deck
the cheeks of horse ;
Which in her marriage room must lie ;
whose beauties have such force

* Virgil useth these verses.

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That they are wish'd of many knights, but are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw the chariots of kings,
Which horse, so deck'd, the charioteer esteems a grace to him ;
Like these, in grace, the blood upon thy solid thighs did swim,
O Menelaus, down thy calves and ankles to the ground ; [honour'd wound.
For nothing decks a soldier so, as doth an
Yet, fearing he had fared much worse, the hair stood up on end
On Agamemnon, when he saw so much black blood descend.
And stiffen'd with the like dismay was Menelaus too,
But seeing th' arrow's stale without, and that the head did go
No further than it might be seen, he call'd his spirits again ;
Which Agamemnon marking not, but thinking he was slain,
He gript his brother by the hand, and sigh'd as he would break,
Which sigh the whole host took from him, who thus at last did speak :
"O dearest brother, is't for this, that thy death must be wrought,
Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou the single combat fought
For all the army of the Greeks? For this hath Ilion sworn,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worn
The right we challenged, out of force ; this cannot render vain
Our stricken right hands ; sacred wine ; nor all our offerings slain.
For though Olympius be not quick in making good our ill,
He will be sure, as he is slow ; and sharplier prove his will.
Their own hands shall be ministers of those plagues they despise,
Which shall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in mind and soul I know, that there shall come a day
When Ilion, Priam, all his power, shall quite be worn away ;
When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake his fiery shield at all,
For this one mischief. This, I know, the world cannot recall.
But be all this, all my grief still for thee will be the same,
Dear brother. If thy life must here put out his royal flame,
I shall to sandy Argos turn with infamy my face ;
And all the Greeks will call for home ; old Priam and his race
Will flame in glory ; Helena, untouch'd, be still their prey ;
And thy bones in our enemies' earth our cursed fates shall lay ;
Thy sepulchre be trodden down ; the pride of Troy desire
Insulting on it, 'Thus, O thus, let Agamemnon's ire
In all his acts be expiate, as now he carries home [overcome
His idle army, empty ships, and leaves here
Good Menelaus.' When this brave breaks in their hated breath,
Then let the broad earth swallow me, and take me quick to death."
"Nor shall this ever chance," said he,
"and therefore be of cheer,
Lest all the army, led by you, your passions put in fear.
The arrow fell in no such place as death could enter at,
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my most trusted plate,
Objected all 'twixt me and death, the shaft scarce piercing one."
"Good brother," said the king, "I wish it were no further gone,
For then our best in medicines skill'd shall ope and search the wound,
Applying balms to ease thy pains, and soon restore thee sound."
This said, divine Talthybius he call'd, and bade him haste
Machaon (Æsculapius' son, who most of men was graced
With physic's sovereign remedies) to come and lend his hand
To Menelaus, shot by one well-skill'd in the command
Of bow and arrows, one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid,
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much dismay'd.
He heard, and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about
The thickest squadrons of the Greeks, to find Machaon out.
He found him standing guarded well with well-arm'd men of Thrace ;
With whom he quickly join'd, and said :
"Man of Apollo's race,
Haste, for the king of men commands, to see a wound impress'd
In Menelaus, great in arms, by one instructed best

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In th' art of archery, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renown adorns, us with dishonour brands."
Machaon much was moved with this, who with the herald flew
From troop to troop alongst the host; and soon they came in view
Of hurt Atrides, circled round with all the Grecian kings;
Who all gave way; and straight he draws the shaft, which forth he brings
Without the forks; the girdle then, plate, curets, off he plucks,
And views the wound; when first from it the clotter'd blood he sucks;
Then medicines, wondrously composed, the skilful leech applied,
Which loving Chiron taught his sire, he from his sire had tried.
While these were thus employ'd to ease the Atrean martialist,
The Trojans arm'd, and charged the Greeks; the Greeks arm and resist.
Then not asleep, nor mazed with fear, nor shifting off the blows,
You could behold the king of men; but in full speed he goes
To set a glorious fight on foot: and he examples this
With toiling, like the worst, on foot; who therefore did dismiss
His brass-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with Ptolemeus' son, [Eurymedon;
Son of Piraides, their guide, the good
"Yet," said the king, "attend with them, lest weariness should seize
My limbs, surcharged with ordering troops so thick and vast as these."
Eurymedon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;
The king a footman, and so scours the squadrons orderly.
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greeks, that in their arms were fit,
Those he put on with cheerful words, and bad them not remit
The least spark of their forward spirits, because the Trojans durst
Take these abhorr'd advantages, but let them do their worst;
For they might be assured that Jove would patronize no lies,
And that who, with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,
With vultures should be torn themselves; that they should raze their town,
Their wives, and children at their breast, led vassals to their own.
But such as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite:
"Base Argives, blush ye not to stand as made for butts to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited, like hinds that have no hearts,
Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss'd,
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts is all their courage lost?
And so stand you struck with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke.
Would ye the foe should nearer yet your dastard spleens provoke,
Even where on Neptune's foamy shore our navies lie in sight,
To see if Jove will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?"
Thus he, commanding, ranged the host, and passing many a band,
He came to the Cretensian troops, where all did armed stand
About the martial Idomen; who bravely stood before
In vantguard of his troops, and match'd for strength a savage boar;
Meriones, his charioteer, the rearguard bringing on. [a sight alone,
Which seen to Atreus' son, to him it was
And Idomen's confirmed mind with these kind words he seeks:
"O Idomen! I ever loved thyself past all the Greeks,
In war, or any work of peace, at table, everywhere;
For when the best of Greece besides mix ever, at our cheer,
My good old ardent wine with small, and our inferior mates
Drink even that mix'd wine measured too, thou drink'st, without those rates,
Our old wine neat; and evermore thy bowl stands full like mine,
To drink still, when and what thou wilt. Then rouse that heart of thine;
And, whatsoever heretofore thou hast assumed to be,
This day be greater." To the king in this sort answer'd he:
"Atrides, what I ever seem'd, the same at every part
This day shall shew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.
But thou shouldst rather cheer the rest, and tell them they in right
Of all good war must offer blows, and should begin the fight,

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(Since Troy first brake the holy truce) and not endure these braves,
To take wrong first, and then be dared to the revenge it craves ;
Assuring them that Troy in fate must have the worse at last,
Since first, and 'gainst a truce, they hurt, where they should have embraced."
This comfort and advice did fit Atrides' heart indeed,
Who still through new-raised swarms of men held his laborious speed,
And came where both th' Ajaces stood ; whom like the last he found
Arm'd, casqued, and ready for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground
A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a goat-herd spies,
On some hill's top, out of the sea, a rainy vapour rise,
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which, though far off he rest,
Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast,
Whereat he, frighted, drives his herds apace into a den ;
So, darkening earth with darts and shields, shew'd these with all their men.
This sight with like joy fired the king, who thus let forth the flame
In crying out to both the dukes : "O you of equal name,
I must not cheer ; nay, I disclaim all my command of you,
Yourselves command with such free minds, and make your soldiers show,
As you nor I led, but themselves. O would our father Jove,
Minerva, and the God of light, would all our bodies move
With such brave spirits as breathe in you : then Priam's lofty town
Should soon be taken by our hands, for ever overthrown."
Then held he on to other troops, and Nestor next behold,
(The subtle Pylian orator), range up and down the field,
Embattelling his men at arms, and stirring all to blows ; [chief he shows
Points every legion out his chief, and every
The forms and discipline of war ; yet his commanders were
All expert, and renowned men. Great Pelagon was there ;
Alastor ; manly Chromius ; and Hæmon worth a throne ;
And Bias, that could armies lead. With these he first put on
His horse troops with their chariots ; his foot (of which he choosed
Many, the best and ablest men, and which he ever used
As rampire to his general power) he in the rear disposed. [the midst enclosed,
The slothful, and the least of spirit, he in
That, such as wanted noble wills, base need might force to stand.
His horse troops, that the vantguard had, he strictly did command
To ride their horses temperately, to keep their ranks, and shun
Confusion, lest their horsemanship and courage made them run
(Too much presumed on) much too far ; and, charging so alone,
Engage themselves in th' enemy's strength, where many fight with one.
"Who his own chariot leaves to range, let him not freely go,
But straight unhorse him with a lance ; for 'tis much better so.
And with this discipline," said he, "this form, these minds, this trust,
Our ancestors have walls and towns laid level with the dust."
Thus prompt, and long inured to arms, this old man did exhort ;
And this Atrides likewise took in wondrous cheerful sort,
And said : "O father, would to heaven, that as thy mind remains
In wonted vigour, so thy knees could undergo our pains.
But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prise on thee ;
Yet still I wish that some young man, grown old in mind, might be
Put in proportion with thy years, and thy mind, young in age,
Be fitly answer'd with his youth ; that still where conflicts rage,
And young men used to thrust for fame, thy brave exampling hand
Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole command."
The old knight answer'd : "I myself could wish, O Atreus' son,
I were as young as when I slew brave Ereuthalion ;
But Gods at all times give not all their gifts to mortal men.
If then I had the strength of youth, I miss'd the counsels then
That years now give me ; and now years want that main strength of youth ;
Yet still my mind retains her strength (as you now said the sooth)

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And would be where that strength is used, affording counsels sage
To stir youth's minds up; 'tis the grace and office of our age;
Let younger sinews, men sprung up whole ages after me,
And such as have strength, use it, and, as strong in honour be."
The king, all this while comforted, arrived next where he found
Well-rode Menestheus (Peteus' son) stand still, environ'd round
With his well-train'd Athenian troops; and next to him he spied [bands beside
The wise Ulysses, deedless too, and all his
Of strong Cephalians; for as yet th' alarm had not been heard
In all their quarters, Greece and Troy were then so newly stirr'd,
And then first moved, as they conceived, and they so look'd about
To see both hosts give proof of that they yet had cause to doubt.
Atrides seeing them stand so still, and spend their eyes at gaze,
Began to chide: "And why," said he, "dissolved thus in amaze,
Thou son of Peteus, Jove-nursed king, and thou in wicked sleight
A cunning soldier, stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
Should be by other men begun? 'Tis fit the foremost band
Should show you there; you first should front who first lifts up his hand.
First you can hear, when I invite the princes to a feast, [eat and drink the best;
When first, most friendly, and at will, ye
Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troops ye can behold,
Take place before ye." Ithacus at this his brows did fold,
And said: "How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth,
To say that we are slack in fight, and to the field of death [we were busied then,
Look others should enforce our way, when
Even when thou spakest, against the foe to cheer and lead our men?
But thy eyes shall be witnesses, if it content thy will, [do so affect thee still,
And that (as thou pretend'st) these cares
The father of Telemachus (whom I esteem so dear, [deeds done here)
And to whom, as a legacy, I'll leave my
Even with the foremost band of Troy hath his encounter dared,
And therefore are thy speeches vain, and had been better spared."
He, smiling, since he saw him moved, recall'd his words, and said:
"Most generous Laertes' son, most wise of all our aid,
I neither do accuse thy worth, more than thyself may hold
Fit, (that inferiors think not much, being slack, to be controll'd)
Nor take I on me thy command; for well I know thy mind
Knows how sweet gentle counsels are; and that thou stand'st inclined,
As I myself, for all our good. On then; if now we spake
What hath displeased, another time we full amends will make;
And Gods grant that thy virtue here may prove so free and brave,
That my reproofs may still be vain, and thy deservings grave."
Thus parted they; and forth he went, when he did leaning find,
Against his chariot, near his horse, him with the mighty mind,
Great Diomedes, Tydeus' son, and Sthenelus, the seed
Of Capaneius; whom the king seeing likewise out of deed,
Thus cried he out on Diomed: "O me! in what a fear
The wise great warrior, Tydeus' son, stands gazing everywhere
For others to begin the fight! It was not Tydeus' use
To be so daunted, whom his spirit would evermore produce
Before the foremost of his friends in these affairs of fright,
As they report that have beheld him labour in a fight.
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his presence came:
But excellent, above the rest, he was in general fame.
And one renown'd exploit of his, I am assured, is true;
He came to the Mycenian court, without arms, and did sue,
At godlike Polynices' hands, to have some worthy aid
To their designs that 'gainst the walls of sacred Thebes were laid.
He was great Polynices' guest, and nobly entertain'd, [requested gain'd
And of the kind Mycenian state what he
In mere consent; but when they should the same in act approve
(By some sinister prodigies, held out to them by Jove),

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They were discouraged: thence he went, and safely had his pass
Back to Asopus' flood, renown'd for bulrushes and grass.
Yet, once more, their ambassador, the Grecian peers address
Lord Tydeus to Eteocles; to whom being given access,
He found him feasting with a crew of Cadmeans in his hall;
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and only one to all;
To all yet he his challenge made at every martial feat, [was so great.
And easily foil'd all, since with him Minerva
The rank-rode Cadmeans, much incensed with their so foul disgrace,
Lodged ambuscadoes for their foe, in some well-chosen place
By which he was to make return. Twice five-and-twenty men,
And two of them great captains too, the ambush did contain.
The names of those two men of rule were Mæon, Hæmon's son,
And Lycophontes, Keep-field call'd, the heir of Autophon,
By all men honour'd like the Gods; yet these and all their friends
Were sent to hell by Tydeus' hand, and had untimely ends.
He trusting to the aid of Gods, reveal'd by augury;
Obeying which, one chief he saved, and did his life apply
To be the heavy messenger of all the others' deaths;
And that sad message, with his life, to Mæon he bequeathes.
So brave a knight was Tydeus: of whom a son is sprung,
Inferior far in martial deeds, though higher in his tongue."
All this Tydides silent heard, awed by the reverend king;
Which stung hot Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his sting:
"Atrides! when thou know'st the truth, speak what thy knowledge is,
And do not lie so; for I know, and I will brag in this,
That we are far more able men than both our fathers were;
We took the seven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there
So great help as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to Mars, by help of Jove, and trusting to the fall
Of happy signs from other Gods, by whom we took the town
Untouch'd; our fathers perishing there by follies of their own;
And therefore never more compare our father's worth with ours."
Tydides frown'd at this, and said: "Suppress thine anger's powers,
Good friend, and hear why I refrain'd: thou seest I am not moved
Against our General, since he did but what his place behoved,
Admonishing all Greeks to fight; for, if Troy prove our prize,
The honour and the joy is his. If here our ruin lies,
The shame and grief for that, as much, is his in greatest kinds.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours; which is our dauntless minds."
Thus, from his chariot, amply arm'd, he jump'd down to the ground:
The armour of the angry king so horribly did sound,
It might have made his bravest foe let fear take down his braves.
And as when with the west-wind flaws, the sea thrusts up her waves,
One after other, thick and high, upon the groaning shores,
First in herself loud, but opposed with banks and rocks she roars,
And, all her back in bristles set, spits every way her foam; [overcome
So, after Diomed, instantly the field was
With thick impressions of the Greeks; and all the noise that grew
(Ordering and cheering up their men) from only leaders flew.
The rest went silently away, you could not hear a voice,
Nor would have thought, in all their breasts, they had one in their choice;
Their silence uttering their awe of them that them controll'd;
Which made each man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he should.
The Trojans (like a sort of ewes, penn'd in a rich man's fold,
Close at his door, till all be milk'd; and never baaing hold
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide host fill
With shouts and clamours; nor observed one voice, one baaing still;
But show'd mix'd tongues from many a land, of men call'd to their aid.
Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spirits; of Greeks, the learned Maid.

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But Terror follow'd both the hosts, and Flight, and furious Strife
The sister, and the mate, of Mars, that spoil of human life;
And never is her rage at rest, at first she is but small,
Yet after (but a little fed) she grows so vast and tall,
That while her feet move here in earth, her forehead is in heaven.*
And this was she that made, even then, both hosts so deadly given.
Through every troop she stalk'd, and stirr'd rough sighs up as she went;
But when in one field both the foes her fury did content,
And both came under reach of darts, then darts and shields opposed
To darts and shields; strength answer'd strength; then swords and targets closed
With swords and targets; both with pikes; and then did tumult rise
Up to her height; then conquerors' boasts mix'd with the conquer'd's cries;
Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hills rain-waters headlong fall,
That all ways eat huge ruts, which, met in one bed, fill a vall
With such a confluence of streams, that on the mountain grounds
Far off, in frighted shepherds' ears, the bustling noise rebounds:
So grew their conflicts, and so shew'd their scuffling to the ear,
With flight and clamour still commix'd, and all effects of fear.
And first renown'd Antilochus slew (fighting, in the face
Of all Achaia's foremost bands, with an undaunted grace)
Echepolus Thalysiades; he was an armed man;
Whom on his hair-plumed helmet's crest the dart first smote, then ran
Into his forehead, and there stuck; the steel pile making way
Quite through his skull; a hasty night shut up his latest day.
His fall was like a fight-razed tower; like which, lying there dispread,
King Elephenor (who was son to Chalcodon, and led
The valiant Abants) covetous that he might first possess
His arms, laid hands upon his feet; and haled him from the press
Of darts and javelins hurl'd at him. The action of the king
When, great-in-heart, Agenor saw, he made his javelin sing
To th' other's labour; and along, as he the trunk did wrest,
His side (at which he bore his shield) in bowing of his breast
Lay naked, and received the lance; that made him lose his hold
And life together; which, in hope of that he lost, he sold.
But for his sake the fight grew fierce, the Trojans and their foes
Like wolves on one another rush'd, and man for man it goes.
The next of name, that served his fate, great Ajax Telamon
Preferr'd so sadly. He was heir to old Anthemion,
And deck'd with all the flower of youth; the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honour'd nuptial torch could light him to his bed.
His name was Simoisius; for, some few years before, [by the shore
His mother walking down the hill of Ida,
Of silver Simois, to see her parents' flocks, with them
She, feeling suddenly the pains of childbirth, by the stream
Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of Simois)
They call'd him Simoisius. Sweet was that birth of his
To his kind parents, and his growth did all their care employ;
And yet those rites of piety, that should have been his joy
To pay their honour'd years again in as affectionate sort,
He could not graciously perform, his sweet life was so short;
Cut off with mighty Ajax' lance. For, as his spirit put on,
He strook him at his breast's right pap, quite through his shoulder-bone,
And in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitful soil
Of his friends' hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toil.
And as a poplar shot aloft, set by a river side,
In moist edge of a mighty fen, his head in curls implied,
But all his body plain and smooth, to which a wheelwright puts
The sharp edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts

* Virgil the same of Fame.

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From his innative root, in hope to hew out
of his bole [compass in the whole,
The fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheel, that
To serve some goodly chariot; (but, being
big and sad, [the useful hope he had
And to be haled home through the bogs)
Sticks there, and there the goodly plant
lies withering out his grace:
So lay, by Jove-bred Ajax' hand, Anthemion's forward race,
Nor could through that vast fen of toils be
drawn to serve the ends
Intended by his body's powers, nor cheer
his aged friends.
But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a son
of Priam) threw
His lance at Ajax through the press,
which went by him, and flew
On Leucus, wise Ulysses' friend; his
groin it smote, as fain
He would have drawn into his spoil the
carcass of the slain,
By which he fell, and that by him: it
vex'd Ulysses' heart,
Who thrust into the face of fight, well-
arm'd at every part,
Came close, and look'd about to find an
object worth his lance;
Which when the Trojans saw him shake,
and he so near advance,
All shrunk; he threw, and forth it shined,
nor fell but where it fell'd;
His friend's grief gave it angry power, and
deadly way it held
Upon Democoon, who was sprung of
Priam's wanton force,
Came from Abydus, and was made the
master of his horse.
Through both his temples strook the dart,
the wood of one side shew'd,
The pile out of the other look'd, and so
the earth he strew'd
With much sound of his weighty arms.
Then back the foremost went;
Even Hector yielded; then the Greeks
gave worthy clamours vent,
Effecting then their first dumb powers;
some drew the dead, and spoil'd;
Some follow'd, that, in open flight, Troy
might confess it foil'd.
Apollo, angry at the sight, from top of
Ilion cried:
"Turn head, ye well-rode peers of Troy,
feed not the Grecians' pride,
They are not charm'd against your points,
of steel, nor iron, framed;
Nor fights the fair-hair'd Thetis' son, but
sits at fleet inflamed."
So spake the dreadful God from Troy.
The Greeks, Jove's noblest seed
Encouraged to keep on the chase; and,
where fit spirit did need,
She gave it, marching in the midst. Then
flew the fatal hour [burn'd power;
Back on Diores, in return of Ilion's sun-
Diores Amaryncides, whose right leg's
ankle-bone [handful-charging stone
And both the sinews, with a sharp and
Pirus Imbrasides did break, that led the
Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; down he fell, and
up he held his hands
To his loved friends; his spirit wing'd to
fly out of his breast; [address'd
With which not satisfied, again Imbrasides
His javelin at him, and so ripp'd his navel,
that the wound, [on the ground
As endlessly it shut his eyes, so, open'd,
It pour'd his entrails. As his foe went
then sufficed away, [pile convey,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did his
Above his nipple, through his lungs;
when, quitting his stern part,
He closed with him; and, from his breast
first drawing out his dart,
His sword flew in, and by the midst it
wiped his belly out;
So took his life, but left his arms; his
friends so flock'd about,
And thrust forth lances of such length
before their slaughter'd king,
Which, though their foe were big and
strong, and often brake the ring
Forged of their lances, yet (enforced) he
left th' affected prise.
The Thracian and Epeian dukes, laid close
with closed eyes
By either other, drown'd in dust; and
round about the plain, [did hotly reign
All hid with slaughter'd carcasses, yet still
The martial planet; whose effects had
any eye beheld,
Free and unwounded (and were led by
Pallas through the field,
To keep off javelins, and suggest, the least
fault could be found)
He could not reprehend the fight, so many
strew'd the ground.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

KING DIOMED (by Pallas' spirit inspired
With will and power) is for his acts admired.
Mere men, and men derived from Deities,
And Deities themselves, he terrifies.
Adds wounds to terrors. His inflamed lance
Draws blood from Mars and Venus. In a trance
He casts Æneas, with a weighty stone;
Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone.
Mars is recured by Pæon; but by Jove
Rebuked for authoring breach of human love.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Epsilon Heaven's blood is shed
By sacred rage of Diomed.

THEN Pallas breathed in Tydeus' son; to render whom supreme
To all the Greeks, at all his parts, she cast a hotter beam
On his high mind; his body fill'd with much superior might;
And made his complete armour cast a far more complete light.
From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp,* whose brightness men admire
Past all the other host of stars, when, with his cheerful face
Fresh wash'd in lofty Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.
To let whose glory lose no sight, still Pallas made him turn
Where tumult most express'd his power, and where the fight did burn.
An honest and a wealthy man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares, the priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy,
Idæus, and bold Phegeus, well-seen in every fight:
These (singled from their troops, and horsed) assail'd Minerva's knight,
Who ranged from fight to fight on foot. All hasting mutual charge,
And now drawn near, first Phegeus threw a javelin swift and large,
Whose head the king's left shoulder took, but did no harm at all;
Then rush'd he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall,
But in his breast stuck 'twixt the paps, and strook him from his horse.
Which stern sight when Idæus saw, distrustful of his force
To save his slaughter'd brother's spoil, it made him headlong leap
From his fair chariot, and leave all; yet had not 'scaped the heap
Of heavy funeral, if the God, great president of fire,
Had not (in sudden clouds of smoke, and pity of his sire
To leave him utterly unheir'd) given safe pass to his feet.
He gone, Tydides sent the horse and chariot to the fleet.
The Trojans seeing Dares' sons, one slain, the other fled,
Were strook amazed. The blue-eyed Maid (to grace her Diomed
In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthful fact
A fit advantage to remove the War-god out of act,
Who raged so on the Ilion side;—she griped his hand, and said:
"Mars, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laid
So many cities, and with blood thy godhead dost distain;
Now shall we cease to show our breasts as passionate as men,
And leave the mixture of our hands, resigning Jove his right,
As Rector of the Gods, to give the glory of the fight
Where he affecteth, lest he force what we should freely yield?"
He held it fit, and went with her from the tumultuous field,
Who set him in an herby seat on broad Scamander's shore.
He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greeks drave all before,
And every leader slew a man; but first the king of men
Deserved the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,

* This simile likewise Virgil learns of him.

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And slew a leader, one more huge than any man he led,
Great Odius, duke of Halizons; quite from his chariot's head
He strook him with a lance to earth, as first he flight address'd;
It took his forward-turned back, and look'd out of his breast;
His huge trunk sounded, and his arms did echo the resound.
Idomenæus to the death did noble Phæstus wound,
The son of Meon-Borus, that from cloddy Terna came;
Who, taking chariot, took his wound, and tumbled with the same
From his attempted seat: the lance through his right shoulder strook,
And horrid darkness strook through him; the spoil his soldiers took.
Atrides-Menelaus slew, as he before him fled,
Scamandrius, son of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
A skilful huntsman, for his skill Diana's self did teach, [to reach
And made him able with his dart infallibly
All sorts of subtlest savages, which many a woody hill
Bred for him, and he much preserved, and all to shew his skill.
Yet not the dart-delighting Queen taught him to shun this dart,
Nor all his hitting so far off, the mastery of his art;
His back received it, and he fell upon his breast withal;
His body's ruin, and his arms, so sounded in his fall,
That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life.
Meriones slew Phereclus, whom she that ne'er was wife,
Yet Goddess of good housewives, held in excellent respect
For knowing all the witty things that grace an architect;
And having power to give it all, the cunning use of hand.
Harmonides, his sire, built ships, and made him understand,
With all the practice it required, the frame of all that skill.
He built all Alexander's ships, that author'd all the ill
Of all the Trojans and his own, because he did not know
The oracles advising Troy (for fear of overthrow)
To meddle with no sea affair, but live by tilling land.
This man Meriones surprised, and drave his deadly hand
Through his right hip; the lance's head ran through the region
About the bladder, underneath th' inmuscles and the bone;
He, sighing, bow'd his knees to death, and sacrificed to earth.
Phylides stay'd Pedæus' flight—Antenor's bastard birth—
Whom virtuous Theano his wife, to please her husband, kept
As tenderly as those she loved. Phylides near him stept,
And in the fountain of the nerves did drench his fervent lance,
At his head's back-part; and so far the sharp head did advance,
It cleft the organ of his speech, and th' iron, cold as death,
He took betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the air his breath.
Eurypylus, the much renown'd and great Evemon's son, [Dolopion,
Divine Hypsenor slew, begot by stout
And consecrate Scamander's priest; he had a God's regard
Amongst the people; his hard flight the Grecian follow'd hard,
Rush'd in so close, that with his sword he on his shoulder laid
A blow that his arm's brawn cut off; nor there his vigour stay'd,
But drave down, and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
That gush'd out blood, and down it dropp'd upon the blushing sand;
Death, with his purple finger, shut, and violent fate, his eyes.
Thus fought these, but distinguish'd well. Tydides so implies
His fury that you could not know whose side had interest
In his free labours, Greece or Troy; but as a flood, increased
By violent and sudden showers, let down from hills, like hills
Melted in fury, swells and foams, and so he overfills
His natural channel; that besides both hedge and bridge resigns
To his rough confluence, far spread; and lusty flourishing vines
Drown'd in his outrage; Tydeus' son, so overran the field,
Strew'd such as flourish'd in his way, and made whole squadrons yield.

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When Pandarus, Lycaon's son, beheld
his ruining hand,
With such resistless insolence, make lanes
through every band,
He bent his gold-tipp'd bow of horn, and
shot him rushing in,
At his right shoulder, where his arms were
hollow; forth did spin
The blood, and down his curets ran; then
Pandarus cried out:
"Rank-riding Trojans, now rush in. Now,
now, I make no doubt
Our bravest foe is mark'd for death; he
cannot long sustain
My violent shaft, if Jove's fair Son did
worthily constrain
My foot from Lycia." Thus he braved,
and yet his violent shaft [life was saft;
Strook short with all his violence, Tydide's
Who yet withdrew himself behind his
chariot and steeds,
And call'd to Sthenelus: "Come friend,
my wounded shoulder needs
Thy hand to ease it of this shaft." He
hasted from his seat
Before the coach, and drew the shaft; the
purple wound did sweat,
And drown his shirt of mail in blood, and
as it bled he pray'd:
"Hear me, of Jove Ægiochus thou most
unconquer'd maid,
If ever in the cruel field thou hast assistful
stood, [do me good.
Or to my father, or myself, now love, and
Give him into my lance's reach, that thus
hath given a wound
To him thou guard'st, preventing me, and
brags that never more
I shall behold the cheerful sun." Thus did
the king implore.
The Goddess heard, came near, and took
the weariness of fight
From all his nerves and lineaments, and
made them fresh and light,
And said: "Be bold, O Diomed, in every
combat shine,
The great shield-shaker Tydeus' strength
(that knight, that sire of thine)
By my infusion breathes in thee; and from
thy knowing mind
I have removed those erring mists that
made it lately blind,
That thou may'st difference Gods from
men: and therefore use thy skill [a will
Against the tempting Deities, if any have
To try if thou presumest of that, as thine,
that flows from them;
And so assumest above thy right. Where
thou discern'st a beam
Of any other heavenly power than she that
rules in love,
That calls thee to the change of blows,
resist not, but remove:
But if that Goddess be so bold (since she
first stirr'd this war)
Assault and mark her from the rest with
some infamous scar."
The blue-eyed Goddess vanished, and he
was seen again
Amongst the foremost; who before, though
he were prompt and fain
To fight against the Trojans' powers, now,
on his spirits were call'd
With thrice the vigour; lion-like, that hath
been lately gall'd
By some bold shepherd in a field, where
his curl'd flocks were laid,
Who took him as he leap'd the fold, not
slain yet, but appaid,
With greater spirit, comes again, and then
the shepherd hides
(The rather for the desolate place), and in
his cote abides;
His flocks left guardless; which, amazed,
shake and shrink up in heaps;
He, ruthless, freely takes his prey, and out
again he leaps:
So sprightly, fierce, victorous, the great
heroe flew
Upon the Trojans; and, at once, he two
commanders slew,
Hyppenor and Astynous; in one his lance
he fix'd
Full at the nipple of his breast; the other
smote betwixt
The neck and shoulder with his sword
which was so well laid on
It swept his arm and shoulder off. Thes
left, he rush'd upon
Abas and Polyëidus, of old Eurydamas
The hapless sons; who could by dream
tell what would come to pass:
Yet, when his sons set forth to Troy, the
old man could not read
By their dreams what would chance to them;
for both were stricken dead
By great Tydides. After these, he takes
into his rage
Xanthus and Thoön, Phænops' sons, born
to him in his age;
The good old man even pined with years,
and had not one son more
To heir his goods; yet Diomed took both,
and left him store
Of tears and sorrows in their steads, since
he could never see
His sons leave those hot wars alive; so this
the end must be

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Of all his labours; what he heap'd, to make his issue great,
Authority heir'd, and with her seed fill'd his forgotten seat.
Then snatch'd he up two Priamists, that in one chariot stood.
Echemon, and fair Chromius. As feeding in a wood [leaps upon,
Oxen or steers are, one of which a lion
Tears down, and wrings in two his neck; so, sternly, Tydeus' son
Threw from their chariot both these hopes of old Dardanides,
Then took their arms, and sent their horse to those that ride the seas.
Æneas, seeing the troops thus toss'd, brake through the heat of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight,
Lycaon's son; whom having found, he thus bespake the peer:
"O Pandarus, where's now thy bow? thy deathful arrows where?
In which no one in all our host but gives the palm to thee;
Nor in the sun-loved Lycian greens, that breed our archery,
Lives any that exceeds thyself. Come, lift thy hands to Jove, [man he prove,
And send an arrow at this man—if but a
That wins such god-like victories, and now affects our host
With so much sorrow; since so much of our best blood is lost
By his high valour; I have fear some God in him doth threat, [of God is great."
Incensed for want of sacrifice; the wrath
Lycaon's famous son replied: "Great counsellor of Troy, [Tydeus' joy;
This man, so excellent in arms, I think is
I know him by his fiery shield, by his bright three-plumed casque,
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or some God doth mask
In his appearance; or he be whom I named, Tydeus' son:
But without God, the things he does for certain are not done.
Some great Immortal, that conveys his shoulders in a cloud,
Goes by, and puts by every dart at his bold breast bestow'd, [let fly
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I myself
A shaft that shot him through his arms, but had as good gone by;
Yet which I gloriously affirm'd had driven him down to hell.
Some God is angry, and with me; for far hence, where I dwell,
My horse and chariots idle stand, with which some other way
I might repair this shameful miss: eleven fair chariots stay
In old Lycaon's court, new made, new trimm'd to have been gone,
Curtain'd, and arrass'd under foot; two horse to every one,
That eat white barley and black oats, and do no good at all:
And these Lycaon (that well knew how these affairs would fall)
Charged, when I set down this design, I should command with here,
And gave me many lessons more, all which much better were
Than any I took forth myself. The reason I laid down
Was but the sparing of my horse; since, in a sieged town,
I thought our horse-meat would be scant; when they were used to have
Their mangers full; so I left them, and like a lackey slave
Am come to Ilion, confident in nothing but my bow,
That nothing profits me. Two shafts I vainly did bestow
At two great princes, but of both my arrows neither slew;
Nor this, nor Atreus' younger son; a little blood I drew,
That served but to incense them more. In an unhappy star
I therefore from my armoury have drawn those tools of war
That day, when, for great Hector's sake, to amiable Troy [I ever joy,
I came to lead the Trojan bands. But if
In safe return, my country's sight, my wife's, my lofty towers,
Let any stranger take this head, if to the fiery powers
This bow, these shafts, in pieces burst, by these hands be not thrown;
Idle companions that they are to me and my renown."
Æneas said: "Use no such words; for, any other way
Than this, they shall not now be used. We first will both assay
This man with horse and chariot. Come then, ascend to me,
That thou mayst try our Trojan horse, how skill'd in field they be;
And in pursuing those that fly, or flying, being pursued,
How excellent they are of foot; and these, if Jove conclude

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The scape of Tydeus again, and grace
him with our flight,
Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come,
I'll be first shall fight.
Take thou these fair reins and this scourge;
or, if thou wilt, fight thou,
And leave the horses' care to me." He
answer'd: "I will now
Descend to fight; keep thou the reins,
and guide thyself thy horse,
Who with their wonted manager will
better wield the force
Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven
to fly,
Than with a stranger; under whom they
will be much more shy,
And (fearing my voice, wishing thine,)
grow resty, nor go on
To bear us off; but leave engaged for
mighty Tydeus' son
Themselves and us. Then be thy part thy
one-hooved horses' guide,
I'll make the fight, and with a dart receive
his utmost pride."
With this the gorgeous chariot both,
thus prepared, ascend,
And make full way at Diomed; which
noted by his friend,
"Mine own most-loved mind," said he,
"two mighty men of war
I see come with a purposed charge; one's
he that hits so far
With bow and shaft, Lycaon's son; the
other fames the brood
Of great Anchises, and the Queen that
rules in amorous blood;
(Æneas, excellent in arms) come up, and
use your steeds,
And look not war so in the face, lest that
desire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it." This
did with anger sting
The blood of Diomed, to see his friend,
that chid the king
Before the fight, and then preferr'd his
ablesse and his mind [far behind:
To all his ancestors in fight, now come so
Whom thus he answer'd: "Urge no
flight, you cannot please me so;
Nor is it honest in my mind to fear a
coming foe,
Or make a flight good, though with fight:
my powers are yet entire,
And scorn the help-tire of a horse. I will
not blow the fire
Of their hot valours with my flight; but
cast upon the blaze
This body borne upon my knees. I enter-
tain amaze?
Minerva will not see that shame. And
since they have begun,
They shall not both elect their ends; and
he that scapes shall run,
Or stay and take the other's fate. And
this I leave for thee; [to me,
If amply-wise Athenia give both their lives
Rein our horse to their chariot hard, and
have a special heed
To seize upon Æneas' steeds; that we
may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them that
have been long of Troy.
For these are bred of those brave beasts
which, for the lovely boy
That waits now on the cup of Jove, Jove,
that far-seeing God,
Gave Tros the king in recompense; the
best that ever trod
The sounding centre, underneath the
morning and the sun.
Anchises stole the breed of them; for,
where their sires did run,
He closely put his mares to them, and
never made it known
To him that heir'd them, who was then
the king Laomedon.
Six horses had he of that race, of which
himself kept four,
And gave the other two his son; and these
are they that scour
The field so bravely towards us, expert in
charge and flight.
If these we have the power to take, our
prize is exquisite,
And our renown will far exceed." While
these were talking thus,
The fired horse brought th' assailants near,
and thus spake Pandarus:
"Most suffering-minded Tydeus' son,
that hast of war the art,
My shaft, that strook thee, slew thee not,
I now will prove a dart."
This said, he shook, and then he threw, a
lance, aloft and large,
That in Tydides' curets stuck, quite driv-
ing through his targe;
Then bray'd he out so wild a voice that all
the field might hear:
"Now have I reach'd thy root of life, and
by thy death shall bear
Our praise's chief prize from the field."
Tydides undismay'd
Replied: "Thou err'st, I am not touch'd;
but more charge will be laid
To both your lives before you part; at
least the life of one
Shall satiate the throat of Mars." This
said, his lance was gone;

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Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye ran in,
And, as he stoop'd, strook through his jaws, his tongue's root, and his chin.
Down from the chariot he fell, his gay arms shined and rung,
The swift horse trembled, and his soul for ever charm'd his tongue.
Æneas with his shield and lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,
Afraid the Greeks would force his trunk; and that he did defend,
Bold as a lion of his strength; he hid him with his shield,
Shook round his lance, and horribly did threaten all the field
With death, if any durst make in. Tydides raised a stone
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and pour'd it mainly on
The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joint doth move
The thigh ('tis call'd the huckle-bone) which all in sherds it drove;
Brake both the nerves, and with the edge cut all the flesh away.
It stagger'd him upon his knees, and made the hero stay
His strook-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
And there this prince of men had died, if she that gave him birth
(Kiss'd by Anchises on the green, where his fair oxen fed),
Jove's loving daughter, instantly had not about him spread
Her soft embraces, and convey'd within her heavenly veil
(Used as a rampire 'gainst all darts that did so hot assail)
Her dear-loved issue from the field. Then Sthenelus in haste,
Remembering what his friend advised, from forth the press made fast
His own horse to their chariot, and presently laid hand [command.
Upon the lovely-coated horse Æneas did
Which bringing to the wondering Greeks, he did their guard commend
To his beloved Deipylus, who was his inward friend,
And, of his equals, one to whom he had most honour shown,
That he might see them safe at fleet; then stept he to his own,
With which he cheerfully made in to Tydeus' mighty race.
He, mad with his great enemy's rape, was hot in desperate chase
Of her that made it, with his lance, arm'd less with steel than spite,
Well knowing her no Deity that had to do in fight,
Minerva his great patroness, nor, she that razeth towns,
Bellona, but a Goddess weak, and foe to men's renowns;
Her, through a world of fight pursued, at last he overtook,
And, thrusting up his ruthless lance, her heavenly veil he strook
(That even the Graces wrought themselves, at her divine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender back of her delicious hand.
The rude point piercing through her palm, forth flow'd th' immortal blood;
Blood, such as flows in blessed Gods, that eat no human food,
Nor drink of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodless are,
And call'd Immortals; out she cried, and could no longer bear
Her loved son; whom she cast from her, and in a sable cloud,
Phœbus, receiving, hid him close from all the Grecian crowd,
Lest some of them should find his death. Away flew Venus then,
And after her cried Diomed: "Away, thou spoil of men,
Though sprung from all-preserving Jove, these hot encounters leave,
Is't not enough that silly dames thy sorceries should deceive,
Unless thou thrust into the war, and rob a soldier's right? [thee fear the fight,
I think a few of these assaults will make
Wherever thou shalt hear it named." She, sighing, went her way
Extremely grieved, and with her griefs her beauties did decay,
And black her ivory body grew. Then from a dewy mist
Brake swift-foot Iris to her aid, from all the darts that hiss'd
At her quick rapture; and to Mars they took their plaintive course,
And found him on the fight's left hand, by him his speedy horse,
And huge lance, lying in a fog. The Queen of all things fair
Her loved brother, on her knees, besought, with instant prayer,
His golden-riband-bound-maned horse to lend her up to heaven,
For she was much grieved with a wound a mortal man had given,

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Tydides, that 'gainst Jove himself durst
now advance his arm.
He granted, and his chariot (perplex'd
with her late harm)
She mounted, and on her waggoness was
she that paints the air.
The horse she rein'd, and with a scourge
importuned their repair,
That of themselves out-flew the wind, and
quickly they ascend
Olympus, high seat of the Gods. Th' horse
knew their journey's end,
Stood still, and from their chariot the
windy-footed dame
Dissolved, and gave them heavenly food;
and to Dione came
Her wounded daughter, bent her knees:
she kindly bade her stand,
With sweet embraces help'd her up, stroked
her with her soft hand,
Call'd kindly by her name, and ask'd:
"What God hath been so rude,
Sweet daughter to chastise thee thus, as if
thou wert pursued
Even to the act of some light sin, and
deprehended so?
For otherwise, each close escape is in the
great let go."
She answer'd: "Haughty Tydeus' son
hath been so insolent,
Since, he whom most my heart esteems
of all my loved descent,
I rescued from his bloody hand. Now
battle is not given
To any Trojans by the Greeks, but by the
Greeks to heaven."
She answer'd: "Daughter, think not
much, though much it grieve thee; use
The patience, whereof many Gods examples
may produce,
In many bitter ills received, as well that
men sustain
By their inflictions, as by men repaid to
them again.
Mars suffer'd much more than thyself by
Ephialtes' power, [tower,
And Otus', Aloëus' sons; who in a brazen
And in inextricable chains, cast that war-
greedy God,
Where twice-six months and one he lived,
and there the period
Of his sad life perhaps had closed, if his
kind stepdame's eye,
Fair Erebœa, had not seen; who told it
Mercury,
And he by stealth enfranchised him; though
he could scarce enjoy
The benefit of franchisement, the chains
did so destroy
His vital forces with their weight. So Juno
suffer'd more
When, with a three-fork'd arrow's head,
Amphitryo's son did gore
Her right breast, past all hope of cure.
Pluto sustain'd no less [bitterness
By that self man, and by a shaft of equal
Shot through his shoulder at hell gates;
and there, amongst the dead,
Were he not deathless, he had died; but
up to heaven he fled,
Extremely tortured, for recure, which in-
stantly he won
At Pæon's hand, with sovereign balm;
and this did Jove's great son.
Unblest, great-high-deed-daring man,
that cared not doing ill,
That with his bow durst wound the Gods;
but, by Minerva's will,
Thy wound the foolish Diomed was so
profane to give;
Not knowing he that fights with Heaven
hath never long to live;
And for this deed, he never shall have child
about his knee
To call him father, coming home. Besides,
hear this from me,
Strength-trusting man, though thou be
strong, and art in strength a tower,
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and
that a woman's power
Contains not that superior strength, and
lest that woman be
Adrastus' daughter, and thy wife, the wise
Ægiale;
When, from this hour not far, she wakes,
even sighing with desire
To kindle our revenge on thee, with her
enamouring fire,
In choosing her some fresh young friend,
and so drown all thy fame,
Won here in war, in her court-peace, and in
an opener shame."
This said, with both her hands she
cleansed the tender back and palm
Of all the sacred blood they lost; and never
using balm,
The pain ceased, and the wound was cured
of this kind Queen of love.
Juno and Pallas, seeing this, assay'd to
anger Jove,
And quit his late-made mirth with them,
about the loving Dame,
With some sharp jest, in like sort built,
upon her present shame.
Grey-eyed Athenia began, and ask'd the
Thunderer,
If, nothing moving him to wrath, she boldly
might prefer,

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What she conceived, to his conceit ; and, staying no reply,
She bade him view the Cyprian fruit he loved so tenderly,
Whom she though hurt, and by this means, intending to suborn
Some other lady of the Greeks (whom lovely veils adorn)
To gratify some other friend of her much-loved Troy, [the Venerean joy,
As she embraced and stirr'd her blood to
The golden clasp, those Grecian dames upon their girdles wear,
Took hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, she had fear.
The Thunderer smiled, and call'd to him love's golden Arbitress,
And told her those rough works of war were not for her access ;
She should be making marriages, embracings, kisses, charms,
Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affairs in arms
While these thus talk'd, Tydides' rage still thirsted to achieve
His prize upon Anchises' son, though well he did perceive
The Sun himself protected him ; but his desires (inflamed
With that great Trojan prince's blood, and arms so highly famed)
Not that great God did reverence. Thrice rush'd he rudely on,
And thrice, betwixt his darts and death, the Sun's bright target shone ;
But when upon the fourth assault, much like a spirit, he flew,
The far-off-working Deity exceeding wrathful grew,
And ask'd him : "What ! Not yield to Gods ? thy equals learn to know.
The race of Gods is far above men creeping here below."
This drave him to some small retreat ; he would not tempt more near
The wrath of him that strook so far ; whose power had now set clear
Æneas from the stormy field within the holy place
Of Pergamus, where, to the hope of his so sovereign grace,
A goodly temple was advanced ; in whose large inmost part
He left him, and to his supply inclined his mother's heart,
Latona, and the dart-pleased Queen ; who cured, and made him strong.
The silver-bow'd fair God then threw in the tumultuous throng
An image, that in stature, look, and arms, he did create
Like Venus' son ; for which the Greeks and Trojans made debate,
Laid loud strokes on their ox-hide shields, and bucklers easily borne ;
Which error Phœbus pleased to urge on Mars himself in scorn :
"Mars, Mars," said he, "thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
Of humans and their ruin'd walls, yet thinks thy Godhead good
To fright this fury from the field, who next will fight with Jove ?
First in a bold approach he hurt, the moist palm of thy love,
And next, as if he did affect to have a Deity's power,
He held out his assault on me." This said, the lofty tower
Of Pergamus he made his seat ; and Mars did now excite [led to fight
The Trojan forces, in the form of him that
The Thracian troops, swift Acamas. "O Priam's sons," said he,
"How long the slaughter of your men can ye sustain to see ?
Even till they brave ye at your gates ? ye suffer beaten down [we renown
Æneas, great Anchises' son, whose prowess
As much as Hector's ; fetch him off from this contentious prease."
With this, the strength and spirits of all his courage did increase ;
And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt [unthankful vaunt,
Of noble Hector : "Hector, where is thy
And that huge strength on which it built, that thou, and thy allies,
With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our supplies,
And troubling not a citizen) the city safe would hold ?
In all which friends' and brothers' helps I see not, nor am told
Of any one of their exploits (but all held in dismay [lion bay,
Of Diomed, like a sort of dogs, that at a
And entertain no spirit to pinch) we, your assistants here,
Fight for the town as you help'd us ; and I, an aiding peer,
No citizen, even out of care, that doth become a man [aid I can ;
For men and children's liberties, add all the
Not out of my particular cause ; far hence my profit grows,
For far hence Asian Lycia lies, where gulfy Xanthus flows,

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And where my loved wife, infant son, and
treasure nothing scant,
I left behind me, which I see those men
would have that want ;
And therefore they that have would keep:
yet I, as I would lose
Their sure fruition, cheer my troops, and
with their lives propose
Mine own life, both to general fight, and
to particular cope [entertain no hope
With this great soldier ; though, I say, I
To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor
fear to lose like Troy.
Yet thou, even Hector, deedless stand'st,
and carest not to employ
Thy town-born friends, to bid them stand,
to fight and save their wives,
Lest as a fowler casts his nets upon the
silly lives
Of birds of all sorts, so the foe your walls
and houses hales,
One with another, on all heads ; or such
as 'scape their falls,
Be made the prey and prize of them (as
willing overthrown)
That holp not for you with their force ;
and so this brave-built town
Will prove a chaos. That deserves in thee
so hot a care,
As should consume thy days and nights, to
hearten and prepare
Th' assistant princes ; pray their minds to
bear their far-brought toils ;
To give them worth with worthy fight; in
victories and foils
Still to be equal ; and thyself, exampling
them in all,
Need no reproofs nor spurs. All this in
thy free choice should fall."
This stung great Hector's heart ; and
yet, as every generous mind
Should silent bear a just reproof, and shew
what good they find
In worthy counsels, by their ends put into
present deeds,
Not stomach, nor be vainly shamed ; so
Hector's spirit proceeds :
And from his chariot, wholly arm'd, he
jump'd upon the sand,
On foot so toiling through the host, a dart
in either hand,
And all hands turn'd against the Greeks :
the Greeks despised their worst,
And, thickening their instructed powers,
expected all they durst.
Then with the feet of horse and foot, the
dust in clouds did rise.
And as, in sacred floors of barns, upon
corn-winnowers flies
The chaff, driven with an opposite wind,
when yellow Ceres dites,
Which all the diters' feet, legs, arms, their
heads and shoulders whites ;
So look'd the Grecians grey with dust, that
strook the solid heaven,
Raised from returning chariots, and troops
together driven.
Each side stood to their labours firm:
fierce Mars flew through the air,
And gather'd darkness from the fight, and,
with his best affair,
Obey'd the pleasure of the Sun, that wears
the golden sword,
Who bade him raise the spirits of Troy,
when Pallas ceased t' afford
Her helping office to the Greeks ; and then
his own hands wrought,
Which, from his fane's rich chancel, cured,
the true Æneas brought,
And placed him by his peers in field ; who
did with joy admire
To see him both alive and safe, and all his
powers entire ;
Yet stood not sifting how it chanced ;
another sort of task,
Than stirring th' idle sieve of news, did all
their forces ask,
Inflamed by Phœbus; harmful Mars, and
Eris eagerer far.
The Greeks had none to hearten them ;
their hearts rose with the war ;
But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th'
Ajaces used
Stirring examples and good words ; their
own fames had infused
Spirit enough into their bloods, to make
them neither fear
The Trojans' force, nor Fate itself, but still
expecting were,
When most was done, what would be more ;
their ground they still made good,
And in their silence, and set powers, like
fair still clouds, they stood,
With which Jove crowns the tops of hills,
in any quiet day, [to drive away
When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use
Air's dusky vapours, being loose, in many
a whistling gale)
Are pleasingly bound up, and calm, and
not a breath exhale ;
So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled for all
the Ilions' aid.
Atrides yet coasts through the troops,
confirming men so staid :
"O friends," said he, "hold up your
minds ; strength is but strength of will ;
Reverence each other's good in fight, and
shame at things done ill.

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Where soldiers shew an honest shame, and love of honour lives,
That ranks men with the first in fight, death fewer liveries gives
Than life, or than where Fame's neglect makes cowards fight at length.
Flight neither doth the body grace, nor shows the mind hath strength."
He said, and swiftly through the troops a mortal lance did send,
That reft a standard-bearer's life, renown'd Æneas' friend,
Deïcoön Pergasides, whom all the Trojans loved
As he were one of Priam's sons, his mind was so approved
In always fighting with the first. The lance his target took,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it clearly strook,
And in his belly's rim was sheathed, beneath his girdle-stead.
He sounded falling, and his arms with him resounded, dead.
Then fell two princes of the Greeks by great Æneas' ire,
Diocleus' sons (Orsilochus and Crethon), whose kind sire
In bravely-builded Phæra dwelt, rich, and of sacred blood.
He was descended lineally from great Alphæus' flood,
That broadly flows through Pylos' fields; Alphæus did beget [was set;
Orsilochus, who in the rule of many men
And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus;
Diocleus sire to Crethon was, and this Orsilochus.
Both these, arrived at man's estate, with both th' Atrides went,
To honour them in th' Ilion wars; and both were one day sent,
To death as well as Troy; for death hid both in one black hour.
As two young lions (with their dam, sustain'd but to devour)
Bred on the tops of some steep hill, and in the gloomy deep
Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheep,
Steers, oxen, and destroy men's stalls, so long that they came short,
And by the owner's steel are slain; in such unhappy sort
Fell these beneath Æneas' power. When Menelaus view'd,
Like two tall fir-trees, these two fall, their timeless falls he rued,
And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengeful force he took;
His arms beat back the sun in flames, a dreadful lance he shook;
Mars put the fury in his mind, that by Æneas' hands,
Who was to make the slaughter good, he might have strew'd the sands.
Antilochus, old Nestor's son, observing he was bent
To urge a combat of such odds, and knowing the event
Being ill on his part, all their pains (alone sustain'd for him)
Err'd from their end, made after hard, and took them in the trim
Of an encounter. Both their hands and darts advanced, and shook,
And both pitch'd in full stand of charge; when suddenly the look
Of Anchisiades took note of Nestor's valiant son,
In full charge too; which, two to one, made Venus' issue shun
The hot adventure, though he were a soldier well-approved.
Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who given to their beloved,
They turn'd where fight shew'd deadliest hate; and there mix'd with the dead
Pylæmen, that the targeteers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide
His chariot, Atymnus' son. The prince Pylæmen died
By Menelaus; Nestor's joy slew Mydon; one before [did gore
The other in the chariot. Atrides' lance
Pylæmen's shoulder, in the blade. Antilochus did force
A mighty stone up from the earth, and, as he turn'd his horse,
Strook Mydon's elbow in the midst; the reins of ivory
Fell from his hands into the dust; Antilochus let fly
His sword withal, and, rushing in, a blow so deadly laid
Upon his temples, that he groan'd, tumbled to earth, and stay'd
A mighty while preposterously (because the dust was deep)
Upon his neck and shoulders there, even till his foe took keep
Of his prized horse, and made them stir; and then he prostrate fell.
His horse Antilochus took home. When Hector had heard tell,

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Amongst the uproar, of their deaths, he laid
out all his voice,
And ran upon the Greeks. Behind came
many men of choice,
Before him march'd great Mars himself,
match'd with his female mate,
The dread Bellona. She brought on, to
fight for mutual fate,
A tumult that was wild and mad. He
shook a horrid lance,
And now led Hector, and anon behind
would make the chance.
This sight when great Tydides saw, his
hair stood up on end;
And him, whom all the skill and power
of arms did late attend,
Now like a man in counsel poor, that,
travelling, goes amiss,
And having pass'd a boundless plain, not
knowing where he is,
Comes on the sudden where he sees a
river rough, and raves
With his own billows ravished into the
king of waves,
Murmurs with foam, and frights him back;
so he, amazed, retired,
And thus would make good his amaze:
"O friends, we all admired
Great Hector, as one of himself, well-
darting, bold in war,
When some God guards him still from
death, and makes him dare so far.
Now Mars himself, form'd like a man, is
present in his rage,
And therefore, whatsoever cause impor-
tunes you to wage
War with these Trojans, never strive, but
gently take your rod,
Lest in your bosoms, for a man, ye ever
find a God."
As Greece retired, the power of Troy
did much more forward prease,
And Hector two brave men of war sent to
the fields of peace;
Menesthes, and Anchialus; one chariot
bare them both. [heart, and wroth,
Their falls made Ajax Telamon ruthful of
Who lighten'd out a lance that smote
Amphius Selages,
That dwelt in Pæsus, rich in lands, and
did huge goods possess,
But Fate, to Priam and his sons, conducted
his supply.
The javelin on his girdle strook, and pierced
mortally
His belly's lower part; he fell: his arms
had looks so trim,
That Ajax needs would prove their spoil;
the Trojans pour'd on him
Whole storms of lances, large, and sharp,
of which a number stuck
In his rough shield; yet from the slain he
did his javelin pluck,
But could not from his shoulders force the
arms he did affect,
The Trojans with such drifts of darts the
body did protect;
And wisely Telamonius fear'd their valorous
defence, [with such expense
So many, and so strong of hand, stood in
Of deadly prowess; who repell'd, though
big, strong, bold, he were,
The famous Ajax, and their friend did from
his rapture bear.
Thus this place fill'd with strength of
fight, in th' army's other prease,
Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the son of
Hercules,
A cruel destiny inspired, with strong desire
to prove [son of cloudy Jove;
Encounter with Sarpedon's strength, the
Who, coming on to that stern end, had
chosen him his foe:
Thus Jove's great nephew, and his son,
'gainst one another go.
Tlepolemus, to make his end more worth
the will of fate, [the mortal state
Began as if he had her power, and shew'd
Of too much confidence in man, with this
superfluous brave: [humour drave
"Sarpedon, what necessity or needless
Thy form to these wars? which in heart I
know thou dost abhor, [counsellor?
A man not seen in deeds of arms, a Lycian
They lie that call thee son to Jove, since
Jove bred none so late;
The men of elder times were they, that his
high power begat,
Such men as had Herculean force. My
father Hercules
Was Jove's true issue; he was bold; his
deeds did well express
They sprung out of a lion's heart. He
whilom came to Troy
(For horse that Jupiter gave Tros, for
Ganymed, his boy),
With six ships only and few men, and
tore the city down,
Left all her broadways desolate, and made
the horse his own.
For thee, thy mind is ill disposed, thy
body's powers are poor,
And therefore are thy troops so weak; the
soldier evermore
Follows the temper of his chief; and thou
pull'st down a side.
But say thou art the son of Jove, and hast
thy means supplied

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With forces fitting his descent, the powers
that I compel
Shall throw thee hence, and make thy head
run ope the gates of hell."
Jove's Lycian issue answer'd him: "Tle-
polemus, 'tis true [threw;
Thy father holy Ilion in that sort over-
Th' injustice of the king was cause, that,
where thy father had
Used good deservings to his state, he
quitted him with bad.
Hesione, the joy and grace of king Lao-
medon,
Thy father rescued from a whale, and
gave to Telamon
In honour'd nuptials (Telamon, from whom
your strongest Greek
Boasts to have issued) and this grace might
well expect the like;
Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept,
against his oath, his horse,
And therefore both thy father's strength,
and justice, might enforce
The wreak he took on Troy; but this and
thy cause differ far.
Sons seldom heir their fathers' worths:
thou canst not make his war.
What thou assumest from him, is mine to be
on thee imposed."
With this, he threw an ashen dart; and
then Tlepolemus loosed
Another from his glorious hand. Both at
one instant flew,
Both strook, both wounded. From his
neck Sarpedon's javelin drew
The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the
midst it fell;
And what he threaten'd, th' other gave,
that darkness, and that hell.
Sarpedon's left thigh took the lance; it
pierced the solid bone,
And with his raging head ran through; but
Jove preserved his son.
The dart yet vex'd him bitterly, which
should have been pull'd out,
But none consider'd then so much, so
thick came on the rout,
And fill'd each hand so full of cause to ply
his own defence;
'Twas held enough, both fall'n, that both
were nobly carried thence.
Ulysses knew th' events of both, and
took it much to heart
That his friend's enemy should 'scape; and
in a twofold part
His thoughts contended, if he should
pursue Sarpedon's life,
Or take his friend's wreak on his men. Fate
did conclude this strife,
By whom 'twas otherwise decreed than
that Ulysses' steel
Should end Sarpedon. In this doubt
Minerva took the wheel
From fickle Chance, and made his mind
resolve to right his friend
With that blood he could surest draw.
Then did Revenge extend
Her full power on the multitude; then did
he never miss; [Prytanis,
Alastor, Halius, Chromius, Noemon,
Alcander, and a number more, he slew,
and more had slain,
If Hector had not understood; whose
power made in amain,
And strook fear through the Grecian troops,
but to Sarpedon gave
Hope of full rescue, who thus cried: "O
Hector! help and save
My body from the spoil of Greece, that to
your loved town
My friends may see me borne; and then let
earth possess her own
In this soil, for whose sake I left my
country's; for no day
Shall ever shew me that again, nor to my
wife display,
And young hope of my name, the joy of my
much thirsted sight;
All which I left for Troy, for them let Troy
then do this right."
To all this Hector gives no word; but
greedily he strives
With all speed to repel the Greeks, and
shed in floods their lives,
And left Sarpedon; but what face soever
he put on
Of following the common cause, he left
this prince alone
For his particular grudge, because, so late,
he was so plain
In his reproof before the host, and that did
he retain;
However, for example sake, he would not
shew it then,
And for his shame too, since 'twas just.
But good Sarpedon's men
Ventured themselves, and forced him off,
and set him underneath
The goodly beech of Jupiter, where now
they did unsheath
The ashen lance; strong Pelagon, his
friend, most loved, most true,
Enforced it from his maimed thigh; with
which his spirit flew,
And darkness over-flew his eyes; yet with
a gentle gale,
That round about the dying prince cool
Boreas did exhale,

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He was revived, recomforted, that else had grieved and died.
All this time flight drave to the fleet the Argives, who applied
No weapon 'gainst the proud pursuit, nor ever turn'd a head;
They knew so well that Mars pursued, and dreadful Hector led.
Then who was first, who last, whose lives the iron Mars did seize,
And Priam's Hector? Helenus, surnamed Œnopides;
Good Teuthras; and Orestes, skill'd in managing of horse;
Bold Œnomaus; and a man renown'd for martial force,
Trechus, the great Ætolian chief; Oresbius, that did wear [and dwelt near
The gaudy mitre, studied wealth extremely,
Th' Atlantic lake Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seat
The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,
It flew to heaven; Saturnia discern'd it, and cried out
To Pallas: "O unworthy sight! to see a field so fought,
And break our words to Sparta's king, that Ilion should be raced,
And he return revenged; when thus we see his Greeks disgraced,
And bear the harmful rage of Mars! Come, let us use our care,
That we dishonour not our powers." Minerva was as yare
As she at the despite of Troy. Her golden-bridled steeds
Then Saturn's daughter brought abroad; and Hebe, she proceeds
T' address her chariot; instantly she gives it either wheel,
Beam'd with eight spokes of sounding brass; the axle-tree was steel;
The fellffs incorruptible gold, their upper bands of brass,
Their matter most unvalued, their work of wondrous grace;
The naves, in which the spokes were driven, were all with silver bound;
The chariot's seat two hoops of gold and silver strengthen'd round,
Edged with a gold and silver fringe; the beam, that look'd before,
Was massy silver; on whose top, gears all of gold it wore,
And golden poitrils. Juno mounts, and her hot horses rein'd,
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complain'd.
Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she wove,
With glorious colours, as she sate on th' azure floor of Jove,
And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful field.
About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,
Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes; through it was drawn to life
The miseries and deaths of fight; in it frown'd bloody Strife,
In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell Pursuit flew,
In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view
Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she placed
His four-plumed glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast
It would a hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend.
Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;
And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,
With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,
And overturn whole fields of men, to show she was the seed
Of him that thunders. Then heaven's Queen, to urge her horses' speed,
Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly: the ample gates of heaven
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given,
With all Olympus, and the sky, to the distinguish'd Hours,*
That clear, or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down in showers.
This way their scourge-obeying horse made haste, and soon they won
The top of all the topful heavens, where aged Saturn's son
Sat sever'd from the other Gods; then stay'd the white-arm'd Queen
Her steeds, and ask'd of Jove, if Mars did not incense his spleen
With his foul deeds, in ruining so many and so great
In the command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heat?
At which, she said, Apollo laugh'd, and Venus, who still sue
To that mad God, for violence that never justice knew;

* The three Hours guardians of Heaven's gates.

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For whose impiety, she ask'd, if, with his wished love,
Herself might free the field of him? He bade her rather move
Athenia to the charge she sought, who used of old to be
The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoil as he.
This grace she slack'd not, but her horse scourged, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of stars and earth; and how far at a view
A man into the purple sea may from a hill descry,
So far a high-neighing horse of heaven at every jump would fly.*
Arrived at Troy, where, broke in curls, the two floods mix their force,
Scamander and bright Simois, Saturnia stay'd her horse,
Took them from chariot, and a cloud of mighty depth diffused
About them; and the verdant banks of Simois produced
In nature what they eat in heaven.† Then both the Goddesses
March'd, like a pair of timorous doves, in hasting their access
To th' Argive succour. Being arrived, where both the most and best
Were heap'd together (shewing all, like lions at a feast
Of new-slain carcases, or boars, beyond encounter strong)
There found they Diomed; and there, 'midst all th' admiring throng,
Saturnia put on Stentor's shape, that had a brazen voice, [she made a noise,
And spake as loud as fifty men; like whom
And chid the Argives: "O ye Greeks, in name and outward rite [what despite,
But princes only, not in act; what scandal,
Use ye to honour? All the time the great Æacides
Was conversant in arms, your fees durst not a foot address
Without their ports; so much they fear'd his lance that all controll'd,
And now they out-ray to your fleet." This did with shame make bold
The general spirit and power of Greece; when, with particular note
Of their disgrace, Athenia made Tydeus' issue hot.
She found him at his chariot, refreshing of his wound
Inflicted by slain Pandarus; his sweat did so abound,
It much annoy'd him, underneath the broad belt of his shield;
With which, and tired with his toil, his soul could hardly yield
His body motion. With his hand he lifted up the belt,
And wiped away that clotter'd blood the fervent wound did melt.
Minerva lean'd against his horse, and near their withers laid
Her sacred hand, then spake to him: "Believe me, Diomed,
Tydeus exampled not himself in thee his son; not great, [much heat,
But yet he was a soldier; a man of so
That in his ambassy for Thebes, when I forbad his mind
To be too venturous, and when feasts his heart might have declined,
With which they welcomed him, he made a challenge to the best,
And foil'd the best; I gave him aid, because the rust of rest,
That would have seized another mind, he suffer'd not, but used
The trial I made like a man, and their soft feasts refused.
Yet, when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort
That, I abetting thee, thou shouldst be to the Greeks a fort,
And a dismay to Ilion, yet thou obey'st in nought,
Afraid, or slothful, or else both; henceforth renounce all thought
That ever thou wert Tydeus' son." He answer'd her: "I know
Thou art Jove's daughter, and, for that, in all just duty owe
Thy speeches reverence, yet affirm ingenuously that fear
Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor sloth. I only bear

* How far a heavenly horse took at one reach or stroke in galloping or running; wherein Homer's mind is far from being expressed in his interpreters, all taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth; when instantly they came down to earth: τόσσον ἐπιβρώσκουσι, &c. *tantum uno saltu conficiunt, vel, tantum subsultim progrediuntur, deorum altizoni equi, &c., uno* being understood, and the horse's swiftness highly expressed. The sense, otherwise, is senseless and contradictory.

† Ἀμβροσίην is the original word, which Scaliger taxeth very learnedly, asking how the horse came by it on those banks, when the text tells him Simois produced it; being willing to express by hyperbole the delicacy of that soil. If not, I hope the Deities could ever command it.

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Thy charge in zealous memory, that I
should never war
With any blessed Deity, unless (exceeding
far
The limits of her rule) the Queen, that
governs chamber sport,
Should press to field; and her thy will
enjoin'd my lance to hurt.
But, he whose power hath right in arms,
I knew in person here,
Besides the Cyprian Deity; and therefore
did forbear,
And here have gather'd in retreat these
other Greeks you see,
With note and reverence of your charge."
"My dearest mind," said she,
"What then was fit is changed. 'Tis
true, Mars hath just rule in war,
But just war; otherwise he raves, not
fights. He's alter'd far.
He vow'd to Juno, and myself, that his
aid should be used
Against the Trojans, whom it guards;
and therein he abused
His rule in arms, infringed his word, and
made his war unjust.
He is inconstant, impious, mad. Resolve
then; firmly trust
My aid of thee against his worst, or any
Deity;
Add scourge to thy free horse, charge
home; he fights perfidiously."
This said; as that brave king, her
knight, with his horse-guiding friend,
Were set before the chariot, for sign he
should descend,
That she might serve for waggoness, she
pluck'd the waggoner back,
And up into his seat she mounts; the
beechen tree did crack
Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it
bore so huge a thing,
A Goddess so replete with power, and
such a puissant king.
She snatch'd the scourge up and the
reins, and shut her heavenly look
In Hell's vast helm from Mars his eyes;
and full career she took
At him, who then had newly slain the
mighty Periphas, [strongest was
Renown'd son to Ochesius, and far the
Of all th' Ætolians; to whose spoil the
bloody God was run.
But when this man-plague saw th' ap-
proach of god-like Tydeus' son,
He let his mighty Periphas lie, and in full
charge he ran
At Diomed; and he at him. Both near;
the God began,
And, thirsty of his blood, he throws a
brazen lance that bears
Full on the breast of Diomed, above the
reins and gears;
But Pallas took it on her hand, and strook
the eager lance
Beneath the chariot. Then the knight of
Pallas doth advance,
And cast a javelin off at Mars, Minerva
sent it on,
That, where his arming girdle girt, his
belly grazed upon,
Just at the rim, and ranch'd the flesh; the
lance again he got,
But left the wound, that stung him so, he
laid out such a throat
As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd
out all their breaths
In one confusion, having felt as many
sudden deaths.
The roar made both the hosts amazed.
Up flew the God to heaven;
And with him was through all the air as
black a tincture driven
To Diomed's eyes, as when the earth half-
choked with smoking heat
Of gloomy clouds, that stifle men, and
pitchy tempests threat,
Usher'd with horrid gusts of wind; with
such black vapours plumed,
Mars flew t' Olympus, and broad heaven,
and there his place resumed.
Sadly he went and sat by Jove, shew'd his
immortal blood,
That from a mortal-man-made wound
pour'd such an impious flood,
And weeping pour'd out these complaints:
"O Father, storm'st thou not
To see us take these wrongs from men?
extreme griefs we have got
Even by our own deep councils, held for
gratifying them;
And thou, our council's president, con-
cludest in this extreme
Of fighting ever; being ruled by one that
thou hast bred; [full of head
One never well, but doing ill; a girl so
That, though all other Gods obey, her
mad moods must command,
By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any
touch of hand,
Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a
spark of thee,
And therefore she may kindle rage in men
'gainst Gods, and she
May make men hurt Gods, and those
Gods that are besides thy seed.
First in the palm's hit Cyprides; then
runs the impious deed

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On my hurt person; and, could life give way to death in me,
Or had my feet not fetch'd me off, heaps of mortality
Had kept me consort." Jupiter, with a contracted brow,
Thus answer'd Mars: "Thou many minds, inconstant changeling thou,
Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods,
Inhabiting the starry hill, I hate; no periods
Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fights, and pitching fields;
Just of thy mother Juno's moods, stiff-neck'd, and never yields,
Though I correct her still, and chide, nor can forbear offence,
Though to her son; this wound I know tastes of her insolence;
But I will prove more natural; thou shalt be cured, because
Thou comest of me, but hadst thou been so cross to sacred laws,
Being borne to any other God, thou hadst been thrown from heaven
Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the giants driven."
This said, he gave his wound in charge to Pæon, who applied
Such sovereign medicines, that as soon the pain was qualified,
And he recured; as nourishing milk, when runnet is put in,
Runs all in heaps of tough thick curd, though in his nature thin,
Even so soon his wound's parted sides ran close in his recure;
For he, all deathless, could not long the parts of death endure.
Then Hebe bathed, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate
Exulting by his sire again, in top of all his state.
So, having, from the spoils of men, made his desired remove,
Juno and Pallas reascend the starry court of Jove.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks prevail, the slaughter'd Trojans yield.
Hector, by Helenus' advice, retires
In haste to Troy, and Hecuba desires
To pray Minerva to remove from fight
The son of Tydeus, her affected knight,
And vow to her, for favour of such price,
Twelve oxen should be slain in sacrifice.
In mean space Glaucus and Tydides meet;
And either other with remembrance greet
Of old love 'twixt their fathers, which inclines
Their hearts to friendship; who change arms for signs
Of a continued love for either's life.
Hector, in his return, meets with his wife,
And, taking in his armed arms his son,
He prophesies the fall of Ilion.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Zeta, Hector prophesies;
Prays for his son; wills sacrifice.

THE stern fight freed of all the Gods, conquest with doubtful wings
Flew on their lances; every way the restless field she flings
Betwixt the floods of Simois and Xanthus, that confined
All their affairs at Ilion, and round about them shined.
The first that weigh'd down all the field, of one particular side,
Was Ajax, son of Telamon; who, like a bulwark, plied
The Greeks' protection, and of Troy the knotty orders brake,
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make
Way to their conquest. He did wound the strongest man of Thrace,
The tallest and the biggest set, Eussorian Acamas;
His lance fell on his casque's plumed top, in stooping; the fell head
Drave through his forehead to his jaws; his eyes night shadowed.
Tydides slew Teuthranides Axylus, that did dwell
In fair Arisba's well-built towers. He had of wealth a well,
And yet was kind and bountiful; he would a traveller pray
To be his guest, his friendly house stood in the broad highway,
In which he all sorts nobly used; yet none of them would stand
'Twixt him and death; but both himself, and he that had command
Of his fair horse, Calesius, fell lifeless on the ground.
Euryalus, Opheltius and Dresus, dead did wound;
Nor ended there his fiery course, which he again begins, [twins,
And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of Æsepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good Bucolion
(That first call'd father, though base born, renown'd Laomedon)
On Nais Abarbarœa got, a nymph that, as she fed
Her curled flocks, Bucolion woo'd, and mix'd in love and bed.
Both these were spoil'd of arms and life, by Mecistiades.
Then Polypœtes, for stern death, Astyalus did seize;
Ulysses slew Percosius; Teucer Aretaön;
Antilochus (old Nestor's joy) Ablerus; the great son
Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose abode [river flow'd;
He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius'
The great heroe Læitus stay'd Phylacus in flight [reft of light.
From further life; Eurypylus, Melanthius
The brother to the king of men, Adrestus took alive;
Whose horse, affrighted with the flight, their driver now did drive
Amongst the low-grown tamarisk trees; and at an arm of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake; the horse brake loose, and ron
The same way other flyers fled, contending all to town;
Himself close at the chariot wheel, upon his face was thrown,
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust. Atrides inwards drave;
And, holding at his breast his lance, Adrestus sought to save

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His head by losing of his feet, and trusting to his knees; [hugs, and offers fees
On which the same parts of the king he
Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt: [a worthy weight
"Take me alive, O Atreus' son, and take
Of brass, elaborate iron, and gold:* a heap of precious things
Are in my father's riches hid, which, when your servant brings
News of my safety to his ears, he largely will divide
With your rare bounties." Atreus' son thought this the better side,
And meant to take it, being about to send him safe to fleet;
Which when, far off, his brother saw, he wing'd his royal feet,
And came in threatening, crying out: "O soft heart! what's the cause
Thou sparest these men thus? have not they observed these gentle laws
Of mild humanity to thee, with mighty argument
Why thou shouldst deal thus; in thy house, and with all precedent
Of honour'd guest-rites entertain'd? not one of them shall fly
A bitter end for it from heaven, and much less, dotingly,
'Scape our revengeful fingers; all, even th' infant in the womb, [no other tomb
Shall taste of what they merited, and have
Than razed Ilion; nor their race have more fruit than the dust."
This just cause turn'd his brother's mind, who violently thrust
The prisoner from him; in whose guts the king of men impress'd
His ashen lance, which (pitching down his foot upon the breast
Of him that upwards fell) he drew; then Nestor spake to all:
"O friends, and household men of Mars, let not your pursuit fall,
With those ye fell, for present spoil; nor, like the king of men,
Let any scape unfell'd; but on, despatch them all, and then
Ye shall have time enough to spoil." This made so strong their chase,
That all the Trojans had been housed, and never turn'd a face,
Had not the Priamist Helenus, an augur most of name, [Anchises' fame!
Will'd Hector and Æneas thus: "Hector!

* This Virgil imitates.

Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lies
Of Troy and Lycia (being both of noblest faculties
For counsel, strength of hand, and apt to take chance at her best
In every turn she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest,
By any way search'd out for 'scape, to come within the ports,
Lest, fled into their wives' kind arms, they there be made the sports
Of the pursuing enemy: exhort, and force your bands
To turn their faces; and, while we employ our ventured hands,
Though in a hard condition, to make the other stay,
Hector, go thou to Ilion, and our queen-mother pray
To take the richest robe she hath; the same that's chiefly dear
To her court fancy; with which gem, assembling more to her
Of Troy's chief matrons, let all go, for fear of all our fates,
To Pallas' temple, take the key, unlock the leavy gates,
Enter, and reach the highest tower, where her Palladium stands,
And on it put the precious veil with pure and reverend hands,
And vow to her, besides the gift, a sacrificing stroke [felt the yoke
Of twelve fat heifers of a year, that never (Most answering to her maiden state), if she will pity us,
Our town, our wives, our youngest joys, and him, that plagues them thus,
Take from the conflict, Diomed, that fury in a fight,
That true son of great Tydeus, that cunning lord of flight,
Whom I esteem the strongest Greek; for we have never fled
Achilles, that is prince of men, and whom a Goddess bred,
Like him; his fury flies so high, and all men's wraths commands."
Hector intends his brother's will, but first through all his bands
He made quick way, encouraging; and all, to fear afraid,
All turn'd their heads, and made Greece turn. Slaughter stood still dismay'd
On their parts, for they thought some God, fall'n from the vault of stars,
Was rush'd into the Ilions' aid, they made such dreadful wars.

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Thus Hector, toiling in the waves, and thrusting back the flood,
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: "So, so, now runs your blood
In his right current; forwards now, Trojans, and far-call'd friends!
Awhile hold out, till, for success to this your brave amends,
I haste to Ilion, and procure our counsellors and wives
To pray, and offer hecatombs, for their states in our lives."
Then fair-helm'd Hector turn'd to Troy, and, as he trode the field,
The black bull's hide, that at his back he wore about his shield,
In the extreme circumference, was with his gait so rock'd,
That, being large, it both at once his neck and ankles knock'd.
And now betwixt the hosts were met, Hippolochus' brave son,
Glaucus, who in his very look hope of some wonder won,
And little Tydeus' mighty heir; who seeing such a man
Offer the field, for usual blows, with wondrous words began:
"What art thou, strong'st of mortal men, that putt'st so far before,
Whom these fights never shew'd mine eyes? they have been evermore
Sons of unhappy parents born, that came within the length
Of this Minerva-guided lance, and durst close with the strength
That she inspires in me. If heaven be thy divine abode, [with any God
And thou a Deity thus inform'd, no more
Will I change lances. The strong son of Dryus did not live
Long after such a conflict dared, who godlessly did drive
Nysæus' nurses through the hill made sacred to his name,
And called Nysseius; with a goad he punch'd each furious dame,
And made them every one cast down their green and leavy spears.
This th' homicide Lycurgus did; and those ungodly fears,
He put the froes in, seized their God. Even Bacchus he did drive
From his Nysscius; who was fain, with huge exclaims, to dive
Into the ocean. Thetis there in her bright bosom took
The flying Deity; who so fear'd Lycurgus' threats, he shook.
For which the freely-living Gods so highly were incensed,
That Saturn's great son strook him blind, and with his life dispensed
But small time after; all because th' immortals loved him not,
Nor loved him since he strived with them; and his end hath begot
Fear in my powers to fight with heaven. But, if the fruits of earth
Nourish thy body, and thy life be of our human birth,
Come near, that thou may'st soon arrive on that life-bounding shore,
To which I see thee hoise such sail."
"Why dost thou so explore,"
Said Glaucus, "of what race I am, when like the race of leaves
The race of man is, that deserves no question; nor receives
My being any other breath: The wind in autumn strows
The earth with old leaves; then the spring the woods with new endows;
And so death scatters men on earth, so life puts out again
Man's leavy issue. But my race, if, like the course of men,
Thou seek'st in more particular terms, 'tis this, to many known:
In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands a walled town,
Ephyre, where the mansion-house of Sisyphus did stand, [land.
Of Sisyphus-Æolides, most wise of all the
Glaucus was son to him, and he begat Bellerophon,
Whose body heaven endued with strength, and put a beauty on,
Exceeding lovely. Prætus yet his cause of love did hate,
And banish'd him the town; he might; he ruled the Argive state.
The virtue of the one Jove placed beneath the other's power.
His exile grew, since he denied to be the paramour
Of fair Anteia, Prætus' wife, who felt a raging fire
Of secret love to him; but he, whom wisdom did inspire
As well as prudence (one of them advising him to shun
The danger of a princess' love, the other not to run
Within the danger of the Gods, the act being simply ill),
Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdued the earthly still.

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She, ruled by neither of his wits, preferr'd
her lust to both,
And, false to Prætus, would seem true,
with this abhorr'd untroth :
" Prætus, or die thyself," said she, " or let
Bellerophon die.
He urged dishonour to thy bed ; which
since I did deny,
He thought his violence should grant, and
sought thy shame by force."*
The king, incensed with her report, re-
solved upon her course ;
But doubted how it should be run ; he
shunn'd his death direct ;
(Holding a way so near not safe) and
plotted the effect
By sending him with letters seal'd (that,
open'd, touch his life) [his wife.
To Rheuns king of Lycia, and father to
He went ; and happily he went ; the Gods
walk'd all his way ;
And being arrived in Lycia, where Xanthus
doth display
The silver ensigns of his waves, the king of
that broad land
Received him with a wondrous free and
honourable hand.
Nine days he feasted him, and kill'd an ox
in every day,
In thankful sacrifice to heaven, for his fair
guest ; whose stay,
With rosy fingers, brought the world, the
tenth well-welcomed morn,
And then the king did move to see the
letters he had borne
From his loved son-in-law ; which seen, he
wrought thus their contents :
Chimæra, the invincible, he sent him to
convince,
Sprung from no man, but mere divine ; a
lion's shape before,
Behind a dragon's, in the midst a goat's
shagg'd form, she bore,
And flames of deadly fervency flew from
her breath and eyes ;
Yet her he slew ; his confidence in sacred
prodigies
Render'd him victor. Then he gave his
second conquest way
Against the famous Solymi, when (he
himself would say,
Reporting it) he enter'd on a passing
vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approved against
a woman's spite,
That fill'd a field of Amazons ; he overcame
them all.
Then set they on him sly Deceit, when
Force had such a fall ;
An ambush of the strongest men, that
spacious Lycia bred,
Was lodged for him ; whom he lodged
sure: they never raised a head.
His deeds thus showing him derived from
some celestial race,
The king detain'd, and made amends,
with doing him the grace
Of his fair daughter's princely gift ; and
with her, for a dower,
Gave half his kingdom ; and to this, the
Lycians on did pour
More than was given to any king ; a goodly
planted field,
In some parts thick of groves and woods,
the rest rich crops did yield.
This field the Lycians futurely (of future
wanderings there
And other errors of their prince, in the
unhappy rear
Of his sad life) the Errant call'd. The
princess brought him forth
Three children (whose ends grieved him
more, the more they were of worth)
Isander, and Hippolochus, and fair Lao-
domy,
With whom, even Jupiter himself left
heaven itself, to lie,
And had by her the man at arms, Sarpedon,
call'd divine.
The Gods then left him, lest a man should
in their glories shine,
And set against him ; for his son, Isandrus,
in a strife [light and life ;
Against the valiant Solymi, Mars reft of
Laodamia, being envied of all the
Goddesses,
The golden-bridle-handling Queen, the
maiden Patroness,

* *Bellerophontis literæ. Ad. Eras.* This long speech many critics tax as untimely, being, as they take it, in the heat of fight; Hier. Vida, a late observer, being eagerest against Homer. Whose ignorance in this I cannot but note, and prove to you; for, besides the authority and office of a poet, to vary and quicken his poem with these episodes, sometimes beyond the leisure of their actions, the critic notes not how far his forerunner prevents his worst as far; and sets down his speech at the sudden and strange turning of the Trojan field, set on a little before by Hector; and that so fiercely, it made an admiring stand among the Grecians, and therein gave fit time for these great captains to utter their admirations, the whole field in that part being to stand like their commanders. And then how full of decorum this gallant show and speech was to sound standings, I leave only to such, and let ics go cavil.

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Slew with an arrow; and for this he
wander'd evermore
Alone through his Aleian field, and fed
upon the core
Of his sad bosom, flying all the loathed
consorts of men.
Yet had he one survived to him, of those
three childeren,
Hippolochus, the root of me; who sent
me here, with charge
That I should always bear me well, and
my deserts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar; lest I shamed my race,
that far excell'd
All that Ephyra's famous towers, or ample
Lycia held.
This is my stock, and this am I." This
cheer'd Tydides' heart,
Who pitch'd his spear down, lean'd,
and talk'd in this affectionate part:
"Certes, in thy great ancestor, and in
mine own, thou art
A guest of mine, right ancient: king
Oeneus twenty days
Detain'd, with feasts Bellerophon, whom
all the world did praise:
Betwixt whom mutual gifts were given:
my grandsire gave to thine
A girdle of Phœnician work, impurpled
wondrous fine.
Thine gave a two-neck'd jug of gold,
which, though I use not here,
Yet still it is my gem at home. But, if our
fathers were
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not,
since my sire
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes, where
he left his life's fire.
But let us prove our grandsires' sons, and
be each other's guests.
To Lycia when I come, do thou receive thy
friend with feasts;
Peloponnesus, with the like, shall thy
wish'd presence greet.
Mean space, shun we each other here,
though in the press we meet.
There are enow of Troy beside, and men
enow renown'd,
To right my powers, whom ever heaven
shall let my lance confound.
So are there of the Greeks for thee; kill
who thou canst. And now,
For sign of amity 'twixt us, and that all
these may know
We glory in th' hospitious rites our grand-
sires did commend,
Change we our arms before them all."
From horse then both descend,
Join hands, give faith, and take; and then
did Jupiter* elate
The mind of Glaucus, who, to show his
reverence to the state
Of virtue in his grandsire's heart, and gra-
tulate beside
The offer of so great a friend, exchanged,
in that good pride,
Curets of gold for those of brass, that did
on Diomed shine,
One of a hundred oxen's price, the other
but of nine.
By this, had Hector reach'd the ports of
Scæa, and the towers.
About him flock'd the wives of Troy, the
children, paramours,
Inquiring how their husbands did, their
fathers, brothers, loves.
He stood not then to answer them, but
said: "It now behoves
Ye should go all t' implore the aid of
heaven, in a distress
Of great effect, and imminent." Then
hasted he access
To Priam's goodly builded court, which
round about was run
With walking porches, galleries, to keep
off rain and sun.
Within, of one side, on a rew, of sundry-
colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for
Priam's fifty sons,
And for as fair sort of their wives; and, in
the opposite view,
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height,
were likewise built arew,
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives,
twelve princes, sons in law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met
Hecuba,
The loving mother, her great son; and
with her needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright
Laodice.
The queen gript hard her Hector's hand,
and said: "O worthiest son,
Why leavest thou field? is't not because
the cursed nation

* Φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεύς, *Mentem adernit Jup.*, the text hath it; which only I alter of all Homer's original, since Plutarch against the Stoics excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus. Spondanus likewise encouraging my alterations, which I use for the loved and simple nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrary to others that, for the supposed folly in Glaucus, turned his change into a proverb, χρύσεα χαλκείων, golden for brazen.

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Afflict our countrymen and friends? they
are their moans that move
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands, in
his high tower, to Jove.
But stay a little, that myself may fetch our
sweetest wine
To offer first to Jupiter; then that these
joints of thine
May be refresh'd; for, woe is me, how
thou art toil'd and spent!
Thou for our city's general state, thou for
our friends far sent,
Must now the press of fight endure; now
solitude, to call [us all.
Upon the name of Jupiter; thou only for
But wine will something comfort thee; for
to a man dismay'd
With careful spirits, or too much with
labour overlaid,
Wine brings much rescue, strengthening
much the body and the mind."
The great helm-mover thus received the
authoress of his kind:
"My royal mother, bring no wine; lest
rather it impair
Than help my strength, and make my
mind forgetful of th' affair
Committed to it; and (to pour it out in
sacrifice)
I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the
pure-lived Deities.
Nor is it lawful, thus imbrued with blood
and dust, to prove
The will of heaven, or offer vows to cloud-
compelling Jove.
I only come to use your pains (assembling
other dames,
Matrons, and women honour'd most, with
high and virtuous names)
With wine and odours, and a robe most
ample, most of price,
And which is dearest in your love, to offer
sacrifice
In Pallas' temple; and to put the precious
robe ye bear
On her Palladium; vowing all, twelve
oxen of a year,
Whose necks were never wrung with yoke,
shall pay her grace their lives,
If she will pity our sieged town; pity our-
selves, our wives;
Pity our children; and remove, from
sacred Ilion,
The dreadful soldier Diomed. And, when
yourselves are gone
About this work, myself will go, to call
into the field,
If he will hear me, Helen's love; whom
would the earth would yield,
And headlong take into her gulf, even
quick before mine eyes;
For then my heart, I hope, would cast her
load of miseries,
Borne for the plague he hath been born,
and bred to the deface,
By great Olympius, of Troy, our sire, and
all our race."
This said, grave Hecuba went home,
and sent her maids about,
To bid the matrons: she herself de-
scended, and search'd out,
Within a place that breathed perfumes,
the richest robe she had;
Which lay with many rich ones more,
most curiously made
By women of Sidonia; which Paris brought
from thence,
Sailing the broad sea, when he made that
voyage of offence,
In which he brought home Helena. That
robe, transferr'd so far
(That was the undermost), she took; it
glitter'd like a star;
And with it went she to the fane, with
many ladies more;
Amongst whom fair-cheek'd Theano un-
lock'd the folded door;
Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and of
Cisseus' race, [king of Thrace.
Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great
Her th' Ilions made Minerva's priest; and
her they follow'd all
Up to the temple's highest tower; where
on their knees they fall,
Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with
ladies' piteous cries.
Then lovely Theano took the veil, and
with it she implies
The great Palladium, praying thus:
"Goddess of most renown
In all the heaven of Goddesses, great
guardian of our town,
Reverend Minerva, break the lance of
Diomed, cease his grace,
Give him to fall in shameful flight, head-
long, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion, that instantly
we may,
Twelve unyoked oxen of a year, in this
thy temple slay,
To thy sole honour; take their bloods,
and banish our offence;
Accept Troy's zeal, her wives', and save
our infants' innocence."
She pray'd, but Pallas would not grant.
Mean space was Hector come
Where Alexander's lodgings were; that
many a goodly room

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Had built in them by architects, of Troy's
most curious sort,
And were no lodgings, but a house; nor
no house, but a court;
Or had all these contain'd in them; and
all within a tower,
Next Hector's lodgings and the king's.
The loved of heaven's chief Power,
Hector, here enter'd. In his hand a
goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the brazen head went
shining in before,
Help'd with a burnish'd ring of gold. He
found his brother then
Amongst the women; yet prepared to go
amongst the men,
For in their chamber he was set, trimming
his arms, his shield,
His curets, and was trying how his crooked
bow would yield
To his straight arms. Amongst her maids
was set the Argive Queen,
Commanding them in choicest works.
When Hector's eye had seen
His brother thus accompanied, and that
he could not bear
The very touching of his arms but where
the women were,
And when the time so needed men, right
cunningly he chid.
That he might do it bitterly, his cowardice
he hid,
That simply made him so retired, beneath
an anger, feign'd
In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens
sustain'd
Against him, for the foil he took in their
cause; and again,
For all their general foils in his. So
Hector seems to plain
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and
not his cowardice;*
As that were it that shelter'd him in his
effeminacies,
And kept him, in that dangerous time
from their fit aid in fight;
For which he chid thus: "Wretched
man! so timeless is thy spite
That 'tis not honest; and their hate is just,
'gainst which it bends.
War burns about the town for thee; for
thee our slaughter'd friends
Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose
heaps our high walls
Are overlook'd by enemies; the sad sounds
of their falls
Without, are echo'd with the cries of wives
and babes within; [cannot win
And all for thee; and yet for them thy honour
Head of thine anger. Thou should'st need
no spirit to stir up thine,
But thine should set the rest on fire, and
with a rage divine
Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbears.
Come forth, lest thy fair towers and Troy
be burn'd about thine ears."
Paris acknowledged, as before, all just
that Hector spake,
Allowing justice, though it were for his
injustice sake,
And where his brother put a wrath upon
him by his art,
He takes it, for his honour's sake, as
sprung out of his heart,
And rather would have anger seem his
fault than cowardice;
And thus he answer'd: "Since, with right,
you join'd check with advice,
And I hear you, give equal ear: It is not
any spleen
Against the town, as you conceive, that
makes me so unseen,
But sorrow for it; which to ease, and by
discourse digest
Within myself, I live so close; and yet,
since men might wrest
My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her
advice inclined
This my addression to the field; which
was mine own free mind,
As well as th' instance of her words; for
though the foil were mine,
Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns.
Stay then this haste of thine
But till I arm, and I am made a consort
for thee straight;—
Or go, I'll overtake thy haste." Helen
stood at receipt,
And took up all great Hector's powers, t'
attend her heavy words,
By which had Paris no reply. This vent
her grief affords:
"Brother (if I may call you so, that had
been better born
A dog, than such a horrid dame, as all
men curse and scorn,
A mischief-maker, a man-plague) O would
to God, the day
That first gave light to me, had been a
whirlwind in my way,

* Hector dissembles the cowardice he finds in Paris; turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Trojans for hating him, being conquered by Menelaus, when it is for his effeminacy. Which is all paraphrastical in my translation.

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And borne me to some desert hill, or hid
me in the rage
Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I
should thus engage
The dear lives of so many friends: yet
since the Gods have been
Helpless foreseers of my plagues, they
might have likewise seen
That he they put in yoke with me, to bear
out their award,
Had been a man of much more spirit, and,
or had noblier dared
To shield mine honour with his deed; or
with his mind had known
Much better the upbraids of men; that so
he might have shown
(More like a man) some sense of grief for
both my shame and his.
But he is senseless, nor conceives what
any manhood is,
Nor now, nor ever after will; and there-
fore hangs, I fear,
A plague above him. But come near,
good brother; rest you here,
Who, of the world of men, stands charged
with most unrest for me,
Vile wretch, and for my lover's wrong;
on whom a destiny
So bitter is imposed by Jove, that all
succeeding times
Will put, to our unended shames, in all
men's mouths our crimes."
He answer'd: "Helen, do not seek to
make me sit with thee;
I must not stay, though well I know thy
honour'd love of me.
My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in
whom my absence breathes
Longings to see me; for whose sakes,
importune thou to deeds
This man by all means, that your care may
make his own make haste,
And meet me in the open town, that all
may see at last
He minds his lover. I myself will now go
home, and see
My household, my dear wife, and son,
that little hope of me;
For, sister, 'tis without my skill, if I shall
evermore [right in me, restore.
Return, and see them, or to earth, her
The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks."
This said, he went to see
The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-
arm'd Andromache.
She, with her infant son and maid, was
climb'd the tower, about
The sight of him that sought for her, weep-
ing and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was
going forth; retired;
Stood in the gate; her woman call'd, and
curiously inquired
Where she was gone; bade tell him true, if
she were gone to see
His sisters, or his brothers' wives; or
whether she should be
At temple with the other dames, t' implore
Minerva's ruth.
Her woman answer'd; since he ask'd,
and urged so much the truth,
The truth was she was neither gone, to see
his brothers' wives,
His sisters, nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas
on their lives;
But she (advertised of the bane Troy
suffer'd, and how vast
Conquest had made herself for Greece) like
one distraught, made haste
To ample Ilion with her son, and nurse,
and all the way
Mourn'd, and dissolved in tears for him.
Then Hector made no stay,
But trod her path, and through the streets,
magnificently built,
All the great city pass'd, and came where,
seeing how blood was spilt,
Andromache might see him come; who
made as he would pass
The ports without saluting her, not know-
ing where she was.
She, with his sight, made breathless haste,
to meet him; she, whose grace
Brought him withal so great a dower; she
that of all the race
Of king Aetion only lived; Aetion whose
house stood
Beneath the mountain Placius, environ'd
with the wood
Of Theban Hypoplace, being court to the
Cilician land.
She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of
heart and hand,
Her son, borne in his nurse's arms; when,
like a heavenly sign,
Compact of many golden stars, the princely
child did shine,
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius; but
whom the town did name [same.
Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet
smiled upon his joy.
Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and
to the strength of Troy
Thus wept forth her affection: "O noblest
in desire,
Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will
set thyself on fire:

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Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be,
If now thou issue; all the field will only run on thee.
Better my shoulders underwent the earth, than thy decease;
For then would earth bear joys no more; then comes the black increase
Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion). Alas, what one survives
To be my refuge? one black day bereft seven brothers' lives,
By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breathed his last,
His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes* sack'd by him, and laid waste;
The royal body yet he left unspoil'd; Religion charm'd
That act of spoil; and all in fire he burn'd him complete arm'd;
Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round with elms; by which is shown,
In theirs, the barrenness of death; yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of storms and tempests, used to hurt things of that noble kind.
The short life yet my mother lived he saved, and served his mind
With all the riches of the realm; which not enough esteem'd,
He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth, redeem'd;
And she, in sylvan Hypoplace, Cilicia ruled again,
But soon was overruled by death; Diana's chaste disdain
Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet, all these gone from me,
Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes still my father be,
My mother, brothers; and besides thou art my husband too,
Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go,
For thou gone, all these go again; pity our common joy,
Lest, of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy,
Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge: stay, stay then, in this tower,
And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired power;
For there the wall is easiest scaled, and fittest for surprise, [Diomed, thrice
And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides,
Have both survey'd and made attempt; I know not if induced
By some wise augur, or the fact was naturally infused
Into their wits, or courages." To this, great Hector said:
"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weigh'd.
But what a shame and fear it is to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands, and her wives, whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow;
When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,
Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes),
As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring;*
Which howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing

* Thebes, a most rich city of Cilicia.

* The names of two fountains: of which one in Thessaly, the other near Argos, or, according to others, in Peloponnesus or Lacedæmon.

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She will be mistress; whose cursed hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies)
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's wife,
A man that, at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,
To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints, and plight."
This said, he reach'd to take his son; who, of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse, and cried. [doff'd, and laid aside
Laughter affected his great sire, who
His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he used,
And all the other bench of Gods: "O you that have infused
Soul to this infant, now set down this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;
And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquer'd field
Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds exceed his father's worth.'
And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother with my life." This said, th' heroic sire
Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes fresh streams of love's salt fire
Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows comprised the sum of all he did beseech
In her wish'd comfort. So she took into her odorous breast
Her husband's gift; who, moved to see her heart so much oppress'd,
He dried her tears, and thus desired: "Afflict me not, dear wife,
With these vain griefs. He doth not live, that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate; and Fate, whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born, the best must die.
Go home, and set thy housewifery on these extremes of thought;
And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing nought.
These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men, and me
In whom, of all the Ilion race, they take their highest degree."
On went his helm; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears;
When every fear turn'd back her looks, and every look shed tears.
Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon reach'd, her many women there
Wept all to see her: in his life great Hector's funerals were;
Never look'd any eye of theirs to see their lord safe home,
Scaped from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come
From his high towers; who made no stay, when once he had put on
His richest armour, but flew forth; the flints he trod upon
Sparkled with lustre of his arms; his long-ebb'd spirits now flow'd
The higher for their lower ebb. *And as a fair steed, proud
With full-given mangers, long tied up, and now, his head-stall broke,
He breaks from stable, runs the field, and with an ample stroke
Measures the centre, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head,
About his shoulders shakes his crest, and where he hath been fed,
Or in some calm flood wash'd, or, stung with his high plight, he flies
Amongst his females, strength put forth, his beauty beautifies,
And, like life's mirror, bears his gait; so Paris from the tower
Of lofty Pergamus came forth; he shew'd a sun-like power
In carriage of his goodly parts, address'd now to the strife; [he left his wife.
And found his noble brother near the place
Him, thus respected, he salutes: "Right worthy, I have fear
That your so serious haste to field, my stay hath made forbear,

* His simile, high and expressive; which Virgil almost word for word hath translated.

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And that I come not as you wish." He answer'd: "Honour'd man,
Be confident; for not myself, nor any others, can
Reprove in thee the work of fight, at least, not any such
As is an equal judge of things; for thou hast strength as much
As serves to execute a mind very important; but
Thy strength too readily flies off, enough wi'l is not put
To thy ability. My heart is in my mind's strife sad,
When Troy (out of her much distress, she and her friends have had
By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblesse in mine ears.
But come, hereafter we shall calm these hard conceits of theirs,
When, from their ports the foe expulsed, high Jove to them hath given
Wish'd peace, and us free sacrifice to all the powers of heaven."

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

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THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

HECTOR, by Helenus' advice, doth seek
Adventurous combat on the boldest Greek.
Nine Greeks stand up, acceptants every one,
But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon.
Both, with high honour, stand th' important fight,
Till heralds part them by approached night.
Lastly, they grave the dead. The Greeks erect
A mighty wall, their navy to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Jove, by hapless signs,
In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Eta, Priam's strongest son
Combats with Ajax Telamon.

THIS said, brave Hector through the ports, with Troy's bane-bringing knight,
Made issue to th' insatiate field, resolved to fervent fight.
And as the weather-wielder sends to seamen prosperous gales,
When with their sallow-polish'd oars, long lifted from their falls,
Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil, can scarce strike one stroke more;
Like those sweet winds appear'd these lords, to Trojans tired before.
Then fell they to the works of death. By Paris' valour fell
King Arëithous' hapless son, that did in Arna dwell,
Menesthius, whose renowned sire a club did ever bear,
And of Phylomedusa gat, that had her eyes so clear,
This slaughter'd issue. Hector's dart strook Eioneus dead;
Beneath his good steel casque it pierced, above his gorget stead.
Glaucus, Hippolochus his son, that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades with sudden javelin slew,
As he was mounting to his horse; his shoulders took the spear,
And ere he sate, in tumbling down, his powers dissolved were.
When grey-eyed Pallas had perceived the Greeks so fall in fight,
From high Olympus' top she stoop'd, and did on Ilion light.
Apollo, to encounter her, to Pergamus did fly,
From whence he, looking to the field, wish'd Trojans' victory.
At Jove's broad beech these godheads met; and first Jove's son objects:
"Why, burning in contention thus, do thy extreme affects
Conduct thee from our peaceful hill? is it to oversway [Greeks the day?
The doubtful victory of fight, and give the
Thou never pitiest perishing Troy: yet now let me persuade,
That this day no more mortal wounds may either side invade.
Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall apply the fight, [turn it quite."
Since your immortal wills resolve to over-
Pallas replied: "It likes me well; for this came I from heaven;
But to make either army cease, what order shall be given?"
He said: "We will direct the spirit, that burns in Hector's breast,
To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers impress'd;
Which Greeks, admiring, will accept, and make some one stand out
So stout a challenge to receive, with a defence as stout."
It is confirm'd; and Helenus (king Priam's loved seed)
By augury discern'd th' event that these two powers decreed,
And greeting Hector ask'd him this: "Wilt thou be once advised?
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly prized.
Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to cease this public fight,
And what Greek bears the greatest mind, to single strokes excite.

* These next four books have not my last hand; and because the rest (for a time) will be sufficient to employ your censures, suspend them of these: spare not the other.

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I promise thee that yet thy soul shall not
descend to fates;
So heard I thy survival cast, by the celestial
States."
Hector with glad allowance gave his
brother's counsel ear,
And, fronting both the hosts, advanced
just in the midst his spear.
The Trojans instantly surcease; the
Greeks Atrides stay'd.
The God that bears the silver bow, and
war's triumphant Maid,
On Jove's beech like two vultures sat,
pleased to behold both parts
Flow in to hear, so sternly arm'd with
huge shields, helms, and darts.
And such fresh horror as you see, driven
through the wrinkled waves
By rising Zephyr, under whom the sea
grows black, and raves;
Such did the hasty gathering troops of
both hosts make to hear;
Whose tumult settled, 'twixt them both,
thus spake the challenger:
"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd
Greeks, what my strong mind, diffused
Through all my spirits, commands me
speak: Saturnius hath not used
His promised favour for our truce, but,
studying both our ills,
Will never cease, till Mars, by you, his
ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy, or we consume your
mighty sea-borne fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in
reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all, whose breast includes
the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all
the rest design'd.
Before whom thus I call high Jove, to
witness of our strife:—
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th'
exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey
them to his tent,
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's
two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile. If I can
slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil
his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in
Apollo's shrine [body I'll resign
I'll hang them, as my trophies due; his
To be disposed by his friends in flamy
funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb, where
Hellespontus falls
Into Ægæum, and doth reach even t
your naval road,
That, when our beings in the earth sha
hide their period,
Survivors, sailing the black sea, may thu
his name renew:
'This is his monument, whose blood lon
since did fates imbrue,
Whom, passing far in fortitude, illustrat
Hector slew,'
This shall posterity report, and my fam
never die." [they shamed to deny
This said, dumb silence seized them all
And fear'd to undertake. At last di
Menelaus speak.
Check'd their remissness, and so sigh'd
as if his heart would break:
"Ay me! But only threatening Greeks
not worthy Grecian names!*
This more and more, not to be borne
makes grow our huge defames,
If Hector's honourable proof be entertain'
by none. [symbolized in one
But you are earth and water all, which
Have framed your faint unfiery spirits; y
sit without your hearts,
Grossly inglorious; but myself will us
acceptive darts,
And arm against him, though you thin
I arm 'gainst too much odds;
But conquest's garlands hang aloft, amongs
th' immortal Gods."
He arm'd, and gladly would have
fought: but, Menelaus, then,
By Hector's far more strength, thy soul
had fled th' abodes of men,
Had not the kings of Greece stood up,
and thy attempt restrain'd;
And even the king of men himself, that in
such compass reign'd,
Who took him by the bold right hand,
and sternly pluck'd him back:
"Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou
seek'st thy wilful wrack:
Contain, though it despite thee much, no
for this strife engage
Thy person with a man more strong, and
whom all fear t' enrage;
Yea whom Æacides himself, in men-
renowning war,
Makes doubt t' encounter, whose huge
strength surpasseth thine by far.
Sit thou then by thy regiment; some othe
Greek will rise
(Though he be dreadless, and no war will
his desires suffice,

* *O vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges*
saith his imitator.

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That makes this challenge to our strength) our valours to avow ;
To whom, if he can scape with life, he will be glad to bow."
This drew his brother from his will, who yielded, knowing it true,
And his glad soldiers took his arms ; when Nestor did pursue
The same reproof he set on foot, and thus supplied his turn :
"What huge indignity is this ! How will our country mourn !
Old Peleus that good king will weep, that worthy counsellor,
That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did ask me for
All men of name that went to Troy ; with joy he did inquire
Their valour and their towardness, and I made him admire.
But, that ye all fear Hector now, if his grave ears shall hear,
How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may bear
His grieved soul into the deep ! O would to heaven's great King,
Minerva, and the God of light, that now my youthful spring*
Did flourish in my willing veins, as when at Phæa's towers,
About the streams of Jardanus, my gather'd Pylean powers,
And dart-employ'd Arcadians, fought, near raging Celadon :
Amongst whom, first of all stood forth great Ereuthalion,
Who th' arms of Areithous wore, brave Areithous,
And, since he still fought with a club, surnamed Clavigerus,
All men, and fair-girt ladies both, for honour call'd him so.
He fought not with a keep-off spear, or with a far-shot bow,
But, with a massy club of iron, he brake through armed bands.
And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands ;
With sleight (encountering in a lane, where his club wanted sway)
He thrust him through his spacious waist ; who fell, and upwards lay,
In death not bowing his face to earth ; his arms he did despoil,
Which iron Mars bestow'd on him ; and those, in Mars his toil,
Lycurgus ever after wore ; but, when he aged grew,
Enforced to keep his peaceful house, their use he did renew [loved well ;
On mighty Ereuthalion's limbs, his soldier,
And with these arms he challenged all, that did in arms excel ;
All shook, and stood dismay'd, none durst his adverse champion make.
Yet this same forward mind of mine, of choice, would undertake
To fight with all his confidence ; though youngest enemy [with him, I,
Of all the army we conduct ; yet I fought
Minerva made me so renown'd, and that most tall strong peer
I slew ; his big bulk lay on earth, extended here and there, [everywhere.
As it were covetous to spread the centre
O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound,
Soon should bold Hector be impugn'd : yet you that most are crown'd
With fortitude of all our host, even you methinks are slow,
Not free, and set on fire with lust, t' encounter such a foe." [for the first ;
With this, nine royal princes rose. Atrides
Then Diomed ; th' Ajaces then, that did th' encounter thirst ;
King Idomen and his consorts ; Mars-like Meriones ; [monides,
Evemon's son, Eurypylus ; and Andræ-
Whom all the Grecians Thoas call'd, sprung of Andræmon's blood ;
And wise Ulysses ; every one, proposed for combat, stood.
Again Gerenius Nestor spake : "Let lots be drawn by all ;
His hand shall help the well-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall,
And to his wish shall he be help'd, if he escape with life
The harmful danger-breathing fit of this adventurous strife."
Each mark'd his lot, and cast it in to Agamemnon's casque.
The soldiers pray'd, held up their hands, and this of Jove did ask,
With eyes advanced to heaven : "O Jove, so lead the herald's hand,
That Ajax, or great Tydeus' son, may our wish'd champion stand,
Or else the king himself that rules the rich Mycenian land."
This said, old Nestor mix'd the lots : the foremost lot survey'd
With Ajax Telamon was sign'd, as all the soldiers pray'd ;

* "O si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos
Qualis eram," &c.

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One of the heralds drew it forth, who
brought and shew'd it round,
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the
most renown'd.
None knowing it, every man denied; but
when he forth did pass
To him which mark'd and cast it in, which
famous Ajax was,
He stretch'd his hand, and into it the herald
put the lot, [duke denied not,
Who, viewing it, th' inscription knew; the
But joyfully acknowledged it, and threw it
at his feet,
And said: "O friends, the lot is mine,
which to my soul is sweet;
For now I hope my fame shall rise, in
noble Hector's fall.
But, whilst I arm myself, do you on great
Saturnius call,
But silently, or to yourselves, that not a
Trojan hear;
Or openly, if you think good, since none
alive we fear.
None with a will, if I will not, can my
bold powers affright,
At least for plain fierce swinge of strength,
or want of skill in fight;
For I will well prove that my birth, and
breed in Salamine
Was not all consecrate to meat, or mere
effects of wine."
This said, the well-given soldiers pray'd;
up went to heaven their eyne:
"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, most
happy, most divine,
Send victory to Ajax' side; fame, grace
his goodly limb;
Or (if thy love bless Hector's life, and thou
hast care of him),
Bestow on both like power, like fame."
This said, in bright arms shone
The good strong Ajax; who, when all his
war attire was on,
March'd like the hugely-figured Mars, when
angry Jupiter
With strength, on people proud of strength,
sends him forth to infer
Wreakful contention, and comes on with
presence full of fear;
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did 'twixt
the hosts appear;
Smiled; yet of terrible aspect; on earth,
with ample pace,
He boldly stalk'd, and shook aloft his dart
with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heart-
quakes shook the joints
Of all the Trojans. Hector's self felt
thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosom; but he now must
make no counterflight,
Nor, with his honour, now refuse, that had
provoked the fight.
Ajax came near; and like a tower, his
shield his bosom barr'd,
The right side brass, and seven ox-hides
within it quilted hard;*
Old Tychius, the best currier, that did in
Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proof, and
wrought it wondrous well.
With this stood he to Hector close, and
with this brave began:
"Now, Hector, thou shalt clearly know,
thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arm our host, besides
great Thetis' son,
Who with his hardy lion's heart hath
armies overrun;
But he lies at our crook'd-stern'd fleet, a
rival with our king
In height of spirit; yet to Troy he many
knights did bring,
Coequal with Æacides, all able to sustain
All thy bold challenge can import: begin
then, words are vain."
The helm-graced Hector answer'd him:
"Renowned Telamon,
Prince of the soldiers came from Greece,
assay not me like one
Young and immartial, with great words, as
to an Amazon dame;
I have the habit of all fights, and know
the bloody frame
Of every slaughter; I well know the ready
right hand charge,
I know the left, and every sway of my
secureful targe;
I triumph in the cruelty of fixed combat
fight,
And manage horse to all designs; I think
then with good right
I may be confident as far as this my
challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne
out with empty shows.
But, being a soldier so renown'd, I will not
work on thee
With least advantage of that skill I know
doth strengthen me,
And so, with privity of sleight, win that for
which I strive,
But at thy best, even open strength, if my
endeavours thrive."

* Hinc illud: Dominus clypei septemplicis Ajax.

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Thus sent his long javelin forth: it strook his foe's huge shield
Near to the upper skirt of brass, which was the eighth it held.
Six folds th' untamed dart strook through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was check'd: then Ajax threw; his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his cuirass shirt of mail,
And did his manly stomach's mouth with dangerous taint assail;
But, in the bowing of himself, black death too short did strike;
Then both, to pluck their javelins forth, encounter'd lion-like,
Whose bloody violence is increased by that raw food they eat,
Or boars whose strength wild nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Again Priamides did wound in midst his shield of brass,
Yet pierced not through the upper plate, the head reflected was.
But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,
And stay'd bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,
And hurt his neck; out gush'd the blood: yet Hector ceased not so,
But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,
Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field; the sevenfold targe it smit
Full on the boss, and round about the brass did ring with it.
But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and (wreathing round, [to wound,
With all his body laid to it) he sent it forth
And gave unmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
His rundled target; his loved knees to languish did begin;
And he lean'd, stretch'd out on his shield; but Phœbus raised him straight.
Then had they laid on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight;
Unless the heralds (messengers of Gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperial sceptres; when the one, Idæus, grave and wise,
Said to them: "Now no more, my sons; the Sovereign of the skies
Doth love you both; both soldiers are, all witness with good right;
But now night lays her mace on earth; 'tis good t' obey the night."
"Idæus," Telamon replied, "to Hector speak, not me;
He that call'd all our Achive peers to station-fight, 'twas he;
If he first cease, I gladly yield." Great Hector then began:
"Ajax, since Jove, to thy big form, made thee so strong a man,
And gave thee skill to use thy strength, so much, that for thy spear
Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let us fight forbear.
Hereafter we shall war again, till Jove our herald be,
And grace with conquest which he will: heaven yields to night, and we.
Go thou and comfort all thy fleet, all friends and men of thine,
As I in Troy my favourers, who in the fane divine
Have offer'd orisons for me; and come, let us impart
Some ensigns of our strife, to show each other's suppled heart,
That men of Troy and Greece may say, Thus their high quarrel ends.
Those that, encountering, were such foes, are now, being separate, friends."
He gave a sword, whose handle was with silver studs through driven,
Scabbard and all, with hangers rich. By Telamon was given
A fair well-glossed purple waist.* Thus Hector went to Troy, [safety's joy,
And after him a multitude, fill'd with his
Despairing he could ever 'scape the puissant fortitude
And unimpeached Ajax' hands. The Greeks like joy renew'd
For their reputed victory, and brought him to the king; [offering,
Who to the great Saturnides preferr'd an
†An ox that fed on five fair springs; they flay'd and quarter'd him,
And then, in pieces cut, on spits they roasted every limb;
Which neatly dress'd, they drew it off: work done, they fell to feast;
All had enough; but Telamon, the king fed past the rest
With good large pieces of the chine. Thus thirst and hunger stay'd,
Nestor, whose counsels late were best, vows new, and first he said:

* Hector gives Ajax a sword; Ajax, Hector a girdle. Both which gifts were afterwards cause of both their deaths.

† Virgil imit.

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"Atrides, and my other lords, a sort of Greeks are dead,
Whose black blood, near Scamander's stream, inhuman Mars hath shed;
Their souls to hell descended are. It fits thee then, our king,
To make our soldiers cease from war; and, by the day's first spring,
Let us ourselves, assembled all, the bodies bear to fire,
With mules and oxen near our fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carry to the sons, of fathers slaughter'd here,
Their honour'd bones. One tomb for all, for ever, let us rear,
Circling the pile without the field; at which we will erect
Walls, and a ravelin, that may safe our fleet and us protect.
And in them let us fashion gates, solid, and barr'd about,
Through which our horse and chariots may well get in and out.
Without all, let us dig a dike, so deep it may avail
Our forces 'gainst the charge of horse, and foot, that come t' assail.
And thus th' attempts, that I see swell, in Troy's proud heart, shall fail."
The kings do his advice approve. So Troy doth court convent
At Priam's gate, in th' Ilion tower, fearful and turbulent.
Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: "Trojans, and Dardan friends,
And peers' assistants, give good ear to what my care commends
To your consents, for all our good. Resolve, let us restore
The Argive Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before.
We now defend but broken faiths: if, therefore, ye refuse, [we use."
No good event can I expect of all the wars
He ceased; and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argive queen:
"Antenor, to mine ears thy words harsh and ungracious been.
Thou canst use better, if thou wilt; but if these truly fit
Thy serious thoughts, the Gods with age have reft thy graver wit.
To warlike Trojans I will speak: I clearly do deny [render willingly,
To yield my wife, but all her wealth I'll
Whatever I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more; [I may restore."
Which I have ready in my house, if peace
Priam, surnamed Dardanides, godlike, in counsels grave,
In his son's favour well-advised, this resolution gave:
"My royal friends of every state, there is sufficient done,
For this late council we have call'd, in th' offer of my son.
Now then let all take needful food, then let the watch be set,
And every court of guard held strong; so, when the morn doth wet
The high-raised battlements of Troy, Idæus shall be sent
To th' Argive fleet, and Atreus' sons, t unfold my son's intent,
From whose fact our contention springs; and, if they will, obtain
Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our soldiers slain;
And after our most fatal war let us importune still,
Till Jove the conquest have disposed to his unconquer'd will."
All heard, and did obey the king; and, in their quarters, all,
That were to set the watch that night, did to their suppers fall.
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achive peers did find
In council at Atrides' ship; his audience was assign'd;
And, in the midst of all the kings, the vocal herald said:
"Atrides, my renowned king, and other kings, his aid,
Propose by me, in their commands, the offer Paris makes,
From whose joy all our woes proceed. He princely undertakes
That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will, with other added wealth, for your amends restore;
But famous Menelaus' wife he still means to enjoy, [peers of Troy.
Though he be urged the contrary, by all the
And this besides I have in charge, that, if it please you all,
They wish both sides may cease from war, that rites of funeral
May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lie slain;
And after, to the will of Fate, renew the fight again."
All silence held at first; at last Tydides made reply:
"Let no man take the wealth, or dame; for now a child's weak eye

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May see the imminent black end of Priam's empery."
This sentence, quick and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire.
Then said the king: "Herald, thou hear'st in him the voice entire
Of all our peers, to answer thee, for that of Priam's son.
But, for our burning of the dead, by all means I am won
To satisfy thy king therein, without the slenderest gain
Made of their spoiled carcases; but freely, being slain,
They shall be all consumed with fire. To witness which I cite
High thundering Jove, that is the king of Juno's bed's delight."
With this, he held his sceptre up, to all the sky-throned Powers;
And grave Idæus did return to sacred Ilion's towers,
Where Ilians and Dardanians, did still their counsels ply,
Expecting his return. He came, and told his legacy.
All, whirlwind-like, assembled then, some bodies to transport,
Some to hew trees. On th' other part, the Argives did exhort
Their soldiers to the same affairs. Then did the new-fired sun
Smite the broad fields, ascending heaven, and th' ocean smooth did run;
When Greece and Troy mix'd in such peace, you scarce could either know.
Then wash'd they off their blood and dust, and did warm tears bestow
Upon the slaughter'd, and in cars convey'd them from the field.
Priam commanded none should mourn, but in still silence yield
Their honour'd carcasses to fire, and only grieve in heart.
All burn'd; to Troy Troy's friends retire, to fleet the Grecian part.
Yet doubtful night obscured the earth, the day did not appear,
When round about the funeral pile, the Grecians gather'd were.
The pile they circled with a tomb, and by it raised a wall,
High towers, to guard the fleet and them; and in the midst of all
They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had;
Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound, they made,
On which they pallisadoes pitch'd; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge works in so little time were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightener set, the frame thereof admired;
'Mongst whom the earthquake-making God, this of their king inquired:
"Father of Gods, will any man, of all earth's grassy sphere,
Ask any of the Gods' consents to any actions there,
If thou wilt see the shag-hair'd Greeks, with headstrong labours frame
So huge a work, and not to us due offerings first enflame?
As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air,
Fame will renown the hands of Greece, for this divine affair;
Men will forget the sacred work, the Sun and I did raise
For king Laomedon (bright Troy) and this will bear the praise."
Jove was extremely moved with him, and said: "What words are these,
Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?
Some other God, of far less power, might hold conceits, dismay'd
With this rare Grecian stratagem,* and thou rest well apaid;
For it will glorify thy name, as far as light extends;
Since, when these Greeks shall see again their native soil and friends,
The bulwark batter'd, thou mayst quite devour it with thy waves,
And cover, with thy fruitless sands, this fatal shore of graves;
That, what their fiery industries have so divinely wrought
In raising it, in razing it thy power will prove it nought."
Thus spake the Gods among themselves: set was the fervent Sun;
And now the great work of the Greeks was absolutely done.
Then slew they oxen in their tents, and strength with food revived,
When out of Lemnos a great fleet of odorous wine arrived,
Sent by Euneus, Jason's son, borne of Hypsipyle.
The fleet contain'd a thousand tun, which must transported be

* The fortification that in the twelfth Book is razed.

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To Atreus' sons, as he gave charge, whose merchandise it was.
The Greeks bought wine for shining steel, and some for sounding brass,
Some for ox-hides, for oxen some, and some for prisoners.
A sumptuous banquet was prepared; and all that night the peers
And fair-hair'd Greeks consumed in feast: so Trojans, and their aid.
And all the night Jove thunder'd loud; pale fear all thoughts dismay'd.
While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove wrought their banes in heaven.
They pour'd full cups upon the ground, and were to offerings driven
Instead of quaffings; and to drink, none durst attempt, before [adore.
In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Jove
Then to their rests they all repair'd; bold zeal their fear bereaved; [they received
And sudden sleep's refreshing gift,* securely

* The sweet gift of patient sleep. 1598.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Jove to all the Gods had given command,
That none to either host should helpful stand,
To Ida he descends; and sees from thence
Juno and Pallas haste the Greeks' defence;
Whose purpose, his command, by Iris given,
Doth intervent. Then came the silent even,
When Hector charged fires should consume the night,
Lest Greeks in darkness took suspected flight.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Theta, gods a Council have,
Troy's conquest, glorious Hector's brave.

The cheerful Lady of the light, deck'd in her saffron robe,
Dispersed her beams through every part of this enflowered globe,
When thundering Jove a court of Gods assembled by his will,
In top of all the topful heights, that crown th' Olympian hill.
He spake, and all the Gods gave ear: "Hear how I stand inclined,
That God nor Goddess may attempt t' infringe my sovereign mind,
But all give suffrage that with speed I may these discords end. [defend
What God soever I shall find endeavour to
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven he, shamed, shall reascend;
Or, taking with him his offence, I'll cast him down as deep
As Tartarus, the brood of night, where Barathrum* doth steep
Torment in his profoundest sinks, where is the floor of brass,
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpass,
As heaven for height exceeds the earth; then shall he know from thence
How much my power, past all the Gods, hath sovereign eminence.
Endanger it the whiles and see: let down our golden chain,
And at it let all deities their utmost strengths constrain,
To draw me to the earth from heaven; you never shall prevail,
Though, with your most contention, ye dare my state assail.
But when my will shall be disposed, to draw you all to me,
Even with the earth itself, and seas, ye shall enforced be;
Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous engine bind,
And by it everything shall hang, by my command inclined.
So much I am supreme to Gods, to men supreme as much."
The Gods sat silent, and admired; his dreadful speech was such.
At last his blue-eyed daughter spake: "O great Saturnides,
O father, O heaven's highest king, well know we the excess
Of thy great power, compared with all: yet the bold Greeks' estate
We needs must mourn, since they must fall beneath so hard a fate;
For, if thy grave command enjoin, we will abstain from fight.
But to afford them such advice, as may relieve their plight,
We will, with thy consent, be bold; that all may not sustain
The fearful burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slain."
He smiled, and said: "Be confident, thou art beloved of me;
I speak not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee."
This said, his brass-hooved winged horse he did to chariot bind,
Whose crests were fringed with manes of gold; and golden garments shined
On his rich shoulders; in his hand he took a golden scourge,
Divinely fashion'd, and with blows their willing speed did urge
Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven; to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame,
Where, on the mountain Gargarus, men did a fane erect
To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he check'd,

* Virgil maketh this likewise his place, adding *Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras, &c.*—[Æn. vi. 578.]

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Dissolved them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jet
He cover'd them, and on the top took his triumphant seat,
Beholding Priam's famous town, and all the fleet of Greece.
The Greeks took breakfast speedily, and arm'd at every piece.
So Trojans, who though fewer far, yet all to fight took arms,
Dire need enforced them to avert their wives' and children's harms.
All gates flew open; all the host did issue, foot and horse,
In mighty tumult; straight one place adjoin'd each adverse force.
Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength opposed;
The boss-piked targets were thrust on, and thunder'd as they closed
In mighty tumult; groan for groan, and breath for breath did breathe,
Of men then slain, and to be slain; earth flow'd with fruits of death.
While the fair morning's beauty held, and day increased in height,
Their javelins mutually made death transport an equal freight,
But when the hot meridian point, bright Phœbus did ascend, [extend,
Then Jove his golden balances did equally
And, of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
For Troy and Greece; he held the midst; the day of final dates
Fell on the Greeks; the Greeks' hard lots sunk to the flowery ground,
The Trojans leapt as high as heaven: then did the claps resound
Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt amongst each Grecian troop;
The sight amazed them; pallid fear made boldest stomachs stoop.
Then Idomen durst not abide, Atrides went his way,
And both th' Ajaces; Nestor yet, against his will did stay,
That grave protector of the Greeks, for Paris with a dart
Enraged one of his chariot horse; he smote the upper part
Of all his skull, even where the hair, that made his foretop, sprung.
The hurt was deadly, and the pain so sore the courser stung
(Pierced to the brain), he stamp'd and plunged. One on another bears,
Entangled round about the beam; then Nestor cut the gears
With his new-drawn authentic sword: meanwhile the fiery horse
Of Hector brake into the press, with their bold ruler's force;
Then good old Nestor had been slain, had Diomed not espied,
Who to Ulysses, as he fled, importunately cried:
"Thou that in counsels dost abound, O Laertiades,
Why fliest thou? Why thus, coward-like, shunn'st thou the honour'd prease?
Take heed thy back take not a dart: stay, let us both intend
To drive this cruel enemy, from our deaf aged friend."
He spake, but wary Ithacus would find no patient ear,
But fled forthright, even to the fleet: yet, though he single were,
Brave Diomed mix'd amongst the fight, and stood before the steeds
Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly he areeds:
"O father, with these youths in fight, thou art unequal placed,
Thy willing sinews are unknit, grave age pursues thee fast,
And thy unruly horse are slow; my chariot therefore use,
And try how ready Trojan horse, can fly him that pursues,
Pursue the flier, and every way perform the varied fight;
I forced them from Anchises' son, well-skill'd in cause of flight.
Then let my squire lead hence thy horse; mine thou shalt guard, whilst I,
By thee advanced, assay the fight; that Hector's self may try
If my lance dote with the defects, that fail best minds in age,
Or find the palsy in my hands, that doth thy life engage."
This noble Nestor did accept, and Diomed's two friends, [ascends
Eurymedon, that valour loves, and Sthenelus,
Old Nestor's coach: of Diomed's horse Nestor the charge sustains,
And Tydeus' son took place of fight: Neleides held the reins,
And scourged the horse, who swiftly ran direct in Hector's face;
Whom fierce Tydides bravely charged, but, he turn'd from the chase,
His javelin Eniopeus smit, mighty Thebæus' son,
And was great Hector's charioteer; it through his breast did run

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Near to his pap; he fell to earth, back flew his frighted horse,
His strength and soul were both dissolved. Hector had deep remorse
Of his mishap; yet left he him, and for another sought;
Nor long his steeds did want a guide; for straight good fortune brought
Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from Iphitis spring;
He made him take the reins and mount: then souls were set on wing;
Then high exploits were undergone; then Trojans in their walls
Had been infolded like meek lambs, had Jove wink'd at their falls,
Who hurl'd his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly [did apply.
Into the earth, before the horse that Nestor
A dreadful flash burnt through the air, that savour'd sulphur-like,
Which down before the chariot the dazzled horse did strike.
The fair reins fell from Nestor's hands, who did in fear entreat [fury's heat:
Renown'd Tydides into flight to turn his
"For know'st thou not," said he, "our aid is not supplied from Jove?
This day he will give fame to Troy, which when it fits his love
We shall enjoy: let no man tempt his unresisted will, [he exceeds him still."
Though he exceed in gifts of strength; for
"Father," replied the king, "'tis true; but both my heart and soul
Are most extremely grieved to think how Hector will control
My valour with his vaunts in Troy, that I was terror-sick
With his approach; which when he boasts, let earth devour me quick."
"Ah, warlike Tydeus' son," said he, "what needless words are these?
Though Hector should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease,
The Trojans, nor the Trojan wives, would never give him trust,
Whose youthful husbands thy free hand hath smother'd so in dust."
This said, he turn'd his one-hooved horse to flight, and troop did take,
When Hector and his men, with shouts, did greedy pursuit make,
And pour'd on darts that made air sigh: then Hector did exclaim:
"O Tydeus' son, the kings of Greece do most renown thy name
With highest place, feasts, and full cups; who now will do thee shame;
Thou shalt be like a woman used, and they will say: 'Depart,
Immartial minion, since to stand Hector thou hadst no heart.'
Nor canst thou scale our turrets' tops, nor lead the wives to fleet
Of valiant men, that wife-like fear'st my adverse charge to meet."
This two ways moved him; still to fly, or turn his horse and fight.
Thrice thrust he forward to assault, and every time the fright
Of Jove's fell thunder drave him back, which he proposed for sign
(To shew the change of victory) Trojans should victors shine.
Then Hector comforted his men: "All my adventurous friends,
Be men, and, of your famous strength, think of the honour'd ends.
I know benevolent Jupiter, did by his beck profess [the Greeks distress.
Conquest and high renown to me, and to
O fools, to raise such silly forts, not worth the least account,
Nor able to resist our force; with ease our horse may mount,
Quite over all their hollow dike: but, when their fleet I reach,
Let Memory to all the world a famous bonfire teach,
For I will all their ships inflame, with whose infestive smoke,
Fear-shrunk, and hidden near their keels, the conquer'd Greeks shall choke."
Then cherish'd he his famous horse: "O Xanthus, now," said he,
"And thou Podargus, Æthon too, and Lampus, dear to me,
Make me some worthy recompense, for so much choice of meat,
Given you by fair Andromache; bread of the purest wheat,
And with it, for your drink, mix'd wine, to make ye wished cheer,
Still serving you before myself, her husband young and dear.
Pursue, and use your swiftest speed, that we may take for prize
The shield of old Neleides, which Fame lifts to the skies,
Even to the handles telling it to be of massy gold.
And from the shoulders let us take, of Diomed the bold,
The royal cuirass Vulcan wrought, with art so exquisite.
These if we make our sacred spoil, I doubt not, but this night,

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Even to their navy to enforce the Greeks' unturned flight."
This Juno took in high disdain, and made Olympus shake
As she but stirr'd within her throne; and thus to Neptune spake:
"O Neptune, what a spite is this! thou God so huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honour'd heart, to see rude spoil devour
These Greeks that have in Helice, and Ægе offer'd thee [them the victors be.
So many and such wealthy gifts? Let
If we, that are the aids of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,
And hinder broad-eyed Jove's proud will, it would abate his joy."
He, angry, told her she was rash, and he would not be one,
Of all the rest, should strive with Jove, whose power was match'd by none.
Whiles they conferr'd thus, all the space the trench contain'd before
(From that part of the fort that flank'd the navy-anchoring shore)
Was fill'd with horse and targeteers, who there for refuge came,
By Mars-swift Hector's power engaged; Jove gave his strength the fame;
And he with spoilful fire had burn'd the fleet, if Juno's grace
Had not inspired the king himself, to run from place to place,
And stir up every soldier's power, to some illustrous deed. [purple weed
First visiting their leaders' tents, his ample
He wore, to show all who he was, and did his station take [battle make
At wise Ulysses' sable barks, that did the
Of all the fleet; from whence his speech might with more ease be driven
To Ajax' and Achilles' ships, to whose chief charge was given
The vantguard and the rearguard both, both for their force of hand,
And trusty bosoms. There arrived, thus urged he to withstand
Th' insulting Trojans: "O what shame, ye empty-hearted lords,
Is this to your admired forms! where are your glorious words,
In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?
'We are the strongest men,' ye said, 'we will command the most,
Eating most flesh on high-horn'd beeves, and drinking cups full-crown'd,
And every man a hundred foes, two hundred, will confound;
Now all our strength, dared to our worst, one Hector cannot tame,'
Who presently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.
O Father Jove, hath ever yet thy most unsuffer'd hand
Afflicted, with such spoil of souls, the king of any land,
And taken so much fame from him? when I did never fail
(Since under most unhappy stars, this fleet was under sail),
Thy glorious altars, I protest, but, above all the Gods,
Have burnt fat thighs of beeves to thee, and pray'd to raze th' abodes
Of rape-defending Ilions. Yet grant, almighty Jove,
One favour; that we may at least with life from hence remove,
Not under such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ;
And, where Troy should be stoop'd by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy."
To this even weeping king, did Jove remorseful audience give,
And shook great heaven to him, for sign his men and he should live.
Then quickly cast he off his hawk, the eagle prince of air,
That perfects his unspotted vows; who seized in her repair
A sucking hind calf, which she truss'd in her enforcive seres,
And by Jove's altar let it fall, amongst th' amazed peers,
Where the religious Achive kings, with sacrifice did please
The author of all oracles, divine Saturnides.
Now, when they knew the bird of Jove, they turn'd courageous head.
When none, though many kings put on, could make his vaunt, he led
Tydides to renew'd assault, or issued first the dike,
Or first did fight; but, far the first, stone dead his lance did strike
Arm'd Agelaus, by descent surnamed Phradmonides;
He turn'd his ready horse to flight, and Diomed's lance did seize
His back betwixt his shoulder-blades, and look'd out at his breast;
He fell, and his arms rang his fall. Th' Atrides next address'd
Themselves to fight; th' Ajaces next, with vehement strength endued;
Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursued;

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And after these Eurypylus, Evemon's honour'd race;
The ninth, with backward-wreathed bow, had little Teucer place,
He still fought under Ajax' shield, who sometimes held it by,
And then he look'd his object out, and let his arrow fly,
And, whomsoever in the press he wounded, him he slew, [presently withdrew.
Then under Ajax' seven-fold shield, he
He fared like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run
For succour, when he knows full well, he some shrewd turn hath done.
What Trojans then were to their deaths, by Teucer's shafts, impress'd?
Hapless Orsilochus was first, Ormenus, Ophelest,
Dætor, and hardy Cronius, and Lycophon divine, [Polyæmon's line,
And Amopaon that did spring from
And Menalippus; all, on heaps, he tumbled to the ground.
The king rejoiced to see his shafts the Phrygian ranks confound,
Who straight came near, and spake to him: "O Teucer, lovely man,
Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every Grecian,
And to thy father Telamon, who took thee kindly home [thee foster room,
(Although not by his wife his son) and gave
Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence removed,
Make good fame reach; and to thyself, I vow what shall be proved:
If he that dreadful Ægis bears, and Pallas, grant to me
Th' expugnance of well-builded Troy, I first will honour thee
Next to myself with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot vessel, that, for grace, in sacred fanes doth stand;
Or two horse and a chariot; or else a lovely dame [amplify thy name."
That may ascend one bed with thee, and Teucer right nobly answer'd him: "Why, most illustrate king, [adjoin a sting?
I being thus forward of myself, dost thou
Without which, all the power I have, I cease not to employ:
For, from the place where we repulsed the Trojans towards Troy,
I all the purple field have strew'd, with one or other slain.
Eight shafts I shot, with long steel heads, of which not one in vain.
All were in youthful bodies fix'd, well-skill'd in war's constraint;
Yet this wild dog, with all my aim, I have no power to taint."
This said, another arrow forth from his stiff string he sent
At Hector, whom he long'd to wound; but still amiss it went.
Not by his want of archery, but Jove protected him,
Who that day would not have him hurt, but graced in every limb.
Yet for his skill sake other men, he bound in endless sleeps,
A general more than troops of men, instinct of deity keeps.*
His shaft smit fair Gorgythion, of Priam's princely race, [town in Thrace,
Who in Æpina was brought forth, a famous
By Castianira, that, for form, was like celestial breed.
And, as a crimson poppy flower, surcharged with his seed,
And vernal humours falling thick, declines his heavy brow,
So, of one side, his helmet's weight his fainting head did bow.
Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hector's life dispose, [beside it goes;
So fain he such a mark would hit, but still
Apollo did avert the shaft; but Hector's charioteer, [rushing near
Bold Archeptolemus, he smit, as he was
To make the fight; to earth he fell, his swift horse back did fly,
And there were both his strength and soul exiled eternally.
Huge grief, for Hector's slaughter'd friend, pinch'd in his mighty mind,
Yet was he forced to leave him there, and his void place resign'd
To his sad brother, that was by, Cebriones; whose ear
Receiving Hector's charge, he straight the weighty reins did bear;
And Hector from his shining coach, with horrid voice, leap'd on,
To wreak his friend on Teucer's hand; and up he took a stone,
With which he at the archer ran; who from his quiver drew
A sharp-piled shaft, and nock'd it sure; but in great Hector flew

* These four lines are now first restored from the edition of 1598 (Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer, p. 67). They are, however, an interpolation of Chapman's own: there is no equivalent for them in the original Greek.—ED.

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With such fell speed, that, in his draught, he his right shoulder strook
Where, 'twixt his neck and breast, the joint his native closure took.
The wound was wondrous full of death, his string in sunder flees,
His numbed hand fell strengthless down, and he upon his knees.
Ajax neglected not to aid his brother thus depress'd,
But came and saft him with his shield; and two more friends, address'd
To be his aid, took him to fleet Mecisteus, Echius' son, [his service done.
And gay Alastor. Teucer sigh'd, for all
Then did Olympius, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers revive,
Who, to their trenches once again, the troubled Greeks did drive.
Hector brought terror with his strength, and ever fought before.
As when some highly-stomach'd hound, that hunts a sylvan boar,
Or kingly lion, loves the haunch, and pincheth oft behind,
Bold of his feet, and still observes the game to turn inclined,
Not utterly dissolved in flight; so Hector did pursue, [subdue.
And whosoever was the last, he ever did
They fled, but, when they had their dike and palisadoes pass'd [they stay'd at last.
(A number of them put to sword), at ships
Then mutual exhortations flew, then, all with hands and eyes
Advanced to all the Gods, their plagues wrung from them open cries.
Hector, with his four rich-maned horse, assaulting always rode,
The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and war's vermilion God.
The Goddess that all Goddesses, for snowy arms, out-shined,
Thus spake to Pallas, to the Greeks with gracious ruth inclined:
"O Pallas, what a grief is this! Is all our succour past,
To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last,
Even now, when one man's violence must make them perish all,
In satisfaction of a fate so full of funeral?
Hector Priamides now raves, no more to be endured, [harms inured."
That hath already on the Greeks so many
The azure Goddess answer'd her: "This man had surely found
His fortitude and life dissolved, even on his father's ground,
By Grecian valour; if my sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods,
And ever an unjust repulse stands to my willing powers,
Little remembering what I did, in all the desperate hours
Of his affected Hercules; I ever rescued him, [life or limb,
In labours of Eurystheus, untouch'd in
When he, heaven knows, with drowned eyes look'd up for help to heaven,
Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my suppliance given.
But had my wisdom reach'd so far, to know of this event,
When to the solid-ported depths of hell his son was sent,
To hale out hateful Pluto's dog from dark some Erebus,
He had not scaped the streams of Styx, so deep and dangerous.
Yet Jove hates me, and shews his love in doing Thetis' will.
That kiss'd his knees, and stroked his chin, pray'd, and importuned still,
That he would honour with his aid her city-razing son,
Displeased Achilles; and for him our friends are thus undone.
But time shall come again, when he (to do his friends some aid)
Will call me his Glaucopides, his sweet and blue-eyed maid.
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright palace gates
I soon may enter, arming me, to order these debates;
And I will try if Priam's son will still maintain his cheer,
When in the crimson paths of war, I dreadfully appear;
For some proud Trojan shall be sure to nourish dogs and fowls,
And pave the shore with fat and flesh, deprived of lives and souls."
Juno prepared her horse, whose manes ribands of gold enlaced.
Pallas her party-colour'd robe on her bright shoulders cast,
Divinely wrought with her own hands, in th' entry of her sire.
Then put she on her ample breast her under-arming tire,
And on it her celestial arms. The chariot straight she takes,
With her huge heavy violent lance, with which she slaughter makes

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Of armies fatal to her wrath. Saturnia whipp'd her horse,
And heaven gates, guarded by the Hours, oped by their proper force ;
Through which they flew : whom when Jove saw (set near th' Idalian springs)
Highly displeased, he Iris call'd, that hath the golden wings,
And said : "Fly, Iris, turn them back, let them not come at me,
Our meetings, severally disposed, will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'erthrown chariot I'll shiver their proud steeds,
Hurl down themselves, their wagon break, and, for their stubborn deeds,
In ten whole years they shall not heal the wounds I will impress
With horrid thunder ; that my maid may know when to address
Arms 'gainst her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,
'Tis but her use to interrupt whatever I intend."
Iris, with this, left Ida's hills, and up t' Olympus flew,
Met near heaven-gates the Goddesses, and thus their haste withdrew :
"What course intend you? Why are you wrapp'd with your fancies' storm?
Jove likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will perform,
To crush in pieces your swift horse beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurl down yourselves, your chariot break, and those impoison'd strokes
His wounding thunder shall imprint in your celestial parts,
In ten full springs ye shall not cure ; that she that tames proud hearts
(Thyself Minerva) may be taught to know for what, and when,
Thou dost against thy father fight ; for sometimes childeren
May with discretion plant themselves against their fathers' wills,
But not where humours only rule, in works beyond their skills.
For Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much,
For 'tis her use to cross his will, her impudence is such,*
The habit of offence in this she only doth contract,
And so grieves or incenseth less, though ne'er the less her fact.

But thou most grievest him, dogged dame, whom he rebukes in time,
Lest silence should pervert thy will, and pride too highly climb
In thy bold bosom, desperate girl, if seriously thou dare
Lift thy unwieldly lance 'gainst Jove, as thy pretences are."
She left them, and Saturnia said : "Ay me, thou seed of Jove,
By my advice we will no more unfit contention move
With Jupiter, for mortal men ; of whom, let this man die, [with destiny ;
And that man live, whoever he pursues
And let him, plotting all events, dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most."
Thus turn'd she back, and to the Hours her rich-maned horse resign'd,
Who them t' immortal mangers bound ; the chariot they inclined
Beneath the crystal walls of heaven ; and they in golden thrones
Consorted other Deities, replete with passions.
Jove, in his bright-wheel'd chariot, his fiery horse now beats
Up to Olympus, and aspired the Gods' eternal seats.
Great Neptune loosed his horse, his car upon the altar placed,
And heavenly-linen coverings did round about it cast.
The Far-seer used his throne of gold: the vast Olympus shook
Beneath his feet: his wife, and maid, apart their places took,
Nor any word afforded him : he knew their thoughts, and said :
"Why do ye thus torment yourselves? you need not sit dismay'd
With the long labours you have used in your victorious fight,
Destroying Trojans, 'gainst whose lives you heap such high despite.
Ye should have held your glorious course ; for, be assured, as far
As all my powers, by all means urged, could have sustain'd the war,
Not all the host of Deities should have retired my hand
From vow'd inflictions on the Greeks: much less you two withstand.
But you, before you saw the fight, much less the slaughter there,
Had all your shining lineaments possess'd with aspen fear,

* Facilè facit quod semper facit.

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And never had your chariot borne their
charge to heaven again,
But thunder should have smit you both,
had you one Trojan slain."
Both Goddesses let fall their chins upon
their ivory breasts, [Troy's unrests.
Set next to Jove, contriving still, afflicted
Pallas, for anger could not speak; Saturnia,
contrary, [made this bold reply:
Could not for anger hold her peace, but
"Not-to-be-suffer'd Jupiter, what need'st
thou still enforce
Thy matchless power? we know it well;
but we must yield remorse
To them that yield us sacrifice: nor need'st
thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefs, but
bear our powers applied
To just protection of the Greeks, that anger
tomb not all [stand, should fall."
In Troy's foul gulf of perjury, and let them
"Grieve not," said Jove, "at all done
yet; for, if thy fair eyes please,
This next red morning they shall see the
great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and
Hector shall not cease, [Æacides,
Till he have roused from the fleet swift-foot
In that day, when before their ships, for his
Patroclus slain, [so the Fates ordain.
The Greeks in great distress shall fight; for
I weigh not thy displeased spleen, though
to th' extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carry thee, where end-
less night confounds
Japet, and my dejected Sire, who sit so far
beneath, [winds that breathe,
They never see the flying sun, nor hear the
Near to profoundest Tartarus: nor, thither
if thou went, [more impudent."
Would I take pity of thy moods, since none
To this she nothing did reply. And now
Sol's glorious light [drowsy night.
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the
The Trojans grieved at Phœbus' fall, which
all the Greeks desired,
And sable night, so often wish'd, to earth's
firm throne aspired.
Hector (intending to consult) near to the
gulfy flood, [exempt from blood,
Far from the fleet, led to a place, pure and
The Trojan forces: from their horse all
lighted, and did hear
Th' oration Jove-loved Hector made; who
held a goodly spear,
Eleven full cubits long, the head was brass,
and did reflect
A wanton light before him still, it round
about was deck'd
With strong hoops of new-burnish'd gold:
on this he lean'd, and said:
"Hear me, my worthy friends of Troy,
and you, our honour'd aid.
A little since, I had conceit we should have
made retreat,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the
Greeks' escheat;
But darkness hath prevented us, and saft,
with special grace,
These Achives and their shore-haled fleet.
Let us then render place
To sacred Night; our suppers dress; and
from our chariots free
Our fair-maned horse, and meat them well:
then let there convoy'd be,
From forth the city presently, oxen and
well-fed sheep,
Sweet wine, and bread; and fell much wood,
that all night we may keep
Plenty of fires, even till the light bring
forth the lovely morn,
And let their brightness glaze the skies,
that night may not suborn
The Greeks' escape, if they for flight the
sea's broad back would take;
At least they may not part with ease, but,
as retreat they make,
Each man may bear a wound with him, to
cure when he comes home,
Made with a shaft or sharpen'd spear; and
others fear to come,
With charge of lamentable war, 'gainst
soldiers bred in Troy.
Then let our heralds through the town
their offices employ
To warn the youth, yet short of war, and
time-white fathers, past,
That in our god-built towers they see strong
courts of guard be placed,
About the walls; and let our dames yet
flourishing in years,
That, having beauties to keep pure, are
most inclined to fears
(Since darkness in distressful times more
dreadful is than light)
Make lofty fires in every house; and thus,
the dangerous night,
Held with strong watch, if th' enemy have
ambuscadoes laid
Near to our walls (and therefore seem in
flight the more dismay'd,
Intending a surprise, while we are all with-
out the town) [man's renown.
They every way shall be impugn'd, to every
Perform all this, brave Trojan friends:
what now I have to say
Is all express'd; the cheerful morn shall
other things display.

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It is my glory (putting trust in Jove, and other Gods)
That I shall now expulse these dogs fates sent to our abodes,
Who bring ostents of destiny, and black their threatening fleet.
But this night let us hold strong guards: to-morrow we will meet
(With fierce-made war) before their ships, and I'll make known to all
If strong Tydides from their ships can drive me to their wall,
Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoil.
The wished morn shall shew his power, if he can shun his foil
I running on him with my lance. I think, when day ascends,
He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.
O that I were as sure to live immortal, and sustain
No frailties with increasing years, but evermore remain
Adored like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts die in me
That heaven's next light shall be the last the Greeks shall ever see."
This speech all Trojans did applaud; who from their traces loosed
Their sweating horse, which severally with headstalls they reposed,
And fasten'd by their chariots; when others brought from town
Fat sheep and oxen, instantly, bread, wine; and hewed down
Huge store of wood. The winds transferr'd into the friendly sky
Their supper's savour; to the which they sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined.
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn,
And all did wishfully expect the silver-throned morn.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

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THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Agamemnon (urging hopeless flight)
Stand Diomed, and Nestor opposite.
By Nestor's counsel, legates are dismiss'd
To Thetis' son; who still denies t' assist.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iota sings the Ambassy,
And great Achilles' stern reply.

So held the Trojans sleepless guard; the
Greeks to flight were given,
The feeble consort of cold fear, strangely
infused from heaven;
Grief, not to be endured, did wound all
Greeks of greatest worth.
And as two lateral-sited winds, the West
wind and the North,
Meet at the Thracian sea's black breast,
join in a sudden blore, [upon the shore
Tumble together the dark waves, and pour
A mighty deal of froth and weed, with
which men manure ground;
So Jove and Troy did drive the Greeks,
and all their minds confound.
But Agamemnon most of all was tortured
at his heart, [bade them cite, apart,
Who to the voiceful heralds went, and
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly
proclaim. [together came.
In which he labour'd with the first; and all
They sadly sate. The king arose, and
pour'd out tears as fast
As from a lofty rock a spring doth his
black waters cast,
And, deeply sighing, thus bespake the
Achives: "O my friends,
Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, heaven's
adverse king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to
my so just design,
Since he hath often promised me, and
bound it with the sign
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy our
vengeful hands should race,
And safe return; yet, now engaged, he
plagues us with disgrace,
When all our trust to him hath drawn so
much blood from our friends.
My glory, nor my brother's wreak, were
the proposed ends,
For which he drew you to these toils, but
your whole country's shame,
Which had been huge to bear the rape of
so divine a dame,
Made in despite of our revenge. And yet
not that had moved
Our powers to these designs, if Jove had
not our drifts approved;
Which since we see he did for blood, 'tis
desperate fight in us
To strive with him; then let us fly; 'tis
flight he urgeth thus."
Long time still silence held them all; at
last did Diomed rise:*
"Atrides, I am first must cross
thy indiscreet advice,
As may become me, being a
king, in this our martial
court.
Be not displeased then; for thyself didst
broadly misreport
In open field my fortitude, and call'd me
faint and weak,
Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth
any rites to break
That appertain'd thy public rule; yet all
the Greeks knew well,
Of every age, thou didst me wrong. As
thou then didst refell
My valour first of all the host, as of a man
dismay'd;
So now, with fit occasion given, I first
blame thee afraid.
Inconstant Saturn's son hath given incon-
stant spirits to thee, [degree;
And, with a sceptre over all, an eminent
But with a sceptre's sovereign grace, the
chief power, fortitude
(To bridle thee), he thought not best thy
breast should be endued.
Unhappy king, think'st thou the Greeks
are such a silly sort,
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak
words import?
If thy mind move thee to be gone, the way
is open, go;
Mycenian ships enow ride near, that
brought thee to this woe;
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till
Troy be overcome
With full eversion; or if not, but (doters of
their home)

* Diomed takes fit time to answer his wrong done by Agamemnon in the fourth book.

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Will put on wings to fly with thee; myself and Sthenelus
Will fight till (trusting favouring Jove) we bring home Troy with us."*
This all applauded, and admired the spirit of Diomed;
When Nestor, rising from the rest, his speech thus seconded:
"Tydides, thou art, questionless, our strongest Greek in war, [equal are
And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that
In place with thee, and stand on strength; nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy speech; and yet thou hast not gone
So far, but we must further go. Thou'rt young, and well might'st be
My youngest son, though still I yield thy words had high degree
Of wisdom in them to our king; since well they did become
Their right in question, and refute inglorious going home.
But I (well-known thy senior far) will speak, and handle all
Yet to propose, which none shall check; no, not our general.
A hater of society, unjust, and wild, is he
That loves intestine war, being stuff'd with manless cruelty.
And therefore in persuading peace, and home-flight, we the less
May blame our general, as one loth to wrap in more distress
His loved soldiers: but because they bravely are resolved
To cast lives after toils, before they part in shame involved;
Provide we for our honour'd stay; obey black night, and fall
Now to our suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,
And in the bottom of the dike; which guards I wish may stand
Of our brave youth. And, Atreus' son, since thou art in command
Before our other kings, be first in thy command's effect.
It well becomes thee; since 'tis both what all thy peers expect,
And in the royal right of things is no impair to thee.
Nor shall it stand with less than right, that they invited be
To supper by thee; all thy tents are amply stored with wine,
Brought daily in Greek ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to wait;
And, many meeting there, thou mayst hear every man's conceit,
And take the best. It much concerns all Greeks to use advice [our enemies
Of gravest natures, since so near our ships
Have lighted such a sort of fires, with which what man is joy'd?
Look, how all bear themselves this night so live, or be destroy'd."
All heard, and follow'd his advice. There was appointed then
Seven captains of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.
The first was famous Thrasymed, adviceful Nestor's son; [Merion;
Ascalaphus; and Ialmen; and mighty
Alphareus; and Deipyrus; and lovely Lycomed, [an hundred soldiers led,
Old Creon's joy. These seven bold lords
In every sever'd company, and every man his pike,
Some placed on the rampire's top, and some amidst the dike.
All fires made, and their suppers took. Atrides to his tent [sufficient
Invited all the peers of Greece, and food
Apposed before them, and the peers apposed their hands to it.
Hunger and thirst being quickly quench'd, to counsel still they sit.
And first spake Nestor, who they thought of late advised so well,
A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus his tale did tell:
"Most high Atrides, since in thee I have intent to end,
From thee will I begin my speech, to whom Jove doth commend
The empire of so many men, and puts into thy hand [mayst well command
A sceptre, and establish'd laws, that thou
And counsel all men under thee. It therefore doth behove
Thyself to speak most, since of all, thy speeches most will move;
And yet to hear, as well as speak; and then perform as well
A free just counsel; in thee still must stick what others tell.

* Continued thus in the edition of 1598:—
And lest this madness seem, observe what reasons I pursue:
We fight with love of Jove, with which one man may worlds subdue."
This speech was liked, which Nestor mark'd, who like a right old man
Would fain prefer his graver years; and therefore thus began:—

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For me, what in my judgment stands the most convenient
I will advise, and am assured advice more competent
Shall not be given; the general proof, that hath before been made
Of what I speak, confirms me still, and now may well persuade,
Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou, most royal king,
Even from the tent, Achilles' love didst violently bring,
Against my counsel, urging thee by all means to relent; [venture the event,
But you, obeying your high mind, would
Dishonouring our ablest Greek, a man th' immortals grace. [now embrace
Again yet let's deliberate, to make him
Affection to our general good, and bring his force to field;
Both which kind words and pleasing gifts must make his virtues yield."
"O father," answered the king, "my wrongs thou tell'st me right.
Mine own offence mine own tongue grants: one man must stand in fight
For our whole army; him I wrong'd; him Jove loves from his heart,
He shows it in thus honouring him; who, living thus apart,
Proves us but number, for his want makes all our weakness seen.
Yet after my confess'd offence, soothing my humorous spleen,
I'll sweeten his affects again with presents infinite, [openly recite:
Which, to approve my firm intent, I'll
Seven sacred tripods free from fire; ten talents of fine gold;
Twenty bright caldrons; twelve young horse, well-shaped, and well controll'd,
And victors too, for they have won the prize at many a race,
That man should not be poor that had but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treasury, nor feel sweet gold's defect. [were the most select,
Seven Lesbian ladies he shall have, that
And in their needles rarely skill'd, whom, when he took the town
Of famous Lesbos, I did choose; who won the chief renown
For beauty from their whole fair sex; amongst whom I'll resign [of mine
Fair Briseis, and I deeply swear (for any fact
That may discourage her receipt) she is untouch'd, and rests
As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if Jove to our requests
Vouchsafe performance, and afford the work, for which we wait,
Of winning Troy) with brass and gold he shall his navy freight:
And, entering when we be at spoil, that princely hand of his
Shall choose him twenty Trojan dames, excepting Tyndaris,
The fairest Pergamus enfolds; and, if we make retreat
To Argos, call'd of all the world the Navel, or chief seat,
He shall become my son-in-law, and I will honour him
Even as Orestes, my sole son, that doth in honours swim.
Three daughters in my well-built court unmarried are, and fair;
Laodice, Chrysothemis, that hath the golden hair,
And Iphianassa; of all three the worthiest let him take
All jointureless to Peleus' court; I will her jointure make,
And that so great as never yet did any maid prefer. [on her;
Seven cities right magnificent, I will bestow
Enope, and Cardamyle, Hira for herbs renown'd,
The fair Æpea, Pedasus that doth with grapes abound,
Antæa girdled with green meads, Phera, surnamed Divine;
All whose bright turrets on the seas, in sandy Pylos shine.
Th' inhabitants in flocks and herds are wondrous confluent,
Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,
And to his throne will contribute what tribute he will rate.
All this I gladly will perform, to pacify his hate.
Let him be mild and tractable; 'tis for the God of ghosts
To be unruled, implacable, and seek the blood of hosts,
Whom therefore men do much abhor; then let him yield to me,
I am his greater, being a king, and more in years than he."
"Brave king," said Nestor, "these rich gifts must make him needs relent,
Choose then fit legates instantly to greet him at his tent.
But stay; admit my choice of them, and let them straight be gone.
Jove-loved Phœnix shall be chief, then Ajax Telamon,

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And prince Ulysses; and on them let these two heralds wait,
Grave Odius and Eurybates: Come, lords, take water straight,
Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles' mind,
Which we will pray the king of Gods may gently make inclined."
All liked his speech; and on their hands the heralds water shed,
The youths crown'd cups of sacred wine to all distributed.
But having sacrificed, and drunk to every man's content,
With many notes by Nestor given, the legates forward went.
With courtship in fit gestures used, he did prepare them well,
But most Ulysses, for his grace did not so much excel.
Such rites beseem ambassadors; and Nestor urged these,
That their most honours might reflect enraged Æacides.
They went along the shore, and pray'd the God that earth doth bind
In brackish chains, they might not fail, but bow his mighty mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons they reach'd, and found him set
Delighted with his solemn harp, which curiously was fret
With works conceited, through the verge; the bawdrick that embraced
His lofty neck was silver twist; this when his hand laid waste
Aëtion's city, he did choose as his especial prize, [exercise.
And, loving sacred music well, made it his
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practice fail'd, sweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat his friend,
Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end.
Th' ambassadors did forwards press, renown'd Ulysses led,
And stood in view. Their sudden sight his admiration bred,
Who with his harp and all arose; so did Menœtius' son
When he beheld them: their receipt Achilles thus begun:
"Health to my lords: right welcome men, assure yourselves ye be;
Though some necessity, I know, doth make you visit me,
Incensed with just cause 'gainst the Greeks."
This said, a several seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease intreat,
And said: "Now, friend, our greatest bowl, with wine unmix'd and neat,
Appose these lords, and of the depth let every man make proof,
These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my roof."
Patroclus did his dear friend's will; and he that did desire
To cheer the lords, come faint from fight, set on a blazing fire
A great brass pot, and into it a chine of mutton put,
And fat goat's flesh. Automedon held, while he pieces cut,
To roast and boil, right cunningly; then of a well-fed swine [it wondrous fine.
A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits
His good friend made a goodly fire; of which the force once past,
He laid the spit low, near the coals, to make it brown at last,
Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and took it from the racks.
This roasted and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
Bread in fair baskets; which set on, Achilles brought the meat, [seat
And to divinest Ithacus took his opposed
Upon the bench. Then did he will his friend to sacrifice,
Who cast sweet incense in the fire to all the deities.
Thus fell they to their ready food: hunger and thirst allay'd, [they stay'd
Ajax to Phœnix made a sign, as if too long
Before they told their legacy. Ulysses saw him wink,
And, filling the great bowl with wine, did to Achilles drink:
"Health to Achilles: but our plights stand not in need of meat,
Who late supp'd at Atrides' tent, though for thy love we eat
Of many things, whereof a part would make a complete feast.
Nor can we joy in these kind rites, that have our hearts oppress'd,
O prince, with fear of utter spoil. 'Tis made a question now,
If we can save our fleet or not, unless thyself endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude. Now Troy and her consorts,
Bold of thy want, have pitch'd their tents close to our fleet and forts,

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And made a firmament of fires; and now no more, they say,
Will they be prison'd in their walls, but force their violent way
Even to our ships; and Jove himself hath with his lightnings show'd
Their bold adventures happy signs; and Hector grows so proud
Of his huge strength, borne out by Jove, that fearfully he raves,
Presuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his braves.
Wild rage invades him, and he prays that soon the sacred morn
Would light his fury; boasting then our streamers shall be torn,
And all our naval ornaments fall by his conquering stroke,
Our ships shall burn, and we ourselves lie stifled in the smoke.
And I am seriously afraid, heaven will perform his threats,
And that 'tis fatal to us all, far from our native seats,
To perish in victorious Troy. But rise, though it be late,
Deliver the afflicted Greeks from Troy's tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy grief, when no strength can suffice [calamities.
To remedy th' effected threats of our
Consider these affairs in time, while thou mayst use thy power,
And have the grace to turn from Greece fate's unrecover'd hour.
O friend, thou know'st thy royal sire fore-warn'd what should be done,
That day he sent thee from his court to honour Atreus' son:
'My son,' said he, 'the victory let Jove and Pallas use
At their high pleasures, but do thou no honour'd means refuse
That may advance her. In fit bounds contain thy mighty mind,
Nor let the knowledge of thy strength be factiously inclined,
Contriving mischiefs. Be to fame and general good profess'd.
The more will all sorts honour thee: Benignity is best.'
Thus charged thy sire, which thou forgett'st: yet now those thoughts appease,
That torture thy great spirit with wrath; which if thou wilt surcease,
The king will merit it with gifts; and, if thou wilt give ear,
I'll tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitt'st angry here:

Seven tripods that no fire must touch; twice ten pans, fit for flame;
Ten talents of fine gold; twelve horse that ever overcame,
And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftness of their feet;
That man should bear no poor account, nor want gold's quickening sweet,
That had but what he won with them; seven worthiest Lesbian dames,
Renown'd for skill in housewifery, and bear the sovereign fames
For beauty from their general sex, which, at thy overthrow
Of well-built Lesbos, he did choose; and these he will bestow;
And with these her he took from thee, whom, by his state, since then,
He swears he touch'd not, as fair dames use to be touch'd by men.
All these are ready for thee now. And, if at length we take,
By help of Gods, this wealthy town, thy ships shall burthen make
Of gold and brass at thy desires, when we the spoil divide;
And twenty beauteous Trojan dames thou shalt select beside,
Next Helen, the most beautiful; and, when return'd we be [honour thee
To Argos, be his son-in-law, for he will
Like his Orestes, his sole son, maintain'd in height of bliss.
Three daughters beautify his court, the fair Chrysothemis,
Laodice, and Iphianesse; of all the fairest take
To Peleus thy grave father's court, and never jointure make;
He will the jointure make himself, so great as never sire
Gave to his daughter's nuptials: seven cities left entire;
Cardamyle, and Enope, and Hira full of flowers,
Anthæa for sweet meadows praised, and Phera deck'd with towers,
The bright Epea, Pedasus that doth God Bacchus please;
All, on the sandy Pylos' soil, are seated near the seas;
Th' inhabitants in droves and flocks exceeding wealthy be,
Who, like a God, with worthy gifts will gladly honour thee,
And tribute of especial rate to thy high sceptre pay.
All this he freely will perform, thy anger to allay.

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But if thy hate to him be more than his
gifts may repress,
Yet pity all the other Greeks, in such
extreme distress,
Who with religion honour thee; and to
their desperate ill
Thou shalt triumphant glory bring; and
Hector thou mayst kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee,
fill'd with a baneful sprite,
Who vaunts our whole fleet brought not
one, equal to him in fight."
Swift-foot Æacides replied: "Divine
Laertes' son,
'Tis requisite I should be short, and show
what place hath won
Thy serious speech, affirming nought but
what you shall approve
Establish'd in my settled heart, that in
the rest I move
No murmur nor exception; for, like hell
mouth I loathe,
Who holds not in his words and thoughts
one indistinguish'd troth.
What fits the freeness of my mind, my
speech shall make display'd:
Nor Atreus' son, nor all the Greeks, shall
win me to their aid;
Their suit is wretchedly enforced, to free
their own despairs,
And my life never shall be hired with thank-
less desperate prayers;
For never had I benefit, that ever foil'd the
foe; [he to field doth go;
Even share hath he that keeps his tent, and
With equal honour cowards die, and men
most valiant,
The much performer, and the man that
can of nothing vaunt.
No overplus I ever found, when, with my
mind's most strife
To do them good, to dangerous fight I
have exposed my life.
But even as to unfeather'd birds the careful
dam brings meat,
Which when she hath bestow'd, herself
hath nothing left to eat;
So, when my broken sleeps have drawn
the nights t' extremest length,
And ended many bloody days with still-
employed strength,
To guard their weakness, and preserve
their wives' contents infract,
I have been robb'd before their eyes:
twelve cities I have sack'd
Assail'd by sea, eleven by land, while this
siege held at Troy;
And of all these, what was most dear, and
most might crown the joy
Of Agamemnon, he enjoy'd, who here
behind remain'd;
Which when he took, a few he gave, and
many things retain'd,
Other to optimates and kings he gave, who
hold them fast,
Yet mine he forceth; only I sit with my
loss disgraced.
But so he gain a lovely dame, to be his
bed's delight,
It is enough; for what cause else do
Greeks and Trojans fight?
Why brought he hither such an host?
was it not for a dame?
For fair-hair'd Helen? And doth love
alone the hearts inflame
Of the Atrides to their wives, of all the
men that move?
Every discreet and honest mind cares for
his private love,
As much as they; as I myself loved Briseis
as my life, [her for my wife.
Although my captive, and had will to take
Whom since he forced, preventing me, in
vain he shall prolong
Hopes to appease me, that know well the
deepness of my wrong.
But, good Ulysses, with thyself, and all
you other kings,
Let him take stomach to repel Troy's fiery
threatenings.
Much hath he done without my help, built
him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitch'd with pales, broad
and of deep import;
And cannot all these helps repress this
kill-man Hector's fright?
When I was arm'd amongst the Greeks, he
would not offer fight
Without the shadow of his walls; but to
the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy beech of Jove, come back'd
with his consorts;
Where once he stood my charge alone, and
hardly made retreat,
And to make new proof of our powers, the
doubt is not so great.
To-morrow then, with sacrifice perform'd
t' imperial Jove
And all the Gods, I'll launch my fleet, and
all my men remove;
Which (if thou wilt use so thy sight, or
think'st it worth respect)
In forehead of the morn, thine eyes shall
see, with sails erect
Amidst the fishy Hellespont, help'd with
laborious oars.
And if the sea-god send free sail, the
fruitful Phthian shores

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Within three days we shall attain, where I have store of prize
Left, when with prejudice I came to these indignities.
There have I gold as well as here, and store of ruddy brass,
Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steel as bright as glass.
These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly save,
Though Agamemnon be so base to take the gifts he gave.
Tell him all this, and openly, I on your honours charge,
That others may take shame to hear his lusts command so large,
And, if there yet remain a man he hopeth to deceive
(Being dyed in endless impudence) that man may learn to leave
His trust and empire. But alas, though, like a wolf he be,
Shameless and rude, he durst not take my prize, and look on me.
I never will partake his works, nor counsels, as before,
He once deceived and injured me, and he
Tye my affections with his words. Enough is the increase
Of one success in his deceits; which let him joy in peace,
And bear it to a wretched end. Wise Jove hath reft his brain
To bring him plagues, and these his gifts I, as my foes, disdain.
Ev'n in the numbness of calm death I will revengeful be,
Though ten or twenty times so much he would bestow on me,
All he hath here, or anywhere, or Orchomen contains,
To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remains
In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,
Whose walls contain an hundred ports, of so admired a size,
Two hundred soldiers may a-front with horse and chariots pass.
Nor, would he amplify all his like sand, or dust, or grass,
Should he reclaim me, till his wreak paid me for all the pains
That with his contumely burn'd, like poison, in my veins.
Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend
With golden Venus for her form; or if she did transcend
Blue-eyed Minerva for her works; let him a Greek select
Fit for her, and a greater king. For if the Gods protect
My safety to my father's court, he shall choose me a wife.
Many fair Achive princesses of unimpeached life
In Helle and in Phthia live, whose sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can have whom I will. And, more an hundredfold
My true mind in my country likes to take a lawful wife
Than in another nation; and there delight my life
With those goods that my father got, much rather than die here.
Not all the wealth of well-built Troy, possess'd when peace was there,
All that Apollo's marble fane in stony Pythos holds,
I value equal with the life that my free breast enfolds.
Sheep, oxen, tripods, crest-deck'd horse, though lost, may come again,
But when the white guard of our teeth no longer can contain
Our human soul, away it flies, and, once gone, never more
To her frail mansion any man can her lost powers restore.*
And therefore since my mother-queen, famed for her silver feet,
Told me two fates about my death in my direction meet:

* More an hundred-fold.
My true mind in my country likes to satisfy my love
Where the same stars have influence, the self-same air doth move,
That may engender like affects, and to one end conduce
Two that are one, and take a wife, without all laws' abuse
Equal in honour; all consents inclining to our joys,
That should by holy rites of kind, be partners in our choice.
Thus my old father's well-got wealth shall well delight my youth
Not match'd for pomp: the high are proud, rich are not rich in truth:
Nor all the wealth Troy held before the arms she now enfolds;
Nor what Apollo's stony fane in rocky Pythos holds,
I value equal to my life, spent with a pleasant mind;
Oxen, sheep, trevets, crest-deck'd horse, fortune or strength may find;
But of an human soul no prize nor conquest can be made,
When the white formers of his speech are forced to let it fade. 1598.

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The one, that, if I here remain t' assist our victory,
My safe return shall never live, my fame shall never die;
If my return obtain success, much of my fame decays, [live many days.
But death shall linger his approach, and I
This being reveal'd, 'twere foolish pride, t' abridge my life for praise.
Then with myself, I will advise others to hoise their sail,
For, 'gainst the height of Ilion you never shall prevail:
Jove with his hand protecteth it, and makes the soldiers bold.
This tell the King in every part, for so grave legates should,
That they may better counsels use, to save their fleet and friends
By their own valours; since this course, drown'd in my anger, ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repose, and in the morn steer course
For Phthia, if he think it good; if not, I'll use no force."
All wonder'd at his stern reply; and Phœnix, full of fears
His words would be more weak than just, supplied their wants with tears:
"If thy return incline thee thus, Peleus' renowned joy,
And thou wilt let our ships be burn'd with harmful fire of Troy,
Since thou art angry, O my son, how shall I after be [quished by thee?
Alone in these extremes of death, relin-
I, whom thy royal father sent as orderer of thy force, [thee for this course,
When to Atrides from his court he left
Yet young, and when in skill of arms thou didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habit of discourse, that makes men so renown'd.
In all which I was set by him, t' instruct thee as my son,
That thou might'st speak, when speech was fit; and do, when deeds were done;
Not sit as dumb, for want of words; idle, for skill to move.
I would not then be left by thee, dear son, begot in love,
No, not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Carved in my bosom and my brows, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at first I left sweet Helle's shore
Deck'd with fair dames, and fled the grudge my angry father bore;
Who was the fair Amyntor call'd, surnamed Ormenides,*
And for a fair-hair'd harlot's sake, that his affects could please,
Contemn'd my mother, his true wife, who ceaseless urged me [clasp my knee
To use his harlot Clytia, and still would
To do her will; that so my sire might turn his love to hate [fort her estate.
Of that lewd dame, converting it to com-
At last I was content to prove to do my mother good,
And reconcile my father's love; who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies pray'd
No dame might love, nor bring me seed: the deities obey'd
That govern hell; infernal Jove, and stern Persephone. [stern father be.
Then durst I in no longer date with my
Yet did my friends and near allies enclose me with desires
Not to depart; kill'd sheep, boars, beeves; roast them at solemn fires;
And from my father's tuns we drunk exceeding store of wine.
Nine nights they guarded me by turns, their fires did ceaseless shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portal one,
Before my chamber; but when day beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chamber's thick-framed doors, and through the hall-guard pass'd,
Unseen of any man or maid. Through Greece then, rich and vast,
I fled to Phthia, nurse of sheep, and came to Peleus' court; [gracious sort
Who entertain'd me heartily, and in as
As any sire his only son, born when his strength is spent,
And bless'd with great possessions to leave to his descent.
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend.
I dwelt in th' utmost region rich Phthia doth extend,
And govern'd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art framed: since, dearest to my heart,
I used thee so, thou loved'st none else; nor anywhere wouldst eat,
Till I had crown'd my knee with thee, and carved thee tenderest meat,

* *Morem senum observat, qui de præteritis libenter solent meminisse.*

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And given thee wine so much, for love, that, in thy infancy [continual eye)
(Which still discretion must protect, and a
My bosom lovingly sustain'd the wine thine could not bear.
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as dear.
Much have I suffer'd for thy love, much labour'd, wished much,
Thinking, since I must have no heir (the Gods' decrees are such)
I would adopt thyself my heir: to thee my heart did give [I hoped to live.
What any sire could give his son: in thee
O mitigate thy mighty spirits: it fits not one that moves
The hearts of all, to live unmoved, and succour hates for loves.
The Gods themselves are flexible; whose virtues, honours, powers,
Are more than thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benign devotions, savours of offerings burn'd,
And holy rites, the engines are with which their hearts are turn'd,
By men that pray to them; whose faiths their sins have falsified.
For prayers are daughters of great Jove, lame, wrinkled, ruddy-eyed,
And ever following injury, who, strong and sound of feet,
Flies through the world, afflicting men. Believing prayers yet
(To all that love that seed of Jove), the certain blessing get
To have Jove hear, and help them too; but if he shall refuse,
And stand inflexible to them, they fly to Jove, and use
Their powers against him; that the wrongs he doth to them may fall
On his own head, and pay those pains whose cure he fails to call.
Then, great Achilles, honour thou this sacred seed of Jove,
And yield to them, since other men of greatest minds they move.
If Agamemnon would not give the selfsame gifts he vows, [bent brows
But offer others afterwards, and in his still-
Entomb his honour and his word, I would not thus exhort,
With wrath appeased, thy aid to Greece, though plagued in heaviest sort;
But much he presently will give, and after yield the rest.
T' assure which he hath sent to thee the men thou lovest best,
And most renown'd of all the host, that they might soften thee.
Then let not both their pains and prayers lost and despised be,
Before which none could reprehend the tumult of thy heart,
But now to rest inexpiate were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeased,
To their high fames, with gifts and prayers they have been still appeased.
For instance, I remember well a fact perform'd of old,
Which to you all, my friends, I'll tell: The Curets wars did hold
With the well-fought Ætolians, where mutual lives had end
About the city Calydon. Th' Ætolians did defend
Their flourishing country, which to spoil the Curets did contend.
Diana with the golden throne, with Oeneus much incensed,
Since with his plenteous land's first fruits she was not reverenced,
(Yet other Gods, with hecatombs, had feasts, and she alone,
Great Jove's bright daughter, left unserved, or by oblivion,
Or undue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart she swore;
And she, enraged, excited much, she sent a sylvan boar
From their green groves, with wounding tusks; who usually did spoil
King Oeneus' fields, his lofty woods laid prostrate on the soil,
Rent by the roots trees fresh adorn'd with fragrant apple flowers.
Which Meleager (Oeneus' son) slew, with assembled powers
Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds, from many cities brought;
For such he was that with few lives his death could not be bought,
Heaps of dead humans, by his rage, the funeral piles applied.
Yet, slain at last, the Goddess stirr'd about his head and hide,
A wondrous tumult, and a war betwixt the Curets wrought [Meleager fought,
And brave Ætolians: all the while fierce
Ill-fared the Curets; near the walls none durst advance his crest,
Though they were many: but when wrath inflamed his haughty breast
(Which oft the firm mind of the wise with passion doth infest)

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Since 'twixt his mother-queen and him arose a deadly strife,
He left the court, and privately lived with his lawful wife,
Fair Cleopatra, female birth of bright Marpessa's pain, [did reign,
And of Ideus; who of all terrestrial men
At that time, king of fortitude, and for Marpessa's sake,
'Gainst wanton Phœbus, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
Since he had ravish'd her, his joy; whom her friends after gave
The surname of Alcyone, because they could not save
Their daughter from Alcyone's fate. In Cleopatra's arms
Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger, for the harms
His mother pray'd might fall on him; who, for her brother slain
By Meleager, grieved, and pray'd the Gods to wreak her pain,
With all the horror could be pour'd upon her furious birth.
Still knock'd she with her impious hands the many-feeding earth,
To urge stern Pluto and his Queen t' incline their vengeful ears,
Fell on her knees, and all her breast dew'd with her fiery tears,
To make them massacre her son, whose wrath enraged her thus.
Erinnys, wandering through the air, heard, out of Erebus,
Prayers fit for her unpleased mind. Yet Meleager lay
Obscured in fury. Then the bruit of the tumultuous fray
Rung through the turrets as they scaled; then came th' Ætolian peers
To Meleager with low suits, to rise and free their fears;
Then sent they the chief priests of Gods, with offer'd gifts t' atone
His differing fury, bade him choose, in sweet-soil'd Calydon,
Of the most fat and yieldy soil, what with an hundred steers
Might in a hundred days be plough'd, half that rich vintage bears,
And half of naked earth to plough; yet yielded not his ire.
Then to his lofty chamber-door, ascends his royal sire
With ruthful plaints, shook the strong bars; then came his sisters' cries;
His mother then; and all intreat; yet still more stiff he lies;
His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd; yet none impression took,
Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber, shook
With the invading enemy, who now forced dreadful way [dismay,
Along the city. Then his wife, in pitiful
Besought him, weeping; telling him the miseries sustain'd
By all the citizens, whose town the enemy had gain'd;
Men slaughter'd; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forced with lust;
Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heaps of fruitless dust.
These dangers soften'd his steel heart; up the stout prince arose,
Indued his body with rich arms, and freed th' Ætolians' woes,
His smother'd anger giving air; which gifts did not assuage,
But his own peril. And because he did not disengage
Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost. But for my sake, dear friend,
Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extremes descend,
Ere thou assist us; be not so by thy ill angel turn'd
From thine own honour. It were shame to see our navy burn'd,
And then come with thy timeless aid. For offer'd presents, come,
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celestial room.
But if without these gifts thou fight, forced by thy private woe,
Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though thou repel the foe."
Achilles answer'd the last part of this oration thus:
"Phœnix, renown'd and reverend, the honours urged on us
We need not. Jove doth honour me, and to my safety sees,
And will, whiles I retain a spirit, or can command my knees.
Then do not thou with tears and woes impassion my affects,
Becoming gracious to my foe. Nor fits it the respects
Of thy vow'd love to honour him that hath dishonour'd me,
Lest such loose kindness lose his heart that yet is firm to thee.
It were thy praise to hurt with me the hurter of my state,
Since half my honour and my realm thou mayst participate.

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Let these lords then return th' event, and
do thou here repose,
And, when dark sleep breaks with the day,
our counsels shall disclose
The course of our return or stay." This
said, he with his eye
Made to his friend a covert sign, to hasten
instantly
A good soft bed, that the old prince, soon
as the peers were gone,
Might take his rest; when, soldier-like,
brave Ajax Telamon
Spake to Ulysses, as with thought Achilles
was not worth
The high direction of his speech, that
stood so sternly forth
Unmoved with th' other orators, and spake,
not to appease
Pelides' wrath, but to depart. His argu-
ments were these:
"High-issued Laertiades, let us insist no
more
On his persuasion: I perceive the world
would end before
Our speeches' end in this affair. We must
with utmost haste
Return his answer, though but bad. The
peers are elsewhere placed,
And will not rise till we return. Great
Thetis' son hath stored
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth,
and will not be implored,
Rude that he is; nor his friends' love, re-
spects, do what they can,
Wherein past all, we honour'd him. O
unremorseful man,
Another for his brother slain, another for
his son, [hath done
Accepts of satisfaction; and he the deed
Lives in beloved society long after his
amends,
To which his foe's high heart, for gifts,
with patience condescends;
But thee a wild and cruel spirit the gods
for plague have given,
And for one girl, of whose fair sex we
come to offer seven,
The most exempt for excellence, and many
a better prize.
Then put a sweet mind in thy breast,
respect thy own allies,
Though others make thee not remiss: a
multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royal family, and our
supremest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most love
with thee
Of all the Greeks, how great an host
soever here there be."

He answer'd: "Noble Telamon, prince
of our soldiers here,
Out of thy heart I know thou speak'st, and
as thou hold'st me dear;
But still as often as I think, how rudely I
was used, [good, refused,
And, like a stranger, for all rites, fit for our
My heart doth swell against the man, that
durst be so profane [private bane,
To violate his sacred place; not for my
But since wrack'd virtue's general laws he
shameless did infringe;
For whose sake I will loose the reins, and
give mine anger swinge,
Without my wisdom's least impeach. He
is a fool, and base,
That pities vice-plagued minds, when pain,
not love of right, gives place.
And therefore tell your king, my lords, my
just wrath will not care
For all his cares, before my tents and navy
charged are
By warlike Hector, making way through
flocks of Grecian lives,
Enlighten'd by their naval fire; but when
his rage arrives
About my tent, and sable bark, I doubt
not but to shield
Them and myself; and make him fly the
there strong bounded field."
This said, each one but kiss'd the cup,
and to the ships retired;
Ulysses first. Patroclus then the men and
maids required
To make grave Phœnix' bed with speed,
and see he nothing lacks:
They straight obey'd, and laid thereon the
subtile fruit of flax,
And warm sheep-fells for covering; and
there the old man slept, [station kept.
Attending till the golden Morn her usual
Achilles lay in th' inner room of his tent
richly wrought, [Lesbos brought,
And that fair lady by his side, that he from
Bright Diomeda, Phorbas' seed. Patroclus
did embrace
The beauteous Iphis, given to him, when
his bold friend did race
The lofty Syrus that was kept in Enyeiu's
hold. [man with cups of gold
Now at the tent of Atreus' son, each
Received th' ambassadors return'd. All
cluster'd near to know
What news they brought; which first the
king would have Ulysses show:
"Say, most praiseworthy Ithacus, the
Grecians' great renown,
Will he defend us? or not yet will his
proud stomach down?"

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Ulysses made reply: "Not yet will he appeased be,
But grows more wrathful, prizing light thy offer'd gifts and thee,
And wills thee to consult with us, and take some other course
To save our army and our fleet, and says, with all his force,
The morn shall light him on his way to Phthia's wished soil,
For never shall high-seated Troy be sack'd with all our toil;
Jove holds his hand 'twixt us and it: the soldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies, which Ajax here can equally impart,
And both these heralds: Phœnix stays, for so was his desire,
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire."
All wonder'd he should be so stern; at last bold Diomed spake:
"Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake;
And all thy gifts unoffer'd him, he's proud enough beside,
But this ambassage thou hast sent will make him burst with pride.
But let us suffer him to stay, or go, at his desire,
Fight when his stomach serves him best, or when Jove shall inspire.
Meanwhile, our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest
After our food; strength lives by both, and virtue is their guest.
Then, when the rosy-finger'd Morn holds out her silver light,
Bring forth thy host, encourage all; and be thou first in fight."
The kings admired the fortitude, that so divinely moved
The skilful horseman, Diomed, and his advice approved.
Then with their nightly sacrifice each took his several tent,
Where all received the sovereign gifts soft Somnus did present.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Atrides, watching, wake the other peers,
And (in the fort, consulting of their fears)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honour'd most,
For royal scouts, into the Trojan host;
Who meeting Dolon, Hector's bribed spy,
Take him, and learn how all the quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King Rhesus, and his royal tent,
Striving for safety; but they end his strife,
And rid poor Dolon of a dangerous life.
Then with digressive wiles they use their force
On Rhesus' life, and take his snowy horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kappa the night exploits applies:
Rhesus' and Dolon's tragedies.

THE other princes at their ships soft-finger'd sleep did bind,
But not the General; Somnus' silks bound not his labouring mind,
That turn'd and return'd many thoughts. And as quick lightnings* fly,
From well-deck'd Juno's sovereign, out of the thicken'd sky,
Preparing some exceeding rain, or hail, the fruit of cold,
Or down-like snow that suddenly makes all the fields look old,
Or opes the gulfy mouth of war with his ensulphur'd hand,
In dazzling flashes pour'd from clouds, on any punish'd land;
So from Atrides' troubled heart, through his dark sorrows, flew
Redoubled sighs; his entrails shook, as often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawms, and tumults soldiers made.
But when he saw his fleet and host kneel to his care and love,
He rent his hair up by the roots as sacrifice to Jove,
Burnt in his fiery sighs, still breathed out of his glorious heart,
And first thought good to Nestor's care his sorrows to impart,
To try if royal diligence, with his approved advice,
Might fashion counsels to prevent their threaten'd miseries.
So up he rose, attired himself, and to his strong feet tied
Rich shoes, and cast upon his back a ruddy lion's hide,
So ample it his ankles reach'd, then took his royal spear.
Like him was Menelaus pierced with an industrious fear,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest bitter fates should quite
The Greeks' high favours, that for him resolved such endless fight.
And first a freckled panther's hide hid his broad back athwart;
His head his brazen helm did arm; his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haste to raise his brother's head as rare,
That he who most excell'd in rule might help t' effect his care.
He found him, at his ship's crook'd stern, adorning him with arms;
Who joy'd to see his brother's spirits awaked without alarms,
Well weighing th' importance of the time: and first the younger spake:
"Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to undertake
The sending of some venturous Greek, t' explore the foe's intent?
Alas, I greatly fear, not one will give that work consent,
Exposed alone to all the fears that flow in gloomy night.
He that doth this must know death well, in which ends every fright."
"Brother," said he, "in these affairs we both must use advice,
Jove is against us, and accepts great Hector's sacrifice.
For I have never seen, nor heard, in one day, and by one,
So many high attempts well urged, as Hector's power hath done

* These are the lightnings before snow, &c., that Scaliger's Criticus so unworthily taxeth; citing the place falsely, as in the Third book's annotations, &c.

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Against the hapless sons of Greece; being chiefly dear to Jove,
And without cause, being neither fruit of any Goddess' love,
Nor helpful God; and yet I fear the deepness of his hand,
Ere it be razed out of our thoughts, will many years withstand.
But, brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease,
With warlike Ajax; I will haste to grave Neleides,
Exhorting him to rise, and give the sacred watch command,
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;
And now his son their captain is, and Idomen's good friend,
Bold Merion, to whose discharge we did that charge commend."
"Command'st thou then," his brother ask'd, "that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolved approach, or else the message bear,
And quickly make return to thee?" He answer'd: "Rather stay,
Lest otherwise we fail to meet, for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian host. Speak ever as you go,
Command strong watch, from sire to son urge all t' observe the foe;
Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting every eye, [authority.
Not with unseason'd violence of proud
We must our patience exercise, and work ourselves with them,
Jove in our births combined such cares to either's diadem."
Thus he dismiss'd him, knowing well his charge before: he went
Himself to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent,
By him his damask cuirass hung, his shield, a pair of darts,
His shining casque, his arming waist; in these he led the hearts
Of his apt soldiers to sharp war, not yielding to his years.
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchful ears
Untimely feet told some approach; he took his lance in hand,
And spake to him: "Ho, what art thou that walk'st at midnight? stand.
Is any wanting at the guards, or lack'st thou any peer?
Speak, come not silent towards me; say, what intend'st thou here?"
He answer'd: "O Neleides, grave honour of our host,
'Tis Agamemnon thou may'st know, whom Jove afflicteth most
Of all the wretched men that live; and will, whilst any breath
Gives motion to my toiled limbs, and bears me up from death.
I walk the round thus, since sweet sleep cannot inclose mine eyes,
Nor shut those organs care breaks ope for our calamities.
My fear is vehement for the Greeks; my heart, the fount of heat,
With his extreme affects made cold, without my breast doth beat;
And therefore are my sinews strook with trembling; every part
Of what my friends may feel hath act in my dispersed heart.
But, if thou think'st of any course may to our good redound
(Since neither thou thyself canst sleep), come, walk with me the round;
In way whereof we may confer, and look to every guard;
Lest watching long, and weariness with labouring so hard,
Drown their oppressed memories of what they have in charge.
The liberty we give the foe, alas, is over large,
Their camp is almost mix'd with ours, and we have forth no spies
To learn their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise."
Grave Nestor answer'd: "Worthy king, let good hearts bear our ill:
Jove is not bound to perfect all this busy Hector's will;
But I am confidently given, his thoughts are much dismay'd [our aid,
With fear lest our distress incite Achilles to
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours, with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and stir up more beside;
Tydides, famous for his lance; Ulysses, Telamon,
And bold Phyleus' valiant heir. Or else, if any one
Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their sail
Lie so removed, with much good speed, it might our haste avail.
But, though he be our honour'd friend, thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame

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He should commit all pains to thee, that should himself employ,
Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be so far from needing spurs to these his due respects,
He should apply our spirits himself, with prayers and urged affects.
Necessity (a law to laws, and not to be endured)
Makes proof of all his faculties, not sound if not inured."
"Good father," said the king, "sometimes you know I have desired
You would improve his negligence, too oft to ease retired.
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compass of his brain, [should abstain
But with observing my estate, he thinks, he
Till I commanded, knowing my place; unwilling to assume,
For being my brother, anything might prove he did presume.
But now he rose before me far, and came t' avoid delays,
And I have sent him for the man yourself desired to raise.
Come, we shall find them at the guards we placed before the fort,
For thither my direction was they should with speed resort."
"Why now," said Nestor, "none will grudge, nor his just rule withstand.
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command."
Thus put he on his arming truss, fair shoes upon his feet,
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd with a warmful nap,
A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did soldiers use to wrap;
Then took he his strong lance in hand, made sharp with proved steel,
And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Ulysses' keel
He call'd, to break the silken fumes that did his senses bind.
The voice through th' organs of his ears straight rung about his mind.
Forth came Ulysses, asking him: "Why stir ye thus so late?
Sustain we such enforcive cause?" He answer'd, "Our estate
Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it, worthy friend,
And come, let us excite one more, to counsel of some end
To our extremes, by fight, or flight." He back, and took his shield,
And both took course to Diomed: they found him laid in field,
Far from his tent; his armour by; about him was dispread
A ring of soldiers, every man his shield beneath his head;
His spear fix'd by him as he slept, the great end in the ground,
The point, that bristled the dark earth, cast a reflection round
Like pallid lightnings thrown from Jove; thus this heroe lay, [head had stay
And under him a big ox-hide; his royal
On arras hangings, rolled up; whereon he slept so fast,
That Nestor stirr'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
In such deep sleep, in such deep woes; and ask'd him why he spent
All night in sleep, or did not hear the Trojans near his tent?
Their camp drawn close upon their dike, small space 'twixt foes and foes?
He, starting up, said, "Strange old man, that never takest repose,
Thou art too patient of our toil: have we not men more young,
To be employ'd from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong."
"Said like a king," replied the sire, "for I have sons renown'd,
And there are many other men, might go this toilsome round;
But, you must see, imperious Need hath all at her command.
Now on the eager razor's edge,* for life or death, we stand.
Then go (thou art the younger man) and if thou love my ease,
Call swift-foot Ajax up thyself, and young Phyleides."
This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow lion's hide,
Big, and reach'd earth; then took his spear, and Nestor's will applied,
Raised the heroes, brought them both. All met; the round they went,
And found not any captain there asleep or negligent,
But waking, and in arms, gave ear to every lowest sound.
And as keen dogs keep sheep in cotes, or folds of hurdles bound,

* Ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆς. This went into a proverb, used by Theocritus, *in Dioscaris*, out of Homer.

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And grin at every breach of air, envious of all that moves ;
Still listening when the ravenous beast stalks through the hilly groves ;
Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,
Sleep wanting weight to close one wink ; so did the captains wake,
That kept the watch the whole sad night, all with intentive ear
Converted to the enemy's tents, that they might timely hear
If they were stirring to surprise ; which Nestor joy'd to see.
"Why so, dear sons, maintain your watch, sleep not a wink," said he,
"Rather than make your fames the scorn of Trojan perjury."
This said, he foremost pass'd the dike, the others seconded ;
Even all the kings that had been call'd to council from the bed,
And with them went Meriones, and Nestor's famous son ; [consultation.
For both were call'd by all the kings to
Beyond the dike they choosed a place, near as they could from blood,
Where yet appear'd the falls of some, and whence, the crimson flood
Of Grecian lives being pour'd on earth by Hector's furious chase,
He made retreat, when night repour'd grim darkness in his face.
There sat they down, and Nestor spake : "O friends, remains not one
That will rely on his bold mind, and view the camp alone,
Of the proud Trojans, to approve if any straggling mate
He can surprise near th' utmost tents, or learn the brief estate
Of their intentions for the time, and mix like one of them [renown'd extreme
With their outguards, expiscating if the
They force on us will serve their turns, with glory to retire,
Or still encamp thus far from Troy? This may he well inquire,
And make a brave retreat untouch'd ; and this would win him fame
Of all men canopied with heaven, and every man of name
In all this host shall honour him with an enriching meed,
A black ewe and her sucking lamb (rewards that now exceed
All other best possessions, in all men's choice requests) ; [and royal feasts."
And still be bidden by our kings to kind
All reverenced one another's worth ; and none would silence break,
Lest worse should take best place of speech ; at last did Diomed speak :
"Nestor, thou ask'st if no man here have heart so well inclined
To work this stratagem on Troy? yes, I have such a mind.
Yet, if some other prince would join, more probable will be
The strengthen'd hope of our exploit : two may together see
(One going before another still) sly danger every way ;
One spirit upon another works, and takes with firmer stay
The benefit of all his powers ; for though one knew his course,
Yet might he well distrust himself, which th' other might enforce."
This offer every man assumed ; all would with Diomed go ; [too ;
The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus
But Nestor's son enforced it much ; and hardy Ithacus,
Who had to every venturous deed a mind as venturous.
Amongst all these thus spake the king : "Tydides, most beloved,
Choose thy associate worthily ; a man the most approved
For use and strength in these extremes. Many thou seest stand forth ;
But choose not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth,
Lest with thy nice respect of right to any man's degree,
Thou wrong'st thy venture, choosing one least fit to join with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king." This spake he with suspect
That Diomed, for honour's sake, his brother would select.
Then said Tydides : "Since thou givest my judgment leave to choose,
How can it so much truth forget Ulysses to refuse,
That bears a mind so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect
Of all high labours, and a man Pallas doth most respect?
We shall return through burning fire, if I with him combine,
He sets strength in so true a course, with counsels so divine."
Ulysses, loth to be esteem'd a lover of his praise,
With such exceptions humbled him as did him higher raise ;

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And said: "Tydides, praise me not more
than free truth will bear,
Nor yet impair me; they are Greeks that
give judicial ear.
But come, the morning hastes, the stars
are forward in their course,
Two parts of night are past, the third is
left t' employ our force."
Now borrow'd they for haste some arms:
bold Thrasymedes lent
Adventurous Diomed his sword (his own
was at his tent),
His shield, and helm tough and well-
tann'd, without or plume or crest,
And call'd a morion, archers' heads it
used to invest.
Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his
bow, [man did bestow
His helmet fashion'd of a hide; the work-
Much labour in it, quilting it with bow-
strings, and without
With snowy tusks of white-mouth'd boars
'twas armed round about
Right cunningly, and in the midst an
arming cap was placed,
That with the fix'd ends of the tusks his
head might not be rased.
This, long since, by Autolycus was brought
from Eleon, [was Ormenus' son.
When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that
In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnamed Am-
phidamas,
Autolycus did give this helm; he, when
he feasted was
By honour'd Molus, gave it him, as pre-
sent of a guest; [bequest.
Molus to his son Merion did make it his
With this Ulysses arm'd his head; and
thus they, both address'd,
Took leave of all the other kings. To
them a glad ostent,
As they were entering on their way, Mi-
nerva did present,
A hernshaw consecrate to her, which they
could ill discern
Through sable night; but, by her clange,
they knew it was a hern.
Ulysses joy'd, and thus invoked: "Hear
me, great seed of Jove,
That ever dost my labours grace with
presence of thy love,
And all my motions dost attend: still
love me, sacred dame,
Especially in this exploit, and so protect
our fame
We both may safely make retreat, and
thriftily employ
Our boldness in some great affair baneful
to them of Troy."
Then pray'd illustrate Diomed: "Vouch-
safe me likewise ear,
O thou unconquer'd Queen of arms: be
with thy favours near,
As to my royal father's steps, thou went'st
a bounteous guide,
When th' Achives and the peers of Thebes
he would have pacified,
Sent as the Greeks' ambassador, and left
them at the flood
Of great Æsopus; whose retreat thou
madest to swim in blood
Of his enambush'd enemies; and, if thou
so protect [heifer most select,
My bold endeavours, to thy name an
That never yet was tamed with yoke,
broad-fronted, one year old,
I'll burn in zealous sacrifice, and set the
horns in gold."
The Goddess heard; and both the
kings their dreadless passage bore
Through slaughter, slaughter'd carcasses,
arms, and discolour'd gore.
Nor Hector let his princes sleep, but all
to council call'd,
And ask'd, "What one is here will vow,
and keep it unappall'd,
To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot
and two horse,
That pass for speed the rest of Greece?
What one dares take this course,
For his renown, besides his gifts, to mix
amongst the foe,
And learn if still they hold their guards,
or with this overthrow
Determine flight, as being too weak to
hold us longer war?"
All silent stood; at last stood forth one
Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous work, Eumedes' heir, a
herald much renown'd.
This Dolon did in gold and brass ex-
ceedingly abound,
But in his form was quite deform'd, yet
passing swift to run;
Amongst five sisters, he was left Eumedes'
only son.
And he told Hector, his free heart would
undertake t' explore
The Greeks' intentions, "but," said he,
"thou shalt be sworn before,
By this thy sceptre, that the horse of great
Æacides,
And his strong chariot bound with brass,
thou wilt (before all these)
Resign me as my valour's prize; and so I
rest unmoved
To be thy spy, and not return before I
have approved

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(By venturing to Atrides' ship, where their consults are held)
If they resolve still to resist, or fly as quite expell'd."
He put his sceptre in his hand, and call'd the thunder's God,
Saturnia's husband, to his oath, those horse should not be rode
By any other man than he; but he for ever joy
(To his renown) their services, for his good done to Troy.
Thus swore he, and forswore himself; yet made base Dolon bold;
Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold
A white wolf's hide, and with a helm of weasels' skins did arm
His weasel's head, then took his dart, and never turn'd to harm
The Greeks with their related drifts; but being past the troops
Of horse and foot, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoops
To undermine Achilles' horse. Ulysses straight did see,
And said to Diomed: "This man makes footing towards thee,
Out of the tents. I know not well, if he be used as spy
Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughter'd enemy.
But let us suffer him to come a little further on, [we be overgone
And then pursue him. If it chance, that
By his more swiftness, urge him still to run upon our fleet,
And (lest he scape us to the town) still let thy javelin meet
With all his offers of retreat." Thus stepp'd they from the plain
Amongst the slaughter'd carcasses. Dolon came on amain,
Suspecting nothing; but once past, as far as mules outdraw
Oxen at plough, being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plough a deep-soil'd furrow forth, so far was Dolon past.
Then they pursued; which he perceived, and stay'd his speedless haste,
Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spy;
But, in a javelin's throw or less, he knew them enemy.
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursued like wind.
As when a brace of greyhounds are laid in with hare or hind,
Close-mouth'd and skill'd to make the best of their industrious course,
Serve either's turn, and, set on hard, lose neither ground nor force;
So constantly did Tydeus' son, and his town-razing peer,
Pursue this spy, still turning him, as he was winding near
His covert, till he almost mix'd with their out-courts of guard.
Then Pallas prompted Diomed, lest his due worth's reward
Should be impair'd if any man did vaunt he first did sheathe
His sword in him, and he be call'd but second in his death.
Then spake he, threatening with his lance: "Or stay, or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run before thou be by death outgone."
This said, he threw his javelin forth; which miss'd as Diomed would,
Above his right arm making way, the pile stuck in the mould.
He stay'd and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.
They came in blowing, seized him fast; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ransom for his life, and told them he had brass,
Much gold, and iron, that fit for use in many labours was,
From whose rich heaps his father would a wondrous portion give,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his son did live.
Ulysses bade him cheer his heart. "Think not of death," said he,
"But tell us true, why runn'st thou forth, when others sleeping be?
Is it to spoil the carcasses? or art thou choicely sent
T' explore our drifts? or of thyself seek'st thou some wish'd event?"
He trembling answer'd: "Much reward did Hector's oath propose,
And urged me, much against my will, t' endeavour to disclose
If you determined still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
As all dismay'd with your late foil, and wearied with the fight.
For which exploit, Pelides' horse and chariot he did swear, [to hear
I only ever should enjoy." Ulysses smiled
So base a swain have any hope so high a price t' aspire,
And said, his labours did affect a great and precious hire,

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And that the horse Pelides rein'd no mortal hand could use
But he himself, whose matchless life a Goddess did produce.
"But tell us, and report but truth, where left'st thou Hector now?
Where are his arms? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
The watch's charge? where sleep the kings? intend they still to lie
Thus near encamp'd, or turn sufficed with their late victory?"
"All this," said he, "I'll tell most true. At Ilus' monument
Hector with all our princes sits, t' advise of this event;
Who choose that place removed, to shun the rude confused sounds
The common soldiers throw about: but, for our watch and rounds,
Whereof, brave lord, thou makest demand, none orderly we keep.
The Trojans, that have roofs to save, only abandon sleep,
And privately without command each other they exhort [this slender sort
To make prevention of the worst; and in
Is watch and guard maintain'd with us: th' auxiliary bands
Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Trojans' hands,
For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;
The less they need to care, the more they succour dull neglect."
"But tell me," said wise Ithacus, "are all these foreign powers
Appointed quarters by themselves, or else commix'd with yours?"
"And this," said Dolon, "too, my lords, I'll seriously unfold.
The Pæons with the crooked bows, and Cares, quarters hold
Next to the sea; the Leleges, and Caucons, join'd with them,
And brave Pelasgians. Thymber's mead, removed more from the stream,
Is quarter to the Lycians, the lofty Mysian force,
The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
But what need these particulars? if ye intend surprise
Of any in our Trojan camp, the Thracian quarter lies
Utmost of all, and uncommix'd with Trojan regiments,
That keep the voluntary watch: new pitch'd are all their tents.
King Rhesus, Eioneus' son, commands them, who hath steeds
More white than snow; huge, and well-shaped; their fiery pace exceeds
The winds in swiftness; these I saw; his chariot is with gold
And pallid silver richly framed, and wondrous to behold;
His great and golden armour is not fit a man should wear,
But for immortal shoulders framed: come then, and quickly bear
Your happy prisoner to your fleet; or leave him here fast bound,
Till your well-urged and rich return prove my relation sound."
Tydides dreadfully replied: "Think not of passage thus,
Though of right acceptable news thou hast advertised us,
Our hands are holds more strict than so; and should we set thee free
For offer'd ransom, for this scape, thou still wouldst scouting be
About our ships, or do us scathe in plain opposed arms, [thy harms."
But, if I take thy life, no way can we repent
With this, as Dolon reach'd his hand to use a suppliant's part,
And stroke the beard of Diomed, he strook his neck athwart
With his forced sword, and both the nerves he did in sunder wound,
And suddenly his head, deceived, fell speaking on the ground.
His weasel's helm they took, his bow, his wolf's skin, and his lance,
Which to Minerva Ithacus did zealously advance,
With lifted arm into the air; and to her thus he spake:
"Goddess, triumph in thine own spoils; to thee we first will make
Our invocations, of all powers throned on th' Olympian hill;
Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct us still."
With this, he hung them up aloft upon a tamarisk bough
As eyeful trophies, and the sprigs that did about it grow
He proined from the leavy arms, to make it easier view'd
When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps pursued.
Forth went they through black blood and arms, and presently aspired
The guardless Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleep, and tired;

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Their arms lay by, and triple ranks they,
as they slept, did keep,
As they should watch and guard their king;
who, in a fatal sleep,
Lay in the midst; their chariot horse, as
they coachfellows were,
Fed by them; and the famous steeds, that
did their general bear,
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his
rich chariot tied.
Ulysses saw them first, and said: "Tydides,
I have spied
The horse that Dolon, whom we slew,
assured us we should see.
Now use thy strength; now idle arms are
most unfit for thee;
Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard, and
leave the horse to me."
Minerva, with the azure eyes, breathed
strength into her king,
Who fill'd the tent with mixed death:
the souls, he set on wing,
Issued in groans, and made air swell into
her stormy flood.
Horror and slaughter had one power; the
earth did blush with blood.
As when a hungry lion flies, with purpose
to devour,
On flocks unkept, and on their lives doth
freely use his power;
So Tydeus' son assail'd the foe; twelve
souls before him flew; [he slew,
Ulysses waited on his sword, and ever as
He drew them by their strengthless heels
out of the horses' sight,
That, when he was to lead them forth,
they should not with affright
Boggle, nor snore, in treading on the
bloody carcasses;
For being new come, they were unused to
such stern sights as these.
Through four ranks now did Diomed the
king himself attain,
Who, snoring in his sweetest sleep, was
like his soldiers slain.
An ill dream by Minerva sent that night
stood by his head, [quer'd Diomed.
Which was Oenides' royal son, uncon-
Meanwhile Ulysses loosed his horse,
took all their reins in hand,
And led them forth; but Tydeus' son did
in contention stand
With his great mind to do some deed of
more audacity;
If he should take the chariot, where his
rich arms did lie, [on his back,
And draw it by the beam away, or bear it
Or if, of more dull Thracian lives, he
should their bosoms sack.
In this contention with himself, Minerva
did suggest
And bade him think of his retreat; lest
from their tempted rest
Some other God should stir the foe, and
send him back dismay'd.
He knew the voice, took horse, and fled:
the Trojans' heavenly aid,
Apollo with the silver bow, stood no blind
sentinel
To their secure and drowsy host, but did
discover well
Minerva following Diomed; and, angry
with his act,
The mighty host of Ilion he enter'd, and
awaked
The cousin-german of the king, a coun-
sellor of Thrace, [the desert place,
Hippocoon; who when he rose, and saw
Where Rhesus' horse did use to stand,
and th' other dismal harms,
Men struggling with the pangs of death,
he shriek'd out thick alarms,
Call'd 'Rhesus! Rhesus!' but in vain;
then still, 'Arm! arm!' he cried.
The noise and tumult was extreme on
every startled side
Of Troy's huge host; from whence in
throngs all gather'd, and admired
Who could perform such harmful facts,
and yet be safe retired.
Now, coming where they slew the scout,
Ulysses stay'd the steeds,
Tydides lighted, and the spoils, hung on
the tamarisk reeds,
He took and gave to Ithacus, and up he
got again.
Then flew they joyful to their fleet. Nestor
did first attain
The sounds the horse-hoofs strook through
air, and said: "My royal peers,
Do I but dote, or say I true? methinks
about mine ears
The sounds of running horses beat. O
would to God they were
Our friends thus soon return'd with spoils:
but I have hearty fear,
Lest this high tumult of the foe doth their
distress intend."
He scarce had spoke, when they were
come; both did from horse descend:
All, with embraces and sweet words, to
heaven their worth did raise.
Then Nestor spake: "Great Ithacus,
even heap'd with Grecian praise,
How have you made these horse your
prize? pierced you the dangerous host,
Where such gems stand? or did some
God your high attempts accost,

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And honour'd you with this reward? why, they be like the rays
The Sun effuseth. I have mix'd with Trojans all my days;
And now, I hope you will not say, I always lie aboard,
Though an old soldier I confess; yet did all Troy afford [possess'd.
Never the like to any sense that ever I
But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours bless'd;
For he that shadows heaven with clouds loves both as his delights,
And she that supples earth with blood cannot forbear your sights."
Ulysses answer'd: "Honour'd sire, the willing Gods can give
Horse much more worth than these men yield, since in more power they live.
These horse are of the Thracian breed; their king, Tydides slew,
And twelve of his most trusted guard; and of that meaner crew
A scout for thirteenth man we kill'd, whom Hector sent to spy [fight or fly."
The whole estate of our designs,* if bent to
Thus, follow'd with whole troops of friends, they with applauses pass'd
The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomed they placed
The horse without contention, as his deserving's meed,
Which, with his other horse set up, on yellow wheat did feed.
Poor Dolon's spoils Ulysses had; who shrined them on his stern,
As trophies vow'd to her that sent the good-aboding hern.
Then enter'd they the mere main sea, to cleanse their honour'd sweat
From off their feet, their thighs and necks; and, when their vehement heat
Was calm'd, and their swoln hearts refresh'd, more curious baths they used,
Where odorous and dissolving oils* they through their limbs diffused.
Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl, fill'd with the purest wine,
They offer'd to the maiden Queen, that hath the azure eyne.

* The whole existence of our drifts. 1598.

* Odorous and relaxive oils. 1598.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES and his other peers of name
Lead forth their men; whom Eris doth inflame
Hector (by Iris' charge) takes deedless breath,
Whiles Agamemnon plies the work of death,
Who with the first bears his imperial head.
Himself, Ulysses, and king Diomed,
Eurypylus, and Æsculapius' son,
(Enforced with wounds) the furious skirmish shun.
Which martial sight when great Achilles views,
A little his desire of fight renews;
And forth he sends his friend, to bring him word
From old Neleides, what wounded lord
He in his chariot from the skirmish brought;
Which was Machaon. Nestor then besought
He would persuade his friend to wreak their harms,
Or come himself, deck'd in his dreadful arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Lambda presents the General,
In fight the worthiest man of all.

AURORA out of restful bed did from bright Tithon rise,
To bring each deathless essence light, and use, to mortal eyes;
When Jove sent Eris to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
Stern signs of her designs for war. She took her horrid stand
Upon Ulysses' huge black bark, that did at anchor ride
Amidst the fleet, from whence her sounds might ring on every side,
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' authors of their smarts,
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navy's utmost parts.
The red-eyed Goddess, seated there, thunder'd the Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all the Grecian throng.
Her verse with spirits invincible did all their breasts inspire,
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter war more sweet a thousand times,
Than any choice in hollow keels to greet their native climes.
Atrides summon'd all to arms, to arms himself disposed.
First on his legs he put bright greaves, with silver buttons closed;
Then with rich cuirass arm'd his breast, which Cinyras bestow'd
To gratify his royal guest; for even to Cyprus flow'd
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the Greeks proposed for Troy,
And therefore gave he him those arms, and wish'd his purpose joy.
Ten rows of azure mix'd with black, twelve golden like the sun,
Twice ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour run.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainbows shined,
Such as by Jove are fix'd in clouds, when wonders are divined.
About his shoulders hung his sword; whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining bars, exceeding richly gilt;
The scabbard was of silver plate, with golden hangers graced.
Then took he up his weighty shield, that round about him cast
Defensive shadows; ten bright zones of gold-affecting brass
Were driven about it; and of tin, as full of gloss as glass,
Swell'd twenty bosses out of it; in centre of them all
One of black metal had engraven (full of extreme appal,)
An ugly Gorgon, compassed with Terror and with Fear.
At it a silver bawdrick hung, with which he used to bear
Wound on his arm, his ample shield; and in it there was woven
An azure dragon, curl'd in folds, from whose one neck was cloven
Three heads contorted in an orb. Then placed he on his head
His four-plumed casque; and in his hands two darts he managed,
Arm'd with bright steel that blazed to heaven. Then Juno, and the maid
That conquers empires, trumpets served to summon out their aid

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In honour of the General, and on a sable cloud,
To bring them furious to the field, sate thundering out aloud.
Then all enjoin'd their charioteers, to rank their chariot horse
Close to the dike. Forth march'd the foot, whose front they did r'enforce
With some horse troops. The battle then was all of charioteers,
Lined with light horse. But Jupiter disturb'd this form with fears,
And from air's upper region did bloody vapours rain,
For sad ostent much noble life should ere their times be slain.
The Trojan host at Ilus' tomb was in battalia led
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises' seed
Who god-like was esteem'd in Troy, by grave Antenor's race [mas
Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Aca-
Proportion'd like the states of heaven. In front of all the field,
Troy's great Priamides did bear his all-ways-equal shield,
Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amidst the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again;
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vant-guard, shining plain,
Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and labour'd everywhere
To order and encourage all; his armour was so clear,
And he applied each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone.
And as upon a rich man's crop of barley or of wheat,
Opposed for swiftness at their work, a sort of reapers sweat,
Bear down the furrows speedily, and thick their handfuls fall:
So at the joining of the hosts ran slaughter through them all;
None stoop'd to any fainting thought of foul inglorious flight,
But equal bore they up their heads, and fared like wolves in fight.
Stern Eris, with such weeping sights, rejoiced to feed her eyes,
Who only shew'd herself in field, of all the Deities;
The other in Olympus' tops sat silent, and repined
That Jove to do the Trojans grace should bear so fix'd a mind.
He cared not, but, enthroned apart, triumphant sat in sway
Of his free power, and from his seat took pleasure to display
The city so adorn'd with towers, the sea with vessels fill'd,
The splendour of refulgent arms, the killer and the kill'd.
As long as bright Aurora ruled, and sacred day increased,
So long their darts made mutual wounds, and neither had the best;
But when, in hill-environ'd vales, the timber-feller takes
A sharp set stomach to his meat, and dinner ready makes,
His sinews fainting, and his spirits become surcharged and dull;
Time of accustom'd ease arrived, his hands with labour full:
Then by their valours Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheer'd
Their general squadrons through the host; then first of all appear'd
The person of the king himself; and then the Trojans lost [host:
Bianor by his royal charge, a leader in the
Who being slain, his charioteer, Oïleus, did alight,
And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helm it ran,
Enforcing passage to his brain, quite through the harden'd pan;
His brain mix'd with his clotter'd blood, his body strew'd the ground.
There left he them, and presently he other objects found;
Isus and Antiphus, two sons king Priam did beget,
One lawful, th' other wantonly. Both in one chariot met
Their royal foe; the baser born, Isus, was charioteer,
And famous Antiphus did fight; both which king Peleus' heir,
(Whilome in Ida keeping flocks), did deprehend and bind
With pliant osiers; and, for price, them to their sire resign'd.
Atrides, with his well-aim'd lance, smote Isus on the breast
Above the nipple; and his sword a mortal wound impress'd

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Beneath the ear of Antiphus; down from their horse they fell.
The king had seen the youths before, and now did know them well,
Remembering them the prisoners of swift Æacides, [Ida's foody leas.
Who brought them to the sable fleet from
And as a lion having found the furrow of a hind,
Where she hath calved two little twins, at will and ease doth grind
Their joints snatch'd in his solid jaws, and crusheth into mist
Their tender lives; their dam, though near, not able to resist,
But shook with vehement fear herself, flies through the oaken chace
From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat, and seeks some covert place;
So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian General bent
'Gainst these two princes, none durst aid their native king's descent,
But fled themselves before the Greeks: and where these two were slain,
Pisander and Hippolochus (not able to restrain
Their headstrong horse, the silken reins being from their hands let fall)
Were brought by their unruly guides before the General.
Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus that took
Rich gifts, and gold, of Helen's love, and would by no means brook
Just restitution should be made of Menelaus' wealth,
Bereft him, with his ravish'd queen, by Alexander's stealth.
Atrides, lion-like, did charge his sons, who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and besought regard to their degrees,
Who, being Antimachus his sons, their father would afford [house did hoard
A worthy ransom for their lives, who in his
Much hidden treasure, brass, and gold, and steel, wrought wondrous choice.
Thus wept they, using smoothing terms, and heard this rugged voice
Breathe from the unrelenting king: "If you be of the breed
Of stout Antimachus, that stay'd the honourable deed [decreed,
The other peers of Ilion in council had
To render Helen and her wealth; and would have basely slain
My brother and wise Ithacus, ambassadors t' attain
The most due motion; now receive wreak for his shameful part."
This said, in poor Pisander's breast he fix'd his wreakful dart,
Who upward spread th' oppressed earth; his brother crouch'd for dread,
And, as he lay, the angry king cut off his arms and head,
And let him like a football lie for every man to spurn. [his valour turn,
Then to th' extremest heat of fight he did
And led a multitude of Greeks, where foot did foot subdue,
Horse slaughter'd horse. Need feather'd flight, the batter'd centre flew
In clouds of dust about their ears, raised from the horses' hooves,
That beat a thunder out of earth as horrible as Jove's.
The king, persuading speedy chace, gave his persuasions way
With his own valour, slaughtering still. As in a stormy day
In thick-set woods a ravenous fire wraps in his fierce repair
The shaken trees, and by the roots doth toss them into air;
Even so beneath Atrides' sword flew up Troy's flying heels,
Their horse drew empty chariots, and sought their thundering wheels
Some fresh directors through the field, where least the pursuit drives.
Thick fell the Trojans, much more sweet to vultures than their wives.
Then Jove drew Hector from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,
And from the tumult: still the king firm to the pursuit stood,
Till at old Ilus' monument, in midst of all the field,
They reach'd the wild fig-tree, and long'd to make their town their shield.
Yet there they rested not; the king still cried, 'Pursue, pursue,'
And all his unreproved hands did blood and dust imbrue.
But when they came to Scæa's ports, and to the beech of Jove,
There made they stand; there every eye, fix'd on each other, strove
Who should outlook his mate amazed; through all the field they fled.
And as a lion, when the night becomes most deaf and dead,
Invades ox herds, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak
His dreadful hunger, and his neck he first of all doth break,

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Then laps his blood and entrails up; so Agamemnon plied
The manage of the Trojan chace, and still the last man died,
The other fled, a number fell by his imperial hand,
Some grovelling downwards from their horse, some upwards strew'd the sand.
High was the fury of his lance: but, having beat them close
Beneath their walls, the both worlds' Sire did now again repose
On fountain-flowing Ida's tops, being newly slid from heaven,
And held a lightning in his hand; from thence this charge was given
To Iris with the golden wings: "Thaumantia, fly," said he,
"And tell Troy's Hector, that as long as he enraged shall see
The soldier-loving Atreus' son amongst the foremost fight, [must excite
Depopulating troops of men, so long he
Some other to resist the foe, and he no arms advance;
But when he wounded takes his horse, attain'd with shaft or lance,
Then will I fill his arm with death, even till he reach the fleet,
And peaceful night treads busy day beneath her sacred feet."
The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obey'd, and used her wings
To famous Ilion, from the mount enchased with silver springs,
And found in his bright chariot the hardy Trojan knight,
To whom she spake the words of Jove, and vanish'd from his sight.
He leapt upon the sounding earth, and shook his lengthful dart,
And everywhere he breathed exhorts, and stirr'd up every heart.
A dreadful fight he set on foot. His soldiers straight turn'd head.
The Greeks stood firm. In both the hosts, the field was perfected.
But Agamemnon, foremost still, did all his side exceed,
And would not be the first in name unless the first in deed.
Now sing, fair Presidents of verse, that in the heavens embower,
Who first encounter'd with the king, of all the adverse power.
Iphidamas, Antenor's son, ample and bigly set,
Brought up in pasture-springing Thrace, that doth soft sheep beget,
In grave Cisseus' noble house, that was his mother's sire,
Fair Theano; and when his breast was heighten'd with the fire
Of gaysome youth, his grandsire gave his daughter to his love.
Who straight his bridal-chamber left. Fame with affection strove,
And made him furnish twelve fair ships, to lend fair Troy his hand.
His ships he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land.
And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountering with the king,
Who threw his royal lance and miss'd. Iphidamas did fling,
And strook him on the arming waist, beneath his coat of brass,
Which forced him stay upon his arm, so violent it was:
Yet pierced it not his well-wrought zone; but when the lazy head
Tried hardness with his silver waist, it turn'd again like lead.
He follow'd, grasping the ground end, but with a lion's wile
That wrests away a hunter's staff, he caught it by the pile,
And pluck'd it from the caster's hand, whom with his sword he strook
Beneath the ear, and with his wound his timeless death he took.
He fell and slept an iron sleep; wretched young man, he died,
Far from his newly-married wife, in aid of foreign pride,
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her jointure great, [in his retreat
An hundred oxen gave he her, and vow'd
Two thousand head of sheep and goats, of which he store did leave.
Much gave he of his love's first-fruits, and nothing did receive.
When Coon (one that for his form might feast an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the slain) beheld this tragedy,
Deep sorrow sat upon his eyes, and (standing laterally,
And to the General undiscern'd) his javelin he let fly,
That 'twixt his elbow and his wrist transfix'd his armless arm;
The bright head shined on th' other side. The unexpected harm
Impress'd some horror in the king; yet so he ceased not fight,
But rush'd on Coon with his lance, who made what haste he might,

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Seizing his slaughter'd brother's foot, to draw him from the field,
And call'd the ablest to his aid, when under his round shield
The king's brass javelin, as he drew, did strike him helpless dead;
Who made Iphidamas the block, and cut off Coon's head.
Thus under great Atrides' arm Antenor's issue thrived, [mansion dived.
And, to suffice precisest fate, to Pluto's
He with his lance, sword, mighty stones, pour'd his heroic wreak
On other squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warm blood did break
Through his cleft veins; but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
The eager anguish did approve his princely fortitude.
As when most sharp and bitter pangs distract a labouring dame,
Which the divine Ilithyæ, that rule the painful frame
Of human child-birth, pour on her; th' Ilithyæ that are
The daughters of Saturnia; with whose extreme repair
The woman in her travail strives to take the worst it gives;
With thought it must be, 'tis love's fruit, the end for which she lives,
The mean to make herself new born: what comforts will redound;
So Agamemnon did sustain the torment of his wound.
Then took he chariot, and to fleet bade haste his charioteer,
But first pour'd out his highest voice to purchase every ear:
"Princes and leaders of the Greeks, brave friends, now from our fleet
Do you expel this boisterous sway. Jove will not let me meet
Illustrate Hector, nor give leave that I shall end the day
In fight against the Ilion power; my wound is in my way."
This said, his ready charioteer did scourge his spriteful horse,
That freely to the sable fleet perform'd their fiery course,
To bear their wounded sovereign apart the martial thrust,
Sprinkling their powerful breasts with foam, and snowing on the dust.
When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends:
"Trojans, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Think what it is to be renown'd, be soldiers all of name,
Our strongest enemy is gone, Jove vows to do us fame,
Then in the Grecian faces drive your one-hooved violent steeds,
And far above their best be best, and glorify your deeds."
Thus as a dog-given hunter sets upon a brace of boars
His white-tooth'd hounds, puffs, shouts, breathes terms, and on his emprese pours
All his wild art to make them pinch; so Hector urged his host
To charge the Greeks, and, he himself most bold and active most,
He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raves,
Stoops from the clouds, and all on heaps doth cuff the purple waves.
Who then was first, and last, he kill'd, when Jove did grace his deed?
Assæus, and Autonous, Opys, and Clytus' seed
Prince Dolops, and the honour'd sire of sweet Euryalus, [ponous,
Opheltes, Agelaus next, and strong Hip-
Orus, Æsymnus, all of name. The common soldiers fell,
As when the hollow flood of air in Zephyr's cheeks doth swell,
And sparseth all the gather'd clouds white Notus' power did draw,
Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the froth beat with a vehement flaw;
So were the common soldiers wrack'd in troops by Hector's hand.
Then ruin had enforeed such works as no Greeks could withstand:
Then in their fleet they had been housed, had not Laertes' son
Stirr'd up the spirit of Diomed, with this impression:
"Tydides, what do we sustain, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me, dearest in my love. 'Twere horrible impair
For our two valours to endure a customary flight,
To leave our navy still engaged, and but by fits to fight."
He answer'd: "I am bent to stay, and anything sustain;
But our delight to prove us men will prove but short and vain,
For Jove makes Trojans instruments, and virtually then
Wields arms himself: our cross affairs are not 'twixt men and men."

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This said, Thymbræus with his lance he tumbled from his horse,
Near his left nipple wounding him. Ulysses did enforce
Fair Molion, minion to this king that Diomed subdued.
Both sent they thence till they return'd, who now the king pursued
And furrow'd through the thicken'd troops. As when two chased boars
Turn head 'gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores;
So, turn'd from flight, the forward kings shew'd Trojans backward death:
Nor fled the Greeks, but by their wills, to get great Hector breath.
Then took they horse and chariot from two bold city foes,
Merops Percosius' mighty sons. Their father could disclose,
Beyond all men, hid auguries, and would not give consent
To their egression to these wars, yet wilfully they went,
For Fates, that order sable death, enforced their tragedies.
Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their arms his prise.
Hypirochus, and Hippodus, Ulysses reft of light.
But Jove, that out of Ida look'd, then equalised the fight,
A Grecian for a Trojan then paid tribute to the Fates.
Yet royal Diomed slew one, even in those even debates,
That was of name more than the rest, Pæon's renowned son, [hip did run;
The prince Agastrophus; his lance into his
His squire detain'd his horse apart, that hinder'd him to fly,
Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feet apply
His scape with all the speed they had alongst the foremost bands,
And there his loved life dissolved. This Hector understands,
And rush'd with clamour on the king, right soundly seconded
With troops of Trojans: which perceived by famous Diomed,
The deep conceit of Jove's high will stiffen'd his royal hair,
Who spake to near-fought Ithacus: "The fate of this affair
Is bent to us: come let us stand, and bound his violence."
Thus threw he his long javelin forth, which smote his head's defence
Full on the top, yet pierced no skin; brass took repulse with brass;
His helm (with three folds made, and sharp) the gift of Phœbus was.
The blow made Hector take the troop, sunk him upon his hand,
And strook him blind. The king pursued before the foremost band
His dart's recovery, which he found laid on the purple plain;
By which time Hector was revived, and, taking horse again,
Was far commix'd within his strength, and fled his darksome grave.
He follow'd with his thirsty lance, and this elusive brave:
"Once more be thankful to thy heels, proud dog, for thy escape.
Mischief sat near thy bosom now; and now another rape
Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well mayst pray,
When through the singing of our darts thou find'st such guarded way.
But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest hour,
If with like favour any God be fautor of my power.
Meanwhile some other shall repay, what I suspend in thee."
This said, he set the wretched soul of Pæon's issue free,
Whom his late wound not fully slew. But Priam's amorous birth
Against Tydides bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,
Part of the ruinated tomb for honour'd Ilus built, [and richly gilt,
And as the cuirass of the slain, engraven
Tydides from his breast had spoil'd, and from his shoulders raft
His target and his solid helm, he shot, and his keen shaft
(That never flew from him in vain) did nail unto the ground
The king's right foot; the spleenful knight laugh'd sweetly at the wound,
Crept from his covert, and triumph'd: "Now art thou maim'd," said he,
"And would to God my happy hand had so much honour'd me
To have infix'd it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot,
Even to th' expulsure of thy soul: then blest had been my shoot
Of all the Trojans; who had then breathed from their long unrests,
Who fear thee, as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts."

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Undaunted Diomed replied: "You braver with your bow,
You slick-hair'd lover, you that hunt and fleer at wenches so;
Durst thou but stand in arms with me, thy silly archery [little suffer I
Would give thee little cause to vaunt. As
In this same tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid,
As if a woman, or a child that knew not what it did,
Had touch'd my foot. A coward's steel hath never any edge.
But mine, t' assure it sharp, still lays dead carcasses in pledge;
Touch it, it renders lifeless straight, it strikes the fingers' ends
Of hapless widows in their cheeks, and children blind of friends.
The subject of it makes earth red, and air with sighs inflames,
And leaves limbs more embraced with birds than with enamour'd dames."
Lance-famed Ulysses now came in, and stept before the king,
Kneel'd opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager pain did sting
Through all his body; straight he took his royal chariot there,
And with direction to the fleet did charge his charioteer.
Now was Ulysses desolate, fear made no friend remain,
He thus spake to his mighty mind: "What doth my state sustain?
If I should fly this odds in fear, that thus comes clustering on,
'Twere high dishonour; yet 'twere worse, to be surprised alone.
'Tis Jove that drives the rest to flight; but that's a faint excuse.
Why do I tempt my mind so much? Pale cowards fight refuse.
He that affects renown in war must like a rock be fix'd,
Wound, or be wounded: valour's truth puts no respect betwixt."
In this contention with himself, in flew the shady bands
Of targeteers, who sieged him round with mischief-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muse of a boar,
Their dogs put after in full cry, he rusheth on before,
Whets, with his lather-making jaws, his crooked tusks for blood,
And, holding firm his usual haunts, breaks through the deepen'd wood,
They charging, though his hot approach be never so abhorr'd;
So, to assail the Jove-loved Greek, the Ilians did accord,
And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoulder blade,
Deiops, a blameless man at arms; then sent to endless shade
Thoon and Eunomus; and strook the strong Chersidamas,
As from his chariot he leap'd down, beneath his targe of brass;
Who fell, and crawl'd upon the earth with his sustaining palms,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing martial alms,
But Socus' brother by both sides, young Carops, did impress.
Then princely Socus to his aid made brotherly access,
And, coming near, spake in his charge: "O great Laertes' son,
Insatiate in sly stratagems, and labours never done,
This hour, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hippasides
And prise their arms, or fall thyself in my resolved access."
This said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and well-driven lance,
Which held way through his cuirasses, and on his ribs did glance,
Plowing the flesh alongst his sides; but Pallas did repel [knowing well
All inward passage to his life. Ulysses,
The wound undeadly (setting back his foot to form his stand)
Thus spake to Socus: "O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,
That stay'st my victory on Troy, and where thy charge was made
In doubtful terms (or this or that) this shall thy life invade."
This frighted Socus to retreat, and, in his faint reverse,
The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did pierce,
Down fell he sounding, and the king thus play'd with his misease:
"O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hippasides,
Now may your house and you perceive death can outfly the flyer.
Ah wretch, thou canst not 'scape my vows. Old Hippasus thy sire,
Nor thy well-honour'd mother's hands, in both which lies thy worth,
Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,

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And hide them with their darksome wings ;
but when Ulysses dies,
Divinest Greeks shall tomb my corse with
all their obsequies."
Now from his body and his shield the
violent lance he drew,
That princely Socus had infix'd ; which
drawn, a crimson dew
Fell from his bosom on the earth ; the
wound did dare him sore.
And when the furious Trojans saw Ulysses'
forced gore,
Encouraging themselves in gross, all his
destruction vow'd.
Then he retired, and summon'd aid.
Thrice shouted he aloud,
As did denote a man engaged. Thrice
Menelaus' ear
Observed his aid-suggesting voice, and
Ajax being near,
He told him of Ulysses' shouts, as if he
were enclosed [might be disposed
From all assistance, and advised their aids
Against the ring that circled him, lest,
charged with troops alone,
(Though valiant) he might be oppress'd,
whom Greece so built upon.
He led, and Ajax seconded : they found
their Jove-loved king
Circled with foes. As when a den of
bloody lucerns cling
About a goodly-palmed hart, hurt with a
hunter's bow,
Whose scape his nimble feet enforce,
whilst his warm blood doth flow,
And his light knees have power to move ;
but, master'd of his wound,
Emboss'd within a shady hill, the lucerns
charge him round,
And tear his flesh ; when instantly fortune
sends in the powers
Of some stern lion, with whose sight they
fly, and he devours ;
So charged the Ilians Ithacus, many and
mighty men. [Ajax then,
But then made Menelaus in, and horrid
Bearing a target like a tower, close was his
violent stand, [the royal hand,
And every way the foe dispersed ; when, by
Kind Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes'
son,
Till his fair squire had brought his horse:
victorious Telamon
Still plied the foe, and put to sword a
young Priamides,
Doryclus, Priam's bastard son ; then did
his lance impress
Pandocus, and strong Pirasus, Lysander
and Palertes.
As when a torrent from the hills, swoln
with Saturnian showers,
Falls on the fields, bears blasted oaks, and
wither'd rosin flowers,
Loose weeds, and all dispersed filth, into
the ocean's force ;
So matchless Ajax beat the field, and
slaughter'd men and horse.
Yet had not Hector heard of this, who
fought on the left wing
Of all the host, near those sweet herbs
Scamander's flood doth spring,
Where many foreheads trode the ground,
and where the skirmish burn'd
Near Nestor and king Idomen ; where
Hector overturn'd
The Grecian squadrons, authoring high
service with his lance,
And skilful manage of his horse. Nor yet
the discrepance
He made in death betwixt the hosts had
made the Greeks retire,
If fair-hair'd Helen's second spouse had
not repress'd the fire
Of bold Machaon's fortitude, who with a
three-fork'd head
In his right shoulder wounded him. Then
had the Grecians dread,
Lest, in his strength declined, the foe
should slaughter their hurt friend.
Then Crete's king urged Neleides his
chariot to ascend,
And getting near him, take him in, and
bear him to their tents.
"A surgeon is to be preferr'd, with physic
ornaments,
Before a multitude ; his life gives hurt lives
native bounds,
With sweet inspersion of fit balms, and
perfect search of wounds."
Thus spake the royal Idomen. Neleides
obey'd, [Greek convey'd
And to his chariot presently the wounded
The son of Æsculapius, the great physi-
cian.
To fleet they flew. Cebriones perceived
the slaughter done
By Ajax on the other troops, and spake to
Hector thus :
"Whiles we encounter Grecians here,
stern Telamonius
Is yonder raging, turning up in heaps our
horse and men ;
I know him by his spacious shield. Let
us turn chariot then,
Where, both of horse and foot, the fight
most hotly is proposed,
In mutual slaughters. Hark, their throats
from cries are never closed."

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This said, with his shrill scourge he strook the horse, that fast ensued
Stung with his lashes, tossing shields, and carcasses imbrued.
The chariot tree was drown'd in blood, and th' arches by the seat
Dispurpled from the horses' hooves, and from the wheelbands beat.
Great Hector long'd to break the ranks, and startle their close fight.
Who horribly amazed the Greeks, and plied their sudden fright
With busy weapons, ever wing'd; his lance, sword, weighty stones.
Yet charged he other leaders' bands, not dreadful Telamon's;
With whom he wisely shunn'd foul blows. But Jove (that weighs above
All human powers) to Ajax' breast divine repressions drove,
And made him shun who shunn'd himself: he ceased from fight amazed,
Cast on his back his seven-fold shield, and round about him gazed
Like one turn'd wild, look'd on himself in his distract retreat,
Knee before knee did scarcely move. As when from herds of neat,
Whole threaves of boors and mongrels chase a lion skulking near,
Loth he should taint the well-prized fat of any stall-fed steer,
Consuming all the night in watch, he, greedy of his prey,
Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off, so thick the javelins play
On his bold charges, and so hot the burning fire-brands shine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne,
And early his great heart retires; so Ajax from the foe,
For fear their fleet should be inflamed, 'gainst his swoln heart did go.
As when a dull mill ass comes near a goodly field of corn,
Kept from the birds by children's cries, the boys are overborne
By his insensible approach, and simply he will eat; [still the children beat,
About whom many wands are broke, and
And still the self-providing ass doth with their weakness bear,
Not stirring till his paunch be full, and scarcely then will stir:
So the huge son of Telamon amongst the Trojans fared,
Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet scorn'd to fly as scared,
And so kept softly on his way: nor would he mend his pace
For all their violent pursuits, that still did arm the chace
With singing lances. But, at last, when their cur-like presumes
More urged the more forborne, his spirits did rarify their fumes,
And he revoked his active strength, turn'd head, and did repel
The horse-troops that were new made in, 'twixt whom the fight grew fell:
And by degrees he stole retreat, yet with such puissant stay
That none could pass him to the fleet. In both the armies' sway
He stood, and from strong hands received sharp javelins on his shield,
Where many stuck, thrown on before, many fell short in field,
Ere the white body they could reach, and stuck, as telling how
They purposed to have pierced his flesh. His peril pierced now
The eyes of prince Eurypylus, Evemon's famous son,
Who came close on, and with his dart strook duke Apisaon,
Whose surname was Phausiades, even to the concrete blood
That makes the liver; on the earth, out gush'd his vital flood.
Eurypylus made in, and eased his shoulders of his arms;
Which Paris seeing, he drew his bow, and wreak'd in part the harms
Of his good friend Phausiades, his arrow he let fly [attainted thigh;
That smote Eurypylus, and brake in his
Then took he troop to shun black death, and to the flyers cried:
"Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, stand and repulse the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chase. Ajax is drown'd in darts,
I fear past 'scape; turn, honour'd friends, help out his venturous parts."
Thus spake the wounded Greek; the sound cast on their backs their shields,
And raised their darts; to whose relief Ajax his person wields.
Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retire,
And thus both hosts indifferent join'd, the fight grew hot as fire.
Now had Neleides' sweating steeds brought him and his hurt friend
Amongst their fleet. Æacides, that wishly did intend,

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Standing astern his tall-neck'd ship, how deep the skirmish drew
Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth the insecution grew,
Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call, [form celestial,
His friend Patroclus; who, like Mars in
Came forth with first sound of his voice, first spring of his decay,
And ask'd his princely friend's desire. "Dear friend," said he, "this day
I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swarm about my knees;
I see unsuffer'd need employ'd in their extremities.
Go, sweet Patroclus, and inquire of old Neleides
Whom he brought wounded from the fight; by his back parts I guess
It is Machaon; but his face I could not well descry,
They pass'd me in such earnest speed." Patroclus presently
Obey'd his friend, and ran to know. They now descended were,
And Nestor's squire, Eurymedon, the horses did ungear;
Themselves stood near th' extremest shore, to let the gentle air
Dry up their sweat; then to the tent, where Hecamed the fair
Set chairs, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.
This Hecamed, by war's hard fate, fell to old Nestor's share,
When Thetis' son sack'd Tenedos; she was the princely seed
Of worthy king Arsinous, and by the Greeks decreed
The prize of Nestor; since all men in counsel he surpass'd.
First, a fair table she apposed, of which the feet were graced
With bluish metal mix'd with black; and on the same she put
A brass fruit-dish, in which she served a wholesome onion cut
For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought,
And bread, the fruit of sacred meal. Then to the board she brought
A right fair cup with gold studs driven, which Nestor did transfer
From Pylos; on whose swelling sides four handles fixed were,
And upon every handle sat a pair of doves of gold,
Some billing, and some pecking meat; two gilt feet did uphold
The antique body; and withal so weighty was the cup
That, being proposed brimful of wine, one scarce could lift it up,
Yet Nestor drunk in it with ease, spite of his years' respect.
In this the goddess-like fair dame a potion did confect
With good old wine of Pramnius, and scraped into the wine
Cheese made of goat's milk, and on it spersed flour exceeding fine.
In this sort for the wounded lord the potion she prepared,
And bade him drink. For company, with him old Nestor shared.
Thus physically quench'd they thirst, and then their spirits revived
With pleasant conference. And now Patroclus, being arrived,
Made stay at th' entry of the tent. Old Nestor, seeing it,
Rose, and received him by the hand, and fain would have him sit.
He set that courtesy aside, excusing it with haste,
Since his much-to-be-reverenced friend sent him to know who past
(Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly through the shore;
"Whom now," said he, "I see and know, and now can stay no more;
You know, good father, our great friend is apt to take offence,
Whose fiery temper will inflame sometimes with innocence,"
He answer'd: "When will Peleus' son some royal pity show
On his thus wounded countrymen? ah, is he yet to know
How much affliction tires our host? how our especial aid, [miserably laid?
Tainted with lances, at their tents are
Ulysses, Diomed, our king, Eurypylus, Machaon,
All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion
Can supple thy friend's friendless breast: doth he reserve his eye
Till our fleet burn, and we ourselves one after other die?
Alas, my forces are not now as in my younger life.
Oh would to God I had that strength I used in the strife
Betwixt us and the Elians, for oxen to be driven,
When Itymonius' lofty soul was by my valour given

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As sacrifice to destiny, Hypirochus' strong son,
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention:
We foraged, as proclaimed foes, a wondrous wealthy boot,
And he, in rescue of his herds, fell breathless at my foot.
All the Dorp boors with terror fled. Our prey was rich and great;
Twice five and twenty flocks of sheep; as many herds of neat;
As many goats, and nasty swine; a hundred fifty mares,
All sorrel, most with sucking foals. And these soon-money'd wares
We drave into Neleus' town, fair Pylos, all by night.
My father's heart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
The forward mind of his young son, that used my youth in deeds,
And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the Sun's bright steeds
Light from the hills; our heralds now accited all that were
Endamaged by the Elians; our princes did appear;
Our boot was parted; many men th' Epeians much did owe,
That, being our neighbours, they did spoil; afflictions did so flow
On us poor Pylians, though but few. In brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late years, and wholly did suppress
Our hapless princes. Twice-six sons renown'd Neleus bred, [and dead.
Only myself am left of all, the rest subdued
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
On their near neighbours, being oppress'd, to lay injurious hands.
A herd of oxen for himself, a mighty flock of sheep,
My sire selected, and made choice of shepherds for their keep;
And from the general spoil he cull'd three hundred of the best.
The Elians ought him infinite, most plagued of all the rest.
Four wager-winning horse he lost, and chariots intervented,
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented
Was a religious three-foot urn; Augeas was the king
That did detain them, and dismiss'd their keeper sorrowing
For his loved charge, lost with foul words. Then both for words and deeds
My sire being worthily incensed, thus justly he proceeds
To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthy prise;
And, as he shared much, much he left his subjects to suffice,
That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due.
Thus for the public good we shared. Then we to temples drew
Our complete city, and to heaven we thankful rites did burn
For our rich conquest. The third day ensuing our return
The Elians flew on us in heaps; their general leaders were
The two Moliones, two boys, untrained in the fear
Of horrid war, or use of strength. A certain city shines [confines
Upon a lofty prominent, and in th' extreme
Of sandy Pylos, seated where Alpheus' flood doth run,
And call'd Thryessa; this they sieged, and gladly would have won,
But, having pass'd through all our fields, Minerva as our spy
Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd us instantly;
Nor muster'd she unwilling men, nor unprepared for force.
My sire yet would not let me arm, but hid away my horse,
Esteeming me no soldier yet; yet shined I nothing less
Amongst our gallants, though on foot; Minerva's mightiness
Led me to fight, and made me bear a soldier's worthy name.
There is a flood falls into sea, and his crook'd course doth frame
Close to Arena, and is call'd bright Minyæus' stream.
There made we halt, and there the sun cast many a glorious beam
On our bright armours, horse and foot insea'd together there.
Then march'd we on. By fiery noon we saw the sacred clear
Of great Alpheus, where to Jove we did fair sacrifice;
And to the azure God, that rules the under-liquid skies,
We offer'd up a solemn bull; a bull t' Alpheus' name;
And to the blue-eyed Maid we burn'd a heifer never tame.

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Now was it night; we supp'd and slept, about the flood, in arms.
The foe laid hard siege to our town, and shook it with alarms,
But, for prevention of their spleens, a mighty work of war
Appear'd behind them; for as soon as Phœbus' fiery car
Cast night's foul darkness from his wheels (invoking reverend Jove,
And the unconquer'd Maid his birth) we did th' event approve,
And gave them battle. First of all, I slew (the army saw)
The mighty soldier Mulius, Augeas' son-in-law,
And spoil'd him of his one-hooved horse; his eldest daughter was
Bright Agamede, that for skill in simples did surpass,
And knew as many kind of drugs, as earth's broad centre bred:
Him charged I with my brass-arm'd lance, the dust received him dead.
I, leaping to his chariot, amongst the foremost press'd,
And the great-hearted Elians fled frighted, seeing their best
And loftiest soldier taken down, the general of their horse.
I follow'd like a black whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fifty chariots, every one furnish'd with two arm'd men,
Who eat the earth, slain with my lance; and I had slaughter'd then
The two young boys, Moliones, if their world-circling sire,
Great Neptune, had not saft their lives, and cover'd their retire
With unpierced clouds. Then Jove bestow'd a haughty victory
Upon us Pylians; for so long we did the chase apply,
Slaughtering and making spoil of arms, till sweet Buprasius' soil, [recoil;
Alesius, and Olenia, were famed with our
For there Minerva turn'd our power, and there the last I slew
As, when our battle join'd, the first. The Pylians then withdrew
To Pylos from Buprasius. Of all th' immortals then,
They most thank'd Jove for victory; Nestor the most of men.
Such was I ever, if I were employ'd with other peers,
And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my years.
But great Achilles only joys hability of act
In his brave prime, and doth not deign t' impart it where 'tis lack'd.
No doubt he will extremely mourn, long after that black hour
Wherein our ruin shall be wrought, and rue his ruthless power.
O friend! my memory revives the charge Menœtius gave
Thy towardness, when thou sett'st forth, to keep out of the grave
Our wounded honour. I myself and wise Ulysses were
Within the room, where every word then spoken we did hear,
For we were come to Peleus' court, as we did mustering pass
Through rich Achaia, where thy sire, renown'd Menœtius, was,
Thyself and great Æacides, when Peleus the king
To thunder-loving Jove did burn an ox for offering,
In his court-yard. A cup of gold, crown'd with red wine, he held
On th' holy incensory pour'd. You, when the ox was fell'd,
Were dressing his divided limbs; we in the portal stood.
Achilles seeing us come so near, his honourable blood
Was strook with a respective shame; rose, took us by the hands,
Brought us both in, and made us sit, and used his kind commands
For seemly hospitable rites, which quickly were apposed.
Then, after needfulness of food, I first of all disclosed
The royal cause of our repair; moved you and your great friend
To consort our renown'd designs; both straight did condescend.
Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and grave instruction
To both your valours. Peleus charged his most unequall'd son
To govern his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest
In honour, as in mere main force. Then were thy partings blest
With dear advices from thy sire; 'My loved son,' said he,
'Achilles, by his grace of birth, superior is to thee,
And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in years;
Then with sound counsels, age's fruits, employ his honour'd ears,

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Command and overrule his moods; his nature will obey [his good assay.'
In any charge discreetly given, that doth
Thus charged thy sire, which thou forgett'st. Yet now at last approve,
With forced reference of these, th' attraction of his love;
Who knows if sacred influence may bless thy good intent, [his full consent?
And enter with thy gracious words, even to
The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.
If any oracle he shun, or if his mother-queen
Hath brought him some instinct from Jove, that fortifies his spleen,
Let him resign command to thee of all his Myrmidons, [our confusions,
And yield by that means some repulse to
Adorning thee in his bright arms, that his resembled form
May haply make thee thought himself, and calm this hostile storm;
That so a little we may ease our overcharged hands,
Draw some breath, not expire it all. The foe but faintly stands
Beneath his labours; and your charge being fierce, and freshly given,
They easily from our tents and fleet may to their walls be driven."
This moved the good Patroclus' mind; who made his utmost haste
T' inform his friend; and as the fleet of Ithacus he past
(At which their markets were disposed, councils, and martial courts,
And where to th' altars of the Gods they made divine resorts)
He met renown'd Eurypylus, Evemon's noble son,
Halting, his thigh hurt with a shaft, the liquid sweat did run
Down from his shoulders and his brows, and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet still his mind was sound.
His sight in kind Patroclus' breast to sacred pity turn'd,
And (nothing more immartial for true ruth) thus he mourn'd:
"Ah wretched progeny of Greece, princes, dejected kings,
Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and stretch the outcast wings
Of savage vultures here in Troy? Tell me Evemon's fame,
Do yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopeless thrown to death by his resistless lance?"
"Divine Patroclus," he replied, "no more can Greece advance
Defensive weapons; but to fleet they headlong must retire;
For those that to this hour have held our fleet from hostile fire,
And are the bulwarks of our host, lie wounded at their tents,
And Troy's unvanquishable power, still as it toils, augments.
But take me to thy black-stern'd ship, save me, and from my thigh
Cut out this arrow; and the blood, that is engored and dry,
Wash with warm water from the wound; then gentle salves apply,
Which thou know'st best; thy princely friend hath taught thee surgery,
Whom, of all Centaurs the most just, Chiron did institute. [prosecute,
Thus to thy honourable hands my ease I
Since our physicians cannot help: Machaon at his tent [and patient;
Needs a physician himself, being leech
And Podalirius, in the field, the sharp conflict sustains."
Strong Menœtiades replied: "How shall I ease thy pains?
What shall we do, Eurypylus? I am to use all haste, [have past,
To signify to Thetis' son occurrents that
At Nestor's honourable suit. But be that work achieved [ments unrelieved."
When this is done, I will not leave thy tor-
This said, athwart his back he cast, beneath his breast, his arm,
And nobly help'd him to his tent. His servants, seeing his harm,
Dispread ox-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay. [clearly wash'd away
Patroclus cut out the sharp shaft, and
With lukewarm water the black blood; then 'twixt his hands he bruised
A sharp and mitigatory root; which when he had infused
Into the green, well-cleansed wound the pains he felt before
Were well, and instantly allay'd; the wound did bleed no more.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans at the trench their powers engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
In five parts they divide their power to scale,
And Prince Sarpedon forceth down the pale.
Great Hector from the ports tears out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those broad gates the Grecians made to guard
Their tents and ships, that, broken, and unbarr'd,
They yield way to his power; when all contend
To reach the ships; which all at last ascend.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

MY works the Trojans all the grace,
And doth the Grecian fort deface.

PATROCLUS thus employ'd in cure of hurt Eurypylus;
Both hosts are all for other wounds doubly contentious;
One all ways labouring to expel, the other to invade.
Nor could the broad dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made
To guard their fleet, be long unrased; because it was not raised
By grave direction of the Gods, nor were their deities praised
(When they begun) with hecatombs, that then they might be sure
(Their strength being season'd well with heaven's) it should have force t'endure,
And so, the safeguard of their fleet, and all their treasure there,
Infallibly had been confirm'd; when, now, their bulwarks were
Not only without power of check to their assaulting foe
(Even now, as soon as they were built) but apt to overthrow;
Such as, in very little time, shall bury all their sight
And thought that ever they were made. As long as the despite
Of great Æacides held up, and Hector went not down,
And that by those two means stood safe king Priam's sacred town,
So long their rampire had some use, though now it gave some way;
But when Troy's best men suffer'd fate, and many Greeks did pay
Dear for their sufferance, then the rest home to their country turn'd,
The tenth year of their wars at Troy, and Troy was sack'd and burn'd.
And then the Gods fell to their fort; then they their powers employ
To ruin their work, and left less of that than they of Troy.
Neptune and Phœbus tumbled down, from the Idalian hills,
An inundation of all floods, that thence the broad sea fills
On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together roar'd, [the adored,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander
Caresus, Simois, Grenicus, Æsepus; of them all
Apollo open'd the rough mouths, and made their lusty fall
Ravish the dusty champian, where many a helm and shield,
And half-god race of men were strew'd: and, that all these might yield
Full tribute to the heavenly work, Neptune and Phœbus won
Jove to unburthen the black wombs of clouds, fill'd by the sun,
And pour them into all their streams, that quickly they might send
The huge wall swimming to the sea. Nine days their lights did spend
To nights in tempests; and when all their utmost depth had made,
Jove, Phœbus, Neptune, all came down, and all in state did wade
To ruin of that impious fort. Great Neptune went before,
Wrought with his trident, and the stones, trunks, roots of trees, he tore
Out of the rampire; toss'd them all into the Hellespont,
Even all the proud toil of the Greeks, with which they durst confront
The to-be shunned Deities, and not a stone remain'd
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plain'd.

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Which done, again the Gods turn'd back the silver-flowing floods
By that vast channel, through whose vaults they pour'd abroad their broods,
And cover'd all the ample shore again with dusty sand.
And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand
Was emptied of stones and darts, contending to invade;
Where clamour spent so high a throat; and where the fell blows made
The new-built wooden turrets groan. And here the Greeks were pent,
Tamed with the iron whip of Jove, that terrors vehement
Shook over them by Hector's hand; who was in every thought
The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlwind fought,
As fresh as in his morn's first charge. And as a savage boar, [and hunters' store
Or lion, hunted long, at last, with hounds'
Is compass'd round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a tower
They had inchased him) pouring on of darts an iron shower;
His glorious heart yet nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way,
Here overthrows a troop, and there a running ring doth stay
His utter passage; when, again, that stay he overthrows,
And then the whole field frees his rage; so Hector wearies blows,
Runs out his charge upon the fort, and all his force would force
To pass the dike; which, being so deep, they could not get their horse
To venture on, but trample, snore, and on the very brink
To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off: nor would a human think
The passage safe; or, if it were, 'twas less safe for retreat,
The dike being everywhere so deep; and, where 'twas least deep, set
With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong, that horse could never pass;
Much less their chariots after them; yet for the foot there was
Some hopeful service, which they wish'd. Polydamas then spake:
"Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscreetly make
Offer of passage with our horse; ye see the stakes, the wall,
Impossible for horse to take; nor can men fight at all,
The place being strait, and much more apt to let us take our bane
Than give the enemy. And yet, if Jove decree the wane
Of Grecian glory utterly, and so bereave their hearts
That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts;
I would with all speed wish th' assault, that ugly shame might shed
(Thus far from home) these Grecians' bloods. But, if they once turn head
And sally on us from their fleet, when in so deep a dike [our host is like
We shall lie struggling not a man of all
To live and carry back the news. And therefore, be it thus:
Here leave we horse kept by our men, and all on foot let us
Hold close together, and attend the grace of Hector's guide;
And then they shall not bear our charge, our conquest shall be dyed
In their lives' purples." This advice pleased Hector, for 'twas sound;
Who first obey'd it, and full-arm'd betook him to the ground.
And then all left their chariots when he was seen to lead,
Rushing about him, and gave up each chariot and steed
To their directors to be kept, in all procinct of war,
There, and on that side of the dike. And thus the rest prepare
Their onset: in five regiments they all their power divide,
Each regiment allow'd three chiefs; of all which even the pride
Served in great Hector's regiment; for all were set on fire
(Their passage beaten through the wall) with hazardous desire
That they might once but fight at fleet. With Hector captains were
Polydamas, and Cebriones, who was his charioteer;
But Hector found that place a worse. Chiefs of the second band
Were Paris, and Alcathous, Agenor. The command
The third strong phalanx had, was given to th' augur Hellenus,
Deiphobus, that god-like man, and mighty Asius,
Even Asius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode
The huge bay horse, and had his house where river Sellees flow'd.

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The fourth charge good Æneas led, and with him were combined
Archelochus, and Acamas, Antenor's dearest kind,
And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave company
Sarpedon had to charge, who choosed, for his command's supply,
Asteropæus great in arms, and Glaucus; for both these
Were best of all men but himself; but he was fellowless.
Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, down the steep dike they go,
And (thirsty of the wall's assault) believe in overthrow,
Not doubting but with headlong falls to tumble down the Greeks
From their black navy. In which trust, all on; and no man seeks
To cross Polydamas' advice with any other course,
But Asius Hyrtacides, who (proud of his bay horse)
Would not forsake them, nor his man, that was their manager,
(Fool that he was) but all to fleet; and little knew how near
An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he never more
Must look on lofty Ilion; but looks, and all, before,
Put on th' all-covering mist of fate, that then did hang upon
The lance of great Deucalides;* he fatally rush'd on
The left hand way, by which the Greeks, with horse and chariot,
Came usually from field to fleet; close to the gates he got,
Which both unbarr'd and ope he found, that so the easier might
An entry be for any friend that was behind in flight;
Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard
Maintain'd upon it, past his thought; who still put for it hard,
Eagerly shouting; and with him were five more friends of name,
That would not leave him, though none else would hunt that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himself. Orestes, Iamenus,
And Acamas, Asiades, Thoon, Oenomaus,
Were those that follow'd Asius. Within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renown'd
Of the right valiant Lapithes derived their high descent;
Fierce Leonteus was the one, like Mars in detriment,*
The other mighty Polypæt, the great Pirithous' son.
These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun
The charge of Asius and his friends, than two high hill-bred oaks,
Well-rooted in the binding earth, obey the airy strokes
Of wind and weather, standing firm 'gainst every season's spite.
Yet they pour on continued shouts, and bear their shields upright;
When in the mean space Polypæt and Leonteus cheer'd
Their soldiers to the fleet's defence. But when the rest had heard
The Trojans in attempt to scale, clamour and flight did flow
Amongst the Grecians: and then, the rest dismay'd, these two
Met Asius entering, thrust him back, and fought before their doors.
Nor fared they then like oaks that stood, but as a brace of boars,
Couch'd in their own bred hill, that hear a sort of hunters' shout,
And hounds in hot trail coming on, then from their dens break out,
Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildness of their way,
About them any plant to stand, but thickets offering stay
Break through, and rend up by the roots, whet gnashes into air,
Which tumult fills with shouts, hounds, horns, and all the hot affair
Beats at their bosoms; so their arms rung with assailing blows,
And so they stirr'd them in repulse, right well assured that those
Who were within, and on the wall, would add their parts, who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fame, and therefore threw
Stones from the walls and towers, as thick as when a drift wind shakes
Black clouds in pieces, and plucks snow, in great and plumy flakes

* Idomeneus.

* Such maketh Virgil Pandarus and Bitias.

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From their soft bosoms, till the ground be
wholly clothed in white ;
So earth was hid with stones and darts,
darts from the Trojan fight,
Stones from the Greeks ; that on the helms
and bossy Trojan shields
Kept such a rapping, it amazed great Asius,
who now yields
Sighs, beats his thighs, and in a rage his
fault to Jove applies :
"O Jove," said he, "now clear thou
show'st thou art a friend to lies,
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the
making of it good,
To all their ruins, which I thought could
never be withstood ;
Yet they, as yellow wasps, or bees* (that
having made their nest
The gasping cranny of a hill) when for
a hunter's feast
Hunters come hot and hungry in, and dig
for honeycombs,
They fly upon them, strike and sting, and
from their hollow homes
Will not be beaten, but defend their labour's
fruit, and brood ;
No more will these be from their port, but
either lose their blood
(Although but two against all us) or be our
prisoners made."
All this, to do his action grace, could not
firm Jove persuade,
Who for the general counsel stood, and,
'gainst his singular brave,
Bestow'd on Hector that day's fame. Yet
he and these behave
Themselves thus nobly at this port ; but
how at other ports,
And all alongst the stony wall, sole force,
'gainst force and forts,
Raged in contention 'twixt both hosts, it
were no easy thing,
Had I the bosom of a God, to tune to life
and sing.
The Trojans fought not of themselves, a
fire from heaven was thrown
That ran amongst them, through the wall,
mere added to their own.
The Greeks held not their own ; weak grief
went with her wither'd hand,
And dipp'd it deeply in their spirits ; since
they could not command
Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh
necessity,
(To save those ships should bring them
home) and their good forts' supply,
Drave to th' expulsive fight they made ;
and this might stoop them more
Than need itself could elevate ; for even
Gods did deplore
Their dire estates, and all the Gods that
were their aids in war,
Who, though they could not clear their
plights, yet were their friends thus far,
Still to uphold the better sort ; for then did
Polypæt pass
A lance at Damasus, whose helm was
made with cheeks of brass,
Yet had not proof enough, the pile drave
through it and his skull,
His brain in blood drown'd, and the man,
so late so spiritful,
Fell now quite spiritless to earth. So
emptied he the veins
Of Pylon, and Ormenus' lives. And then
Leonteus gains
The life's end of Hippomachus, Anti-
machus his son ; [his end begun
His lance fell at his girdle-stead, and with
Another end. Leonteus left him, and
through the prease
(His keen sword drawn) ran desperately
upon Antiphates,
And lifeless tumbled him to earth. Nor
could all these lives quench
His fiery spirit, that his flame in Menon's
blood did drench,
And raged up even to Iamen's, and young
Orestes' life ;
All heap'd together made their peace in
that red field of strife.
Whose fair arms while the victors spoil'd,
the youth of Ilion
(Of which there served the most and best)
still boldly built upon
The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's
matchless strength,
And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit,
with wish and hope at length,
The Greeks' wall won, to fire their fleet.
But, having pass'd the dike,
And willing now to pass the wall, this
prodigy did strike
Their hearts with some deliberate stay : a
high-flown eagle soar'd
On their troops' left hand, and sustain'd a
dragon, all engored,
In her strong seres, of wondrous size, and
yet had no such check
In life and spirit but still she fought ; and
turning back her neck
So stung the eagle's gorge, that down she
cast her fervent prey
Amongst the multitude ; and took upon
the winds her way,

* Apta ad rem comparatio.

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Crying with anguish. When they saw a
branded serpent sprawl
So full amongst them from above, and
from Jove's fowl let fall;
They took it an ostent from him, stood
frighted, and their cause
Polydamas thought just, and spake:
"Hector, you know, applause
Of humour hath been far from me; nor
fits it, or in war,
Or in affairs of court, a man employ'd in
public care
To blanch things further than their truth,
or flatter any power;
And therefore for that simple course your
strength hath oft been sour
To me in councils; yet again, what shows
in my thoughts best,
I must discover. Let us cease, and make
their flight our rest
For this day's honour, and not now attempt
the Grecian fleet,
For this, I fear, will be th' event, the
prodigy doth meet
So full with our affair in hand. As this
high-flying fowl
Upon the left wing of our host, implying
our control,
Hover'd above us, and did truss within her
golden seres
A serpent so embrued and big, which yet,
in all her fears,
Kept life and fervent spirit to fight, and
wrought her own release,
Nor did the eagle's eyrie feed; so though
we thus far prease
Upon the Grecians, and perhaps may over-
run their wall,
Our high minds aiming at their fleet, and
that we much appal
Their trussed spirits; yet are they so
serpent-like disposed
That they will fight, though in our seres,
and will at length be losed
With all our outcries, and the life of many
a Trojan breast [our nest
Shall with the eagle fly, before we carry to
Them, or their navy." Thus expounds the
augur this ostent,
Whose depth he knows, and these should
fear. Hector, with countenance bent,
Thus answer'd him: "Polydamas, your
depth in augury
I like not, and know passing well thou dost
not satisfy
Thyself in this opinion; or if thou think'st
it true,
Thy thoughts the Gods blind; to advise,
and urge that as our due,
That breaks our duties; and to Jove,
whose vow and sign to me
Is pass'd directly for our speed; yet light-
wing'd birds must be,
By thy advice, our oracles, whose feathers
little stay
My serious actions. What care I, if this,
or th' other, way
Their wild wings sway them; if the right,
on which the sun doth rise,
Or, to the left hand, where he sets? 'Tis
Jove's high counsel flies
With those wings that shall bear up us;
Jove's, that both earth and heaven,
Both men and Gods, sustains and rules.
One augury is given
To order all men, best of all: Fight for
thy country's right.
But why fear'st thou our further charge?
For though the dangerous fight
Strow all men here about the fleet, yet
thou need'st never fear
To bear their fates; thy wary heart will
never trust thee where
An enemy's look is; and yet fight, for, if
thou darest abstain,
Or whisper into any ear an abstinence so
vain
As thou advisest, never fear that any foe
shall take
Thy life from thee, for 'tis this lance."
This said, all forwards make,
Himself the first; yet before him exulting
clamour flew, [blew
And thunder-loving Jupiter from lofty Ida
A storm that usher'd their assault, and
made them charge like him.
It drave directly on the fleet a dust so
fierce and dim
That it amazed the Grecians, but was a
grace divine
To Hector and his following troops, who
wholly did incline
To him, being now in grace with Jove, and
so put boldly on
To raze the rampire; in whose height they
fiercely set upon
The parapets, and pull'd them down,
razed every foremost fight,
And all the buttresses of stone, that held
their towers upright,
They tore away with crows of iron, and
hoped to ruin all.
The Greeks yet stood, and still repair'd
the fore-fights of their wall
With hides of oxen, and from thence, they
pour'd down stones in showers
Upon the underminers' heads. Within the
foremost towers

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Both the Ajaces had command, who answer'd every part,
Th' assaulters, and their soldiers, repress'd, and put in heart;
Repairing valour as their wall; spake some fair, some reproved,
Whoever made not good his place; and thus they all sorts moved:
"O countrymen, now need in aid would have excess be spent, [excellent,
The excellent must be admired, the meanest
The worst do well. In changing war all should not be alike,
Nor any idle; which to know fits all, lest Hector strike
Your minds with frights, as ears with threats. Forward be all your hands,
Urge one another. This doubt down, that now betwixt us stands,
Jove will go with us to their walls." To this effect aloud
Spake both the princes; and as high, with this, th' expulsion flow'd.
And as in winter time, when Jove his cold sharp javelins throws
Amongst us mortals; and is moved to white earth with his snows;
The winds asleep, he freely pours, till highest prominents,
Hill tops, low meadows, and the fields that crown with most contents
The toils of men, seaports, and shores, are hid, and every place,
But floods, that snow's fair tender flakes, as their own brood, embrace;
So both sides cover'd earth with stones, so both for life contend,
To show their sharpness; through the wall uproar stood up an end.
Nor had great Hector and his friends the rampire overrun,
If heaven's great Counsellor, high Jove, had not inflamed his son
Sarpedon (like the forest's king when he on oxen flies)
Against the Grecians; his round targe he to his arm applies,
Brass-leaved without, and all within thick ox-hides quilted hard,
The verge nail'd round with rods of gold; and, with two darts prepared,
He leads his people. As ye see a mountain lion fare,
Long kept from prey, in forcing which, his high mind makes him dare
Assault upon the whole full fold, though guarded never so
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey;
So fared divine Sarpedon's mind, resolved to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall; yet since he did not see [mind as he,
Others as great as he in name, as great in
He* spake to Glaucus: "Glaucus, say, why are we honour'd more
Than other men of Lycia, in place; with greater store
Of meats and cups; with goodlier roofs; delightsome gardens; walks;
More lands and better; so much wealth, that court and country talks
Of us and our possessions, and every way we go,
Gaze on us as we were their Gods? This where we dwell is so;
The shores of Xanthus ring of this; and shall we not exceed
As much in merit as in noise? Come, be we great in deed
As well as look; shine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;
That so our neat-arm'd Lycians may say: 'See, these are right
Our kings, our rulers; these deserve to eat and drink the best;
These govern not ingloriously; these, thus exceed the rest,
Do more than they command to do.' O friend, if keeping back
Would keep back age from us, and death, and that we might not wrack
In this life's human sea at all, but that deferring now
We shunn'd death ever, nor would I half this vain valour show,
Nor glorify a folly so, to wish thee to advance;
But since we must go, though not here; and that, besides the chance
Proposed now, there are infinite fates of other sorts in death,
Which, neither to be fled nor scaped, a man must sink beneath;
Come, try we, if this sort be ours, and either render thus
Glory to others, or make them resign the like to us."
This motion Glaucus shifted not, but without words obey'd.
Foreright went both, a mighty troop of Lycians followed.

* Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, neither equalled by any (in this kind) of all that have written.

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Which by Menestheus observed, his hair stood up on end,
For, at the tower where he had charge, he saw calamity bend
Her horrid brows in their approach. He threw his looks about
The whole fights near, to see what chief might help the misery out
Of his poor soldiers, and beheld where both th' Ajaces fought,
And Teucer newly come from fleet; whom it would profit nought
To call, since tumult on their helms, shields, and upon the ports,
Laid such loud claps; for every way, defences of all sorts
Were adding, as Troy took away; and clamour flew so high
Her wings strook heaven, and drown'd all voice; the two dukes yet so nigh,
And at the offer of assault, he to th' Ajaces sent
Thoos the herald with this charge: "Run to the regiment
Of both th' Ajaces, and call both, for both were better here,
Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforced than there.
The Lycian captains this way make, who in the fights of stand
Have often show'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand
Be there more needful than I hope, at least afford us some;
Let Ajax Telamonius and th' archer Teucer come."
The herald hasted and arrived; and both th' Ajaces told,
That Peteus' noble son desired their little labour would
Employ himself in succouring him. Both their supplies were best,
Since death assail'd his quarter most; for on it fiercely press'd
The well-proved mighty Lycian chiefs. Yet if the service there
Allow'd not both, he pray'd that one part of his charge would bear,
And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he wish'd would come [his room
The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly
To strong Lycomedes, and will'd Ajax Oiliades
With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages
The Grecian hearts till his return; which should be instantly
When he had well relieved his friend. With this the company
Of Teucer he took to his aid; Teucer, that did descend
(As Ajax did) from Telamon. With these two did attend
Pandion, that bore Teucer's bow. When to Menestheus' tower
They came, alongst the wall, they found him, and his hearten'd power,
Toiling in making strong their fort. The Lycian princes set
Black whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the parapet.
Ajax, and all, resisted them. Clamour amongst them rose.
The slaughter Ajax led; who first the last dear sight did close
Of strong Epicles, that was friend to Jove's great Lycian son. [marble stone
Amongst the high munition heap, a mighty
Lay highest, near the pinnacle, a stone of such a paise
That one of this time's strongest men with both hands could not raise,
Yet this did Ajax rouse and throw, and all in sherds did drive
Epicles' four-topp'd casque and skull; who (as ye see one dive
In some deep river) left his height; life left his bones withal.
Teucer shot Glaucus, rushing up yet higher on the wall,
Where naked he discern'd his arm, and made him steal retreat
From that hot service, lest some Greek, with an insulting threat,
Beholding it, might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was grieved
At Glaucus' parting, yet fought on, and his great heart relieved
A little with Alcmaon's blood, surnamed Thestorides,
Whose life he hurl'd out with his lance; which following through the prease,
He drew from him. Down from the tower Alcmaon dead it strook;
His fair arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon took
In his strong hand the battlement, and down he tore it quite,
The wall stripp'd naked, and broad way for entry and full fight
He made the many. Against him Ajax and Teucer made;
Teucer the rich belt on his breast did with a shaft invade;
But Jupiter averted death, who would not see his son
Die at the tails of th' Achive ships. Ajax did fetch his run,

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And, with his lance, strook through the targe of that brave Lycian king ;
Yet kept he it from further pass, nor did it anything
Dismay his mind, although his men stood off from that high way
His valour made them, which he kept, and hoped that stormy day
Should ever make his glory clear. His men's faults thus he blamed :
"O Lycians, why are your hot spirits so quickly disinflamed?
Suppose me ablest of you all, 'tis hard for me alone
To ruin such a wall as this, and make confusion
Way to their navy. Lend your hands. What many can dispatch,
One cannot think. The noble work of many hath no match."
The wise king's just rebuke did strike a reverence to his will
Through all his soldiers ; all stood in, and 'gainst all th' Achives still
Made strong their squadrons, insomuch, that to the adverse side,
The work show'd mighty, and the wall, when 'twas within descried,
No easy service ; yet the Greeks could neither free their wall
Of these brave Lycians, that held firm the place they first did scale ;
Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdy Grecians drive,
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men about the limits strive
Of land that toucheth in a field, their measures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands
That so far is his right in law ; both hugely set on fire
About a passing little ground ; so, greedily aspire
Both these foes to their several ends, and all exhaust their most
About the very battlements (for yet no more was lost).*
With sword and fire they vex'd for them their targes hugely round,
With ox-hides lined, and bucklers light ; and many a ghastly wound
The stern steel gave for that one prise ; whereof though some received
Their portions on their naked backs, yet others were bereaved
Of brave lives, face-turn'd, through their shields ; towers, bulwarks, everywhere
Were freckled with the blood of men. Nor yet the Greeks did bear
Base back-turn'd faces ; nor their foes would therefore be out-faced.
But as a spinster poor and just, ye sometimes see, strait-laced
About the weighing of her web ; who, careful, having charge
For which she would provide some means, is loth to be too large
In giving or in taking weight, but ever with her hand
Is doing with the weights and wool, till both in just paise stand ;*
So evenly stood it with these foes, till Jove to Hector gave
The turning of the scales ; who first against the rampire drave,
And spake so loud that all might hear : "O stand not at the pale,
Brave Trojan friends, but mend your hands; up, and break through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet." All heard, and all in heaps
Got scaling-ladders, and aloft. In mean space, Hector leaps
Upon the port, from whose out-part he tore a massy stone,
Thick downwards, upwards edged ; it was so huge a one
That two vast yeomen† of most strength, such as these times beget,
Could not from earth lift to a cart, yet he did brandish it
Alone, Saturnius made it light ; and swinging it as nought,
He came before the planky gates, that all for strength were wrought,
And kept the port ; two-fold they were, and with two rafters barr'd,
High, and strong-lock'd ; he raised the stone, bent to the hurl so hard,

* *Admiranda et penè inimitabilis comparatio* (saith Spond.) ; and yet in the explication of it, he thinks all superfluous but three words, ὀλίγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ, *exiguo in loco*, leaving out other words more expressive, with his old rule, *uno pede, &c.*

* A simile superior to the other, in which, comparing mightiest things with meanest, and the meanest illustrating the mightiest, both meeting in one end of this life's preservation and credit, our Homer is beyond comparison and admiration.

† Δύ' ἀνέρε δήμου. Duo viri plebei.

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And made it with so main a strength, that all the gates did crack ;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake ;
The hinges piecemeal flew, and through the fervent little rock
Thunder'd a passage ; with his weight th' inwall his breast did knock :
And in rush'd Hector, fierce and grim as any stormy night ;
His brass arms round about his breast reflected terrible light.
Each arm held up held each a dart ; his presence call'd up all
The dreadful spirits his being held, that to the threaten'd wall
None but the Gods might check his way ; his eyes were furnaces ;
And thus he look'd back, call'd in all. All fired their courages,
And in they flow'd. The Grecians fled, their fleet now and their freight
Ask'd all their rescue. Greece went down ; tumult was at his height.

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (in pity of the Greeks' hard plight)
Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces doth excite,
And others: to repel the charging foe.
Idomeneus bravely doth bestow
His kingly forces, and doth sacrifice
Othryoneus to the Destinies,
With divers other. 'Fair Deiphobus,
And his prophetic brother Hellenus,
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,
Gathering his forces, heartens their address
Against the enemy; and then the field
A mighty death on either side doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

The Greeks, with Troy's bold power dismay'd,
Are cheer'd by Neptune's secret aid.

JOVE helping Hector, and his host, thus close to th' Achive fleet,
He let them then their own strengths try, and season there their sweet
With ceaseless toils and grievances. For now he turn'd his face,
Look'd down, and view'd the far-off land of well-rode men in Thrace,
Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the Hippemolgians,[1]
Long-lived, most just, and innocent; and close-fought Mysians:
Nor turn'd he any more to Troy his ever-shining eyes, [the Deities,
Because he thought not any one, of all
When his care left th' indifferent field,
— would aid on either side.
But this security in Jove the great Sea-Rector spied,
Who sat aloft on th' utmost top of shady Samothrace,
And view'd the fight. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,
That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida, did appear [therefore seated there.
To his full view; who from the sea was
He took much ruth to see the Greeks by Troy sustain such ill,
And, mightily incensed with Jove, stoop'd straight from that steep hill,
That shook as he flew off, so hard his parting press'd the height.
The woods, and all the great hills near, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortal moving feet. Three steps he only took,
Before he far-off Ægas reach'd; but, with the fourth, it shook
With his dread entry. In the depth of those seas he did hold
His bright and glorious palace, built of never-rusting gold;
And there arrived, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds,
All golden-maned, and paced with wings; and all in golden weeds
He clothed himself. The golden scourge, most elegantly done,
He took, and mounted to his seat; and then the God begun
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits every way
The whales exulted under him, and knew their king; the sea
For joy did open; and, his horse so swift and lightly flew,
The under axletree of brass no drop of water drew.
And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships.
'Twixt th' Imber cliffs and Tenedos, a certain cavern creeps
Into the deep sea's gulfy breast, and there th' Earth-shaker stay'd
His forward steeds, took them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid
In reach before them; their brass hooves he girt with gyves of gold,
Not to be broken, nor dissolved, to make them firmly hold
A fit attendance on their king; who went to th' Achive host,
Which, like to tempests or wild flames, the clustering Trojans toss'd
Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like command,
High sounding, and resounding shouts: for hope cheer'd every hand
To make the Greek fleet now their prize, and all the Greeks destroy.
But Neptune, circler of the earth, with fresh heart did employ
The Grecian hands. In strength of voice and body he did take
Calchas' resemblance, and, of all, th' Ajaces first bespake,

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Who of themselves were free enough:
"Ajaces, you alone
Sustain the common good of Greece, in
ever putting on
The memory of fortitude, and flying
shameful flight.
Elsewhere the desperate hands of Troy
could give me no affright,
The brave Greeks have withstood their
worst; but this our mighty wall
Being thus transcended by their power,
grave fear doth much appal
My careful spirits, lest we feel some fatal
mischief here;
Where Hector, raging like a flame, doth
in his charge appear,
And boasts himself the best God's son.
Be you conceited so,
And fire so, more than human spirits, that
God may seem to do
In your deeds, and, with such thoughts
cheer'd, others to such exhort,
And such resistance; these great minds
will in as great a sort
Strengthen your bodies, and force check to
all great Hector's charge,
Though ne'er so spirit-like; and though
Jove still (past himself) enlarge
His sacred actions." Thus he touch'd,
with his fork'd sceptre's point,
The breasts of both; fill'd both their
spirits, and made up every joint
With power responsive; when, hawk-like,
swift, and set sharp to fly,
That fiercely stooping from a rock, inac-
cessible and high,
Cuts through a field, and sets a fowl (not
being of her kind)
Hard, and gets ground still; Neptune so
left these two, either's mind
Beyond themselves raised. Of both which,
Oïleus first discern'd
The masking Deity, and said: "Ajax,
some God hath warn'd
Our powers to fight, and save our fleet.
He put on him the hue
Of th' augur Calchas. By his pace, in
leaving us, I knew,
Without all question, 'twas a God; the
Gods are easily known;
And in my tender breast I feel a greater
spirit blown,
To execute affairs of fight; I find my
hands so free [feather'd under me."
To all high motion; and my feet seem
This Telamonius thus received: "So, to
my thoughts, my hands
Burn with desire to toss my lance; each
foot beneath me stands
Bare on bright fire, to use his speed; my
heart is raised so high
That to encounter Hector's self, I long
insatiately."
While these thus talk'd, as overjoy'd
with study for the fight,
(Which God had stirr'd up in their spirits)
the same God did excite
The Greeks that were behind at fleet, re-
freshing their free hearts
And joints, being even dissolved with toil;
and (seeing the desperate parts
Play'd by the Trojans past their wall) grief
strook them, and their eyes
Sweat tears from under their sad lids;
their instant destinies
Never supposing they could scape. But
Neptune, stepping in,
With ease stirr'd up the able troops, and
did at first begin
With Teucer, and Peneleus, th' heroe
Leitus, [chus,
Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilo-
All expert in the deeds of arms: "O
youths of Greece," said he,
"What change is this? In your brave
fight, I only look'd to see
Our fleet's whole safety; and, if you
neglect the harmful field,
Now shines the day when Greece to Troy
must all her honours yield.
O grief! so great a miracle, and horrible
to sight,
As now I see, I never thought could have
profaned the light.
The Trojans brave us at our ships, that
have been heretofore
Like faint and fearful deer in woods, dis-
tracted evermore
With every sound, and yet scape not, but
prove the torn-up fare
Of lynces, wolves, and leopards, as never
born to war.
Nor durst these Trojans at first siege, in
any least degree,
Expect your strength; or stand one shock
of Grecian chivalry.
Yet now, far from their walls, they dare
fight at our fleet maintain,
All by our General's cowardice, that doth
infect his men
Who, still at odds with him, for that will
needs themselves neglect,
And suffer slaughter in their ships. Suppose
there was defect
(Beyond all question) in our king, to wrong
Æacides,
And he, for his particular wreak, from all
assistance cease·

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We must not cease t' assist ourselves. Forgive our General then,
And quickly too. Apt to forgive are all good-minded men.
Yet you, quite void of their good minds, give good, in you quite lost,
For ill in others, though ye be the worthiest of your host.
As old as I am, I would scorn, to fight with one that flies,
Or leaves the fight as you do now. The General slothful lies,
And you, though slothful too, maintain with him a fight of spleen.
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten-minded men.
In this ye add an ill that's worse than all your sloth's dislikes. [hension strikes,
But as I know to all your hearts my repre-
So thither let just shame strike too; for while you stand still here
A mighty fight swarms at your fleet, great Hector rageth there,
Hath burst the long bar and the gates." Thus Neptune roused these men.
And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain[2]
Their station firm; whom Mars himself, had he amongst them gone,
Could not disparage; nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on:
For now the best were chosen out, and they received th' advance
Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lined with lance,
Shields thicken'd with opposed shields, targets to targets nail'd,
Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew, they so close assail'd,
Plumed casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their stands,
Their lances stood, thrust out so thick by such all-daring hands.
All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy
Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and Hector first of Troy.
And as a round piece of a rock, which with a winter's flood
Is from his top torn; when a shower, pour'd from a bursten cloud,
Hath broke the natural bond it held within the rough steep rock;
And, jumping, it flies down the woods, resounding every shock,
And on, uncheck'd, it headlong leaps, till in a plain it stay,
And then, though never so impell'd, it stirs not any way.
So Hector, hereto throated threats, to go to sea in blood,
And reach the Grecian ships and tents, without being once withstood.
But when he fell into the strengths the Grecians did maintain,
And that they fought upon the square, he stood as fetter'd then;
And so the adverse sons of Greece laid on with swords and darts,
Whose both ends hurt, that they repell'd his worst; and he converts
His threats, by all means, to retreats; yet made as he retired,
Only t' encourage those behind; and thus those men inspired:
"Trojans! Dardanians! Lycians! All warlike friends, stand close;
The Greeks can never bear me long, though tower-like they oppose.
This lance, be sure, will be their spoil; if even the best of Gods,
High thundering Juno's husband, stirs my spirit with true abodes."
With this all strengths and minds he moved; but young Deiphobus,
Old Priam's son, amongst them all was chiefly virtuous.
He bore before him his round shield, tripp'd lightly through the prease,
At all parts cover'd with his shield; and him Meriones
Charged with a glittering dart, that took his bull-hide orby shield,
Yet pierced it not, but in the top itself did piecemeal yield.
Deiphobus thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends
Of strong Meriones his lance, who now turn'd to his friends;
The great heroe scorning much by such a chance to part
With lance and conquest, forth he went to fetch another dart,
Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the clamour heighten'd there
Was most unmeasured. Teucer first did flesh the massacre,
And slew a goodly man at arms, the soldier Imbrius, [at Pedasus
The son of Mentor, rich in horse; he dwelt
Before the sons of Greece sieged Troy; from whence he married
Medesicaste, one that sprung of Priam's bastard-bed;
But when the Greek ships, double-oar'd, arrived at Ilion,
To Ilion he return'd, and proved beyond comparison

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Amongst the Trojans ; he was lodged with
Priam, who held dear
His natural sons no more than him ; yet
him, beneath the ear,
The son of Telamon attain'd, and drew
his lance. He fell,
As when an ash on some hill's top (itself
topp'd wondrous well)
The steel hews down, and he presents his
young leaves to the soil ;
So fell he, and his fair arms groan'd, which
Teucer long'd to spoil,
And in he ran ; and Hector in, who sent a
shining lance
At Teucer, who, beholding it, slipp'd by,
and gave it chance
On Actor's son, Amphimachus, whose
breast it strook ; and in [intent to win
Flew Hector, at his sounding fall, with full
The tempting helmet from his head ; but
Ajax with a dart
Reach'd Hector at his rushing in, yet
touch'd not any part
About his body ; it was hid quite through
with horrid brass ;
The boss yet of his targe it took, whose
firm stuff stay'd the pass,
And he turn'd safe from both the trunks ;
both which the Grecians bore
From off the field. Amphimachus Menes-
theus did restore,
And Stichius, to th' Achaian strength.
Th' Ajaces (that were pleased
Still most with most hot services) on Trojan
Imbrius seized.
And as from sharply-bitten hounds, a brace
of lions force
A new-slain goat, and through the woods
bear in their jaws the corse
Aloft, lift up into the air ; so, up into the
skies,
Bore both th' Ajaces Imbrius, and made
his arms their prise.
Yet, not content, Oïliades, enraged to
see there dead
His much-beloved Amphimachus, he hew'd
off Imbrius' head ;
Which, swinging round, bowl-like he toss'd
amongst the Trojan prease,
And full at Hector's feet it fell. Amphi-
machus' decease,
Being nephew to the God of waves, much
vex'd the Deity's mind,
And to the ships and tents he march'd, yet
more to make inclined
The Grecians to the Trojan bane. In
hasting to which end,
Idomeneus met with him, returning from a
friend,
Whose ham late hurt, his men brought off ;
and having given command
To his physicians for his cure, much fired
to put his hand
To Troy's repulse, he left his tent. Him
(like Andremon's son,
Prince Thoas, that in Pleuron ruled, and
lofty Calydon,
Th' Ætolian powers, and like a God was of
his subjects loved)
Neptune encounter'd, and but thus his
forward spirit moved :
"Idomeneus, prince of Crete! O
whither now are fled
Those threats in thee, with which the rest
the Trojans menaced ?"
"O Thoas," he replied, "no one of all
our host stands now [know.
In any question of reproof, as I am let to
And why is my intelligence false? We all
know how to fight, [knowledge right.
And, (fear disanimating none) all do our
Nor can our harms accuse our sloth, not
one from work we miss.
The great God only works our ill, whose
pleasure now it is
That, far from home, in hostile fields, and
with inglorious fate,
Some Greeks should perish. But do thou,
O Thoas, that of late
Hast proved a soldier, and wast wont, where
thou hast sloth beheld,
To chide it, and exhort to pains, now hate
to be repell'd,
And set on all men." He replied, "I
would to heaven, that he,
Whoever this day doth abstain from battle
willingly,
May never turn his face from Troy, but
here become the prey
And scorn of dogs. Come then, take arms,
and let our kind assay
Join both our forces. Though but two,
yet, being both combined,
The work of many single hands we may
perform. We find, [little mind,
That virtue co-augmented thrives in men of
But we have singly match'd the great."
This said, the God again,
With all his conflicts, visited the venturous
fight of men.
The king turn'd to his tent ; rich arms put
on his breast, and took
Two darts in hand, and forth he flew. His
haste on made him look
Much like a fiery meteor, with which Jove's
sulphury hand
Opes heaven, and hurls about the air bright
flashes, showing aland

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Abodes that ever run before tempest and plagues to men ;
So, in his swift pace, show'd his arms. He was encounter'd then
By his good friend Meriones yet near his tent ; to whom
Thus spake the power of Idomen : "What reason makes thee come,
Thou son of Molus, my most loved, thus leaving fight alone ?
Is't for some wound ? The javelin's head, still sticking in the bone,
Desirest thou ease of ? Bring'st thou news? or what is it that brings
Thy presence hither? Be assured, my spirit needs no stings
To this hot conflict. Of myself thou seest I come, and loth,
For any tent's love, to deserve the hateful taint of sloth."
He answer'd : Only for a dart, he that retreat did make,
(Were any left him at his tent) for, that he had, he brake
On proud Deiphobus his shield. "Is one dart all?" said he,
"Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be ;
They stand there shining by the walls. I took them as my prise
From those false Trojans I have slain. And this is not the guise
Of one that loves his tent, or fights afar off with his foe ;
But since I love fight, therefore doth my martial star bestow,
Besides those darts, helms, targets boss'd, and corslets bright as day."
"So I," said Merion, "at my tent, and sable bark, may say,
I many Trojan spoils retain, but now not near they be,
To serve me for my present use ; and therefore ask I thee.
Not that I lack a fortitude to store me with my own ; [men renown,
For ever in the foremost fights, that render
I fight, when any fight doth stir. And this perhaps may well
Be hid to others, but thou know'st, and I to thee appeal.'
"I know," replied the king, "how much thou weigh'st in every worth,
What need'st thou therefore utter this? If we should now choose forth
The worthiest men for ambushes, in all our fleet and host,
(For ambushes are services that try men's virtues most,
Since there the fearful and the firm will, as they are, appear,
The fearful altering still his hue, and rests not anywhere,
Nor is his spirit capable of th' ambush constancy,
But riseth, changeth still his place, and croucheth curiously
On his bent haunches ; half his height scarce seen above the ground,
For fear to be seen, yet must see ; his heart, with many a bound,
Offering to leap out of his breast, and, ever fearing death,
The coldness of it makes him gnash, and half shakes out his teeth ;
Where men of valour neither fear, nor ever change their looks,
From lodging th' ambush till it rise ; but, since there must be strokes,
Wish to be quickly in their midst) thy strength and hand in these
Who should reprove? For if, far off, or fighting in the prease,
Thou shouldst be wounded, I am sure the dart that gave the wound
Should not be drawn out of thy back, or make thy neck the ground ;
But meet thy belly, or thy breast, in thrusting further yet
When thou art furthest, till the first, and before him, thou get.
But on ; like children let not us stand bragging thus, but do ;
Lest some hear, and past measure chide, that we stand still and woo.
Go, choose a better dart, and make Mars yield a better chance."
This said, Mars-swift Meriones, with haste, a brazen lance
Took from his tent, and overtook, most careful of the wars, [harmful Mars,
Idomeneus. And such two, in field, as
And Terror, his beloved son, that without terror fights,
And is of such strength that in war the frighter he affrights,
When, out of Thrace, they both take arms against th' Ephyran bands,
Or 'gainst the great-soul'd Phlegians, nor favour their own hands,
But give the grace to others still. In such sort to the fight,
March'd these two managers of men, in armours full of light.
And first spake Merion : "On which part, son of Deucalion,
Serves thy mind to invade the fight? Is't best to set upon

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The Trojans in our battle's aid, the right or left-hand wing,
For all parts I suppose employ'd?" To this the Cretan king
Thus answer'd: "In our navy's midst are others that assist;
The two Ajaces; Teucer too, with shafts the expertest
Of all the Grecians, and, though small, is great in fights of stand;
And these (though huge he be of strength) will serve to fill the hand
Of Hector's self, that Priamist, that studier for blows.
It shall be call'd a deed of height for him (even suffering throes
For knocks still) to outlabour them, and, bettering their tough hands,
Enflame our fleet. If Jove himself cast not his firebrands
Amongst our navy, that affair no man can bring to field. [yield
Great Ajax Telamonius to none alive will
That yields to death, and whose life takes Ceres' nutritions,
That can be cut with any iron, or pash'd with mighty stones;
Not to Æacides himself he yields for combats set,
Though clear he must give place for pace and free swinge of his feet.
Since then, the battle (being our place of most care) is made good
By his high valour, let our aid see all powers be withstood
That charge the left wing, and to that let us direct our course,
Where quickly feel we this hot foe, or make him feel our force."
This order'd, swift Meriones went, and forewent his king,
Till both arrived where one enjoin'd. When, in the Greeks' left wing,
The Trojans saw the Cretan king, like fire in fortitude;
And his attendant, in bright arms so gloriously indued,
Both cheering the sinister troops: all at the king address'd,
And so the skirmish at their sterns on both parts were increased,
That, as from hollow bustling winds engender'd storms arise,
When dust doth chiefly clog the ways which up into the skies
The wanton tempest ravisheth, begetting night of day;
So came together both the foes, both lusted to assay,
And work with quick steel either's death. Man's fierce corruptress, Fight,
Set up her bristles in the field with lances long and light,
Which thick fell foul on either's face. The splendour of the steel,
In new-scour'd curets, radiant casques, and burnish'd shields, did seel
Th' assailer's eyes up. He sustain'd a huge spirit, that was glad
To see that labour, or in soul that stood not stricken sad.
Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old Saturn's mighty sons, [pressions,
Afflicted these heroic men with huge op-
Jove honouring Æacides (to let the Greeks still try
Their want without him) would bestow, yet still the victory
On Hector, and the Trojan power; yet for Æacides,
And honour of his mother-queen, great Goddess of the seas,
He would not let proud Ilion see the Grecians quite destroy'd,
And therefore from the hoary deep he suffer'd so employ'd
Great Neptune in the Grecian aid; who grieved for them, and storm'd
Extremely at his brother Jove. Yet both one Goddess form'd,
And one soil bred, but Jupiter precedence took in birth,
And had more knowledge;* for which cause, the other came not forth
Of his wet kingdom, but with care of not being seen t' excite
The Grecian host, and like a man appear'd, and made the fight.
So these Gods made men's valours great, but equall'd them with war
As harmful as their hearts were good; and stretch'd those chains as far
On both sides as their limbs could bear, in which they were involved
Past breach, or loosing, that their knees might therefore be dissolved.

* The empire of Jove exceeded Neptune's (saith Plut. upon this place) because he was more ancient, and excellent in knowledge and wisdom; and upon this verse, viz. ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος, &c. sets down this his most worthy to be noted opinion: viz. I think also that the blessedness of eternal life, which God enjoys is this: that by any past time he forgets not notions presently apprehended; for otherwise, the knowledge and understanding of things taken away, immortality should not be life, but time, &c. (Plut. de Iside et Osiride.)

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Then, though a half-grey man he were,
Crete's sovereign did excite
The Greeks to blows, and flew upon the
Trojans, even to flight;
For he, in sight of all the host, Othryoneus
slew,
That from Cabesus, with the fame of those
wars, thither drew
His new-come forces, and required, without
respect of dower,
Cassandra, fair'st of Priam's race; assuring
with his power,
A mighty labour, to expel, in their de-
spite, from Troy
The sons of Greece. The king did vow,
that done, he should enjoy
His goodliest daughter. He (in trust of that
fair purchase) fought;
And at him threw the Cretan king a lance,
that singled out
This great assumer, whom it strook just in
his navel's stead. [him to the dead.
His brazen curets helping nought, resign'd
Then did the conqueror exclaim, and thus
insulted then: [mortal men,
"Othryoneus, I will praise, beyond all
Thy living virtues, if thou wilt now
perfect the brave vow
Thou madest to Priam, for the wife he
promised to bestow.
And where he should have kept his word,
there we assure thee here,
To give thee for thy princely wife the
fairest and most dear
Of our great General's female race, which
from his Argive hall
We all will wait upon to Troy, if, with our
aids, and all,
Thou wilt but raze this well-built town.
Come, therefore, follow me,
That in our ships we may conclude this
royal match with thee.
I'll be no jot worse than my word." With
that he took his feet,
And dragg'd him through the fervent fight;
in which did Asius meet
The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on
foot before [so closely evermore
His horse, that on his shoulders breathed;
His coachman led them to his lord; who
held a huge desire
To strike the king, but he strook first, and
underneath his chin,
At his throat's height, through th' other
side, his eager lance drave in;
And down he bustled like an oak, a
poplar, or a pine,
Hewn down for shipwood, and so lay.
His fall did so decline
The spirit of his charioteer, that, lest he
should incense
The victor to impair his spoil, he durst not
drive from thence
His horse and chariot; and so pleased,
with that respective part,
Antilochus, that for his fear he reach'd him
with a dart
About his belly's midst, and down his sad
corse fell beneath
The richly builded chariot, there labouring
out his breath.
The horse Antilochus took off; when,
grieved for this event,
Deiphobus drew passing near, and at the
victor sent
A shining javelin; which he saw, and
shunn'd, with gathering round
His body in his all-round shield, at whose
top, with a sound,
It overflew; yet, seizing there, it did not
idly fly
From him that wing'd it, his strong hand
still drave it mortally
On prince Hypsenor; it did pierce his liver,
underneath
The veins it passeth; his shrunk knees sub-
mitted him to death.
And then did loved Deiphobus miraculously
vaunt: [his spirit want
"Now Asius lies not unrevenged, nor doth
The joy I wish it, though it be now entering
the strong gate
Of mighty Pluto, since this hand hath sent
him down a mate."
This glory in him grieved the Greeks,
and chiefly the great mind
Of martial Antilochus, who though to grief
inclined,
He left not yet his friend, but ran and hid
him with his shield;
And to him came two lovely friends, that
freed him from the field,
Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the right
nobly born
Alastor, bearing him to fleet, and did ex-
tremely mourn.
Idomeneus sunk not yet, but held his
nerves entire,
His mind much less deficient, being fed
with firm desire
To hide more Trojans in dim night, or sink
himself in guard
Of his loved countrymen. And then Alca-
thous prepared
Work for his valour, offering fate his own
destruction.
A great heroe, and had grace to be the
loved son

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Of Æsyetes, son-in-law to prince Æneas' sire,
Hippodamia marrying; who most enflamed the fire
Of her dear parents' love, and took precedence in her birth
Of all their daughters, and as much exceeded in her worth
(For beauty answer'd with her mind, and both with housewifery)
All the fair beauty of young dames that used her company,
And therefore, being the worthiest dame, the worthiest man did wed
Of ample Troy. Him Neptune stoop'd beneath the royal force
Of Idomen, his sparkling eyes deluding, and the course
Of his illustrous lineaments so out of nature bound,
That back nor forward he could stir, but, as he grew to ground,
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither moved, nor feared;
When straight the royal Cretan's dart in his mid breast appear'd,
It brake the curets, that were proof to ev'ry other dart,
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance stuck shaking in his heart;
His heart with panting made it shake; but Mars did now remit
The greatness of it, and the king, now quitting the brag fit
Of glory in Deiphobus, thus terribly exclaim'd: [are evenly famed,
"Deiphobus, now may we think that we
That three for one have sent to Dis. But come, change blows with me,
Thy vaunts for him thou slew'st were vain. Come, wretch, that thou may'st see
What issue Jove hath. Jove begot Minos, the strength of Crete; [beget
Minos begot Deucalion; Deucalion did
Me Idomen, now Creta's king, that here my ships have brought
To bring thyself, thy father, friends, all Ilion's pomp, to nought."
Deiphobus at two ways stood, in doubt to call some one, [chance alone.
With some retreat, to be his aid, or try the
At last, the first seem'd best to him, and back he went to call
Anchises' son to friend, who stood in troop the last of all,
Where still he served; which made him still incense against the king,
That, being amongst his best their peer, he graced not anything
His wrong'd deserts. Deiphobus spake to him, standing near:
"Æneas, prince of Troïans, if any touch appear
Of glory in thee, thou must now assist thy sister's lord,
And one that to thy tenderest youth did careful guard afford,
Alcathous, whom Creta's king hath chiefly slain to thee,
His right most challenging thy hand. Come, therefore, follow me."
This much excited his good mind, and set his heart on fire
Against the Cretan, who child-like dissolved not in his ire,
But stood him firm. As when in hills a strength-relying boar,
Alone, and hearing hunters come, whom tumult flies before,
Up-thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,
And in his brave-prepared repulse doth dogs and men despise;
So stood the famous-for-his-lance, nor shunn'd the coming charge
That resolute Æneas brought. Yet, since the odds was large,
He call'd with good right to his aid war-skill'd Ascalaphus,
Aphareus, Meriones, the strong Deipyrus,
And Nestor's honourable son: "Come near, my friends," said he,
"And add your aids to me alone. Fear taints me worthily,
Though firm I stand, and show it not. Æneas great in fight,
And one that bears youth in his flower, that bears the greatest might,
Comes on with aim direct at me. Had I his youthful limb
To bear my mind, he should yield fame, or I would yield it him."
This said, all held, in many souls, one ready helpful mind,
Clapp'd shields and shoulders, and stood close. Æneas, not inclined
With more presumption than the king, call'd aid as well as he:
Divine Agenor; Helen's love who follow'd instantly,
And all their forces following them; as, after bell-wethers
The whole flocks follow to their drink which sight the shepherd cheers.
Nor was Æneas' joy less moved to see such troops attend
His honour'd person; and all these fought close about his friend;

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But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed
The blood of either; Idomen, and Cytherea's seed.
Æneas first bestow'd his lance, which th' other seeing shunn'd,
And that, thrown from an idle hand, stuck trembling in the ground.
But Idomen's, discharged at him, had no such vain success,
Which Œnomaus' entrails found, in which it did impress
His sharp pile to his fall; his palms tore his returning earth.
Idomeneus straight stepp'd in, and pluck'd his javelin forth,
But could not spoil his goodly arms, they press'd him so with darts.
And now the long toil of the fight had spent his vigorous parts,
And made them less apt to avoid the foe that should advance,
Or, when himself advanced again, to run and fetch his lance,
And therefore in stiff fights of stand he spent the cruel day.
When, coming softly from the slain, Deiphobus gave way
To his bright javelin at the king, whom he could never brook;
But then he lost his envy too. His lance yet deadly took
Ascalaphus, the son of Mars; quite through his shoulder flew,
The violent head, and down he fell. Nor yet by all means knew
Wide-throated Mars his son was fall'n, but in Olympus' top
Sat canopied with golden clouds; Jove's counsel had shut up
Both him and all the other Gods from that time's equal task,
Which now, about Ascalaphus, strife set. His shining casque
Deiphobus had forced from him, but instantly leap'd in [long javelin,
Mars-swift Meriones, and strook, with his
The right arm of Deiphobus, which made his hand let fall
The sharp-topp'd helmet; the press'd earth resounding therewithal.
When, vulture-like, Meriones rush'd in again and drew,
From out the low part of his arm his javelin, and then flew
Back to his friends. Deiphobus, faint with the blood's excess
Fall'n from his wound, was carefully convey'd out of the press
By his kind brother by both sides, Polites, till they gat
His horse and chariot that were still set fit for his retreat,
And bore him now to Ilion. The rest fought fiercely on,
And set a mighty fight on foot. When next, Anchises' son
Aphareus Caletorides, that ran upon him, strook
Just in the throat with his keen lance; and straight his head forsook
His upright carriage; and his shield, his helm, and all, with him
Fell to the earth; where ruinous death made prise of every limb.
Antilochus, discovering well that Thoon's heart took check,
Let fly, and cut the hollow vein, that runs up to his neck,
Along his back part, quite in twain; down in the dust he fell,
Upwards, and, with extended hands, bade all the world farewell.
Antilochus rush'd nimbly in, and, looking round, made prise
Of his fair arms; in which affair his round-set enemies
Let fly their lances, thundering on his advanced targe,
But could not get his flesh. The God that shakes the earth took charge
Of Nestor's son and kept him safe; who never was away, [lance did play,
But still amongst the thickest foes his busy
Observing ever when he might, far off, or near, offend;
And watching Asius' son, in prease he spied him, and did send,
Close coming on, a dart at him, that smote in midst his shield,
In which the sharp head of the lance the blue-hair'd God made yield,
Not pleased to yield his pupil's life; in whose shield half the dart
Stuck like a truncheon burn'd with fire; on earth lay th' other part.
He, seeing no better end of all, retired in fear of worse,
But him Meriones pursued; and his lance found full course
To th' other's life. It wounded him betwixt the privy parts
And navel, where, to wretched men that war's most violent smarts
Must undergo, wounds chiefly vex. His dart Meriones
Pursued, and Adamas so strived with it, and his misease,

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As doth a bullock puff and storm, whom in disdained bands
The upland herdsmen strive to cast; so, fall'n beneath the hands
Of his stern foe, Asiades did struggle, pant, and rave.
But no long time; for when the lance was pluck'd out, up he gave
His tortured soul. Then Troy's turn came; when with a Thracian sword
The temples of Deipyrus did Helenus afford
So huge a blow, it strook all light out of his cloudy eyes,
And cleft his helmet; which a Greek, there fighting, made his prise,
It fell so full beneath his feet. Atrides grieved to see
That sight, and, threatening, shook a lance at Helenus, and he
A bow half drew at him; at once out flew both shaft and lance.
The shaft Atrides' curets strook; and far away did glance.
Atrides' dart of Helenus the thrust out bow-hand struck,
And, through the hand, stuck in the bow. Agenor's hand did pluck
From forth the nailed prisoner the javelin quickly out;
And fairly, with a little wool, enwrapping round about
The wounded hand, within a scarf[3] he bore it, which his squire
Had ready for him. Yet the wound would needs he should retire.
Pisander, to revenge his hurt, right on the king ran he. [on thee,
A bloody fate suggested him to let him run
O Menelaus, that he might, by thee, in dangerous war
Be done to death. Both coming on, Atrides' lance did err.
Pisander strook Atrides' shield, that brake at point the dart
Not running through; yet he rejoiced as playing a victor's part.
Atrides, drawing his fair sword, upon Pisander flew;
Pisander, from beneath his shield, his goodly weapon drew,
Two-edged, with right sharp steel, and long, the handle olive-tree,
Well-polish'd; and to blows they go. Upon the top strook he
Atrides' horse-hair'd-feather'd helm; Atrides on his brow,
Above th' extreme part of his nose, laid such a heavy blow
That all the bones crash'd under it, and out his eyes did drop
Before his feet in bloody dust; he after, and shrunk up
His dying body, which the foot of his triumphing foe
Open'd, and stood upon his breast, and off his arms did go,
This insultation used the while: "At length forsake our fleet[4]
Thus ye false Trojans, to whom war never enough is sweet.
Nor want ye more impieties, with which ye have abused
Me, ye bold dogs, that your chief friends so honourably used.
Nor fear you hospitable Jove, that lets such thunders go.
But build upon't, he will unbuild your towers that clamber so,
For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flower of all her years,
And without cause; nay, when that fair and liberal hand of hers
Had used you so most lovingly. And now again ye would
Cast fire into our fleet, and kill our princes if ye could.
Go to, one day you will be curb'd, though never so ye thirst
Rude war, by war. O father Jove, they say thou art the first
In wisdom of all Gods and men, yet all this comes from thee,
And still thou gratifiest these men, how lewd soe'er they be,
Though never they be cloy'd with sins, nor can be satiate,
As good men should, with this vile war Satiety of state,
Satiety of sleep and love, satiety of ease,
Of music, dancing, can find place; yet harsh war still must please
Past all these pleasures, even past these. They will be cloy'd with these
Before their war joys. Never war gives Troy satieties."
This said, the bloody arms were off, and to his soldiers thrown,
He mixing in first fight again. And then Harpalion,
Kind king Pylæmen's son, gave charge; who to those wars of Troy
His loved father followed, nor ever did enjoy
His country's sight again. He strook the targe of Atreus' son
Full in the midst; his javelin's steel yet had no power to run

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The target through ; nor had himself the heart to fetch his lance,
But took him to his strength, and cast on every side a glance,
Lest any his dear sides should dart. But Merion, as he fled,
Sent after him a brazen lance, that ran his eager head
Through his right hip, and all along the bladder's region
Beneath the bone ; it settled him, and set his spirit gone
Amongst the hands of his best friends ; and like a worm he lay
Stretch'd on the earth, which his black blood imbrued, and flow'd away.
His corse the Paphlagonians did sadly wait upon, [Ilion ;
Reposed in his rich chariot, to sacred
The king his father following, dissolved in kindly tears,
And no wreak sought for his slain son. But, at his slaughterers
Incensed Paris spent a lance, since he had been a guest
To many Paphlagonians ; and through the prease it press'd.
There was a certain augur's son, that did for wealth excel,
And yet was honest ; he was born, and did at Corinth dwell ;
Who, though he knew his harmful fate, would needs his ship ascend ;
His father, Polyidus, oft would tell him that his end
Would either seize him at his house, upon a sharp disease,
Or else among the Grecian ships by Trojans slain. Both these
Together he desired to shun ; but the disease, at last,
And lingering death in it, he left, and war's quick stroke embraced.
The lance betwixt his ear and cheek ran in, and drave the mind
Of both those bitter fortunes out. Night strook his whole powers blind.
Thus fought they, like the spirit of fire ; nor Jove-loved Hector knew
How in the fleet's left wing the Greeks his down-put soldiers slew
Almost to victory ; the God that shakes the earth so well
Help'd with his own strength, and the Greeks so fiercely did impel.
Yet Hector made the first place good, where both the ports and wall
(The thick rank of the Greek shields broke) he enter'd, and did skall
Where on the gray sea's shore were drawn (the wall being there but slight)
Protesilaus' ships, and those of Ajax, where the fight
Of men and horse were sharpest set. There the Bœotian bands,
Long-robb'd Iaons,* Locrians, and, brave men of their hands,
The Phthian and Epeian troops did spritefully assail [could not prevail
The god-like Hector rushing in ; and yet
To his repulse, though choicest men of Athens there made head ;
Amongst whom was Menestheus chief, whom Phidias followed ;
Stichius and Bias, huge in strength. Th' Epeian troops were led
By Meges' and Phylides' cares, Amphion, Dracius. [Meneptolemus ;
Before the Phthians Medon march'd, and
And these, with the Bœotian powers, bore up the fleet's defence.
Oileus by his brother's side stood close, and would not thence
For any moment of that time. But, as through fallow fields
Black oxen draw a well-join'd plough, and either evenly yields
His thrifty labour, all heads couch'd so close to earth they plow
The fallow with their horns, till out the sweat begins to flow,
The stretch'd yokes crack, and yet at last the furrow forth is driven :
So toughly stood these to their task, and made their work as even.
But Ajax Telamonius had many helpful men
That, when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
Help bear his mighty seven-fold shield ; when swift Oiliades
The Locrians left, and would not make those murtherous fights of prease,
Because they wore no bright steel casques, nor bristled plumes for show,
Round shields, nor darts of solid ash ; but with the trusty bow,§
And jacks well-quilted with soft wool, they came to Troy, and were,
In their fit place, as confident as those that fought so near ;
And reach'd their foes so thick with shafts, that these were they that brake
The Trojan orders first ; and then, the brave arm'd men did make

* By Iaons (for Ionians) he intends the Athenians.

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Good work with their close fights before.
Behind whom, having shot,
The Locrians hid still; and their foes all
thought of fight forgot
With shows of those far-striking shafts,
their eyes were troubled so.
And then, assuredly, from the ships, and
tents, th' insulting foe
Had miserably fled to Troy, had not
Polydamas [possible 'tis to pass
Thus spake to Hector: "Hector, still im-
Good counsel upon you. But say some
God prefers thy deeds,
In counsels wouldst thou pass us too? In
all things none exceeds.
To some God gives the power of war, to
some the sleight to dance,
To some the art of instruments, some doth
for voice advance;
And that far-seeing God grants some the
wisdom of the mind,
Which no man can keep to himself, that,
though but few can find,
Doth profit many, that preserves the public
weal and state,
And that, who hath, he best can prize.
But, for me, I'll relate
Only my censure what's our best. The
very crown of war
Doth burn about thee: yet our men, when
they have reach'd thus far,
Suppose their valours crown'd, and cease.
A few still stir their feet,
And so a few with many fight, spersed thinly
through the fleet.
Retire then, leave speech to the rout, and
all thy princes call,
That, here, in counsels of most weight, we
may resolve of all,
If having likelihood to believe that God
will conquest give,
We shall charge through; or with this
grace, make our retreat, and live.
For, I must needs affirm, I fear, the debt
of yesterday
(Since war is such a God of change) the
Grecians now will pay.
And since th' insatiate man of war remains
at fleet, if there
We tempt his safety, no hour more his hot
soul can forbear."
This sound stuff Hector liked, approved,
jump'd from his chariot,
And said: "Polydamas make good this
place, and suffer not
One prince to pass it; I myself will there
go, where you see
Those friends in skirmish, and return (when
they have heard from me
Command that your advice obeys) with
utmost speed." This said,
With day-bright arms, white plume, white
scarf, his goodly limbs array'd,
He parted from them, like a hill, removing,
all of snow,
And to the Trojan peers and chiefs he flew,
to let them know
The counsel of Polydamas. All turn'd, and
did rejoice,
To haste to Panthus' gentle son, being
call'd by Hector's voice;
Who, through the forefights making way,
look'd for Deiphobus,
King Helenus, Asiades, Hyrtasian
Asius,
Of whom, some were not to be found un-
hurt, or undeceased,
Some only hurt, and gone from field. As
further he address'd,
He found within the fight's left wing the
fair-hair'd Helen's love
By all means moving men to blows; which
could by no means move
Hector's forbearance; his friends' miss so
put his powers in storm:
But thus in wonted terms he chid: "You
with the finest form,
Impostor, woman's man, where are, in
your care mark'd, all these?
Deiphobus, King Helenus, Asius Hyrta-
cides,
Othryoneus, Acamas? Now haughty Ilion
Shakes to his lowest groundwork. Now
just ruin falls upon
Thy head past rescue." He replied:
"Hector, why chidest thou now,
When I am guiltless? Other times, there
are for ease I know,
Than these; for she that brought thee
forth, not utterly left me
Without some portion of thy spirit, to make
me brother thee.
But since thou first brought'st in thy force,
to this our naval fight,
I and my friends have ceaseless fought, to
do thy service right.
But all those friends thou seek'st are slain;
excepting Helenus,
Who parted wounded in his hand, and so
Deiphobus;
Jove yet averted death from them. And
now lead thou as far
As thy great heart affects, all we will
second any war
That thou endurest; and I hope, my own
strength is not lost;
Though least, I'll fight it to his best; nor
further fights the most."

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This calm'd hot Hector's spleen; and both turn'd where they saw the face
Of war most fierce, and that was where their friends made good the place
About renown'd Polydamas, and god-like Polypæt,
Palmus, Ascanius, Morus that Hippotion did beget,
And from Ascania's wealthy fields but even the day before
Arrived at Troy, that with their aid they kindly might restore
Some kindness they received from thence. And in fierce fight with these,
Phalces and tall Orthæus stood, and bold Cebriones.
And then the doubt that in advice Polydamas disclosed,
To fight or fly, Jove took away, and all to fight disposed.
And as the floods of troubled air to pitchy storms increase
That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,
Encountering with abhorred roars, when the engrossed waves
Boil into foam, and endlessly one after other raves;
So rank'd and guarded th' Ilians march'd; some now, more now, and then
More upon more, in shining steel; now captains, then their men.
And Hector, like man-killing Mars, advanced before them all,
His huge round target before him, through thicken'd, like a wall,
With hides well couch'd with store of brass; and on his temples shined
His bright helm, on which danced his plume; and in this horrid kind,
(All hid within his world-like shield) he every troop assay'd
For entry, that in his despite stood firm and undismay'd.
Which when he saw, and kept more off, Ajax came stalking then,
And thus provoked him: "O good man, why fright'st thou thus our men?
Come nearer. Not art's want in war makes us thus navy-bound,
But Jove's direct scourge; his arm'd hand makes our hands give you ground.
Yet thou hopest, of thyself, our spoil. But we have likewise hands
To hold our own, as you to spoil; and ere thy countermands
Stand good against our ransack'd fleet, your hugely-peopled town
Our hands shall take in, and her towers from all their heights pull down.
And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt cry
To Jove and all the Gods to make thy fair-maned horses fly
More swift than falcons, that their hoofs may rouse the dust, and bear
Thy body, hid, to Ilion." This said, his bold words were
Confirm'd as soon as spoke. Jove's bird, the high-flown eagle, took
The right hand of their host; whose wings high acclamations strook
From forth the glad breasts of the Greeks. Then Hector made reply:
"Vain-spoken man, and glorious, what hast thou said? Would I
As surely were the son of Jove, and of great Juno born,
Adorn'd like Pallas, and the God that lifts to earth the morn,
As this day shall bring harmful light to all your host; and thou
If thou darest stand this lance, the earth before the ships shalt strow,
Thy bosom torn up, and the dogs, with all the fowl of Troy,
Be satiate with thy fat and flesh." This said, with shouting joy
His first troops follow'd; and the last their shouts with shouts repell'd.
Greece answer'd all, nor could her spirits from all show rest conceal'd.
And to so infinite a height all acclamations strove,
They reach'd the splendours, stuck about the unreach'd throne of Jove.

COMMENTARIUS.

Ἀγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν, &c., *illustrium Hippemolgorum*: Γλακτοφάγων, *lacte vescentium*, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus (who I think translated Homer into hexameters out of Valla's prose) take ἀγαυῶν, the epithet to Ἱππημολγῶν, for a nation so called, and Ἱππημολγῶν, Γλακτοφάγων ἀβίων τε translates, *ut quæ sine ullis divitiis equino victitat lacte*; intending *gens Agavorum*, which

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he takes for those just men of life likewise which Homer commends; utterly mistaking ἀγαυὸς, signifying *præclarus* or *illustris*, whose genitive case plural is used here; and the word, epithet to Ἱππημολγῶν, together signifying *illustrium Hippemolgorum*, and they being bred, and continually fed with milk (which the next word γλακτοφάγων signifies) Homer calls *most just, long-lived, and innocent*, in the words ἄβιόν τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων—ἄβιος signifying *longævus ab* α *epitatico*, and βίος *vita*, but of some *inops*, being a compound *ex* α *privat.*, and βίος *victus:* and from thence had Valla his interpretation, *ut quæ sine ullis divitiis;* but where is *equino lacte?* But not to shew their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach; that men brought up with that gentle and soft-spirit-begetting milk are long lived, and in nature most just and innocent. Which kind of food the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration *De Esu Carnium*, seems to prefer before the food of flesh, where he saith: "By this means also tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides, for (as amongst the Athenians) first they put to death the most notorious or vilest sycophant Epitedeius, so the second, and third; then, being accustomed to blood, they slew good like bad, as Niceratus, the emperor Theramenes, Polemarchus the philosopher, &c. So, at the first, men killed some harmful beast or other, then some kind of fowl, some fish; till taught by these, and stirred up with the lust of their palates, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious ox, the man-clothing or adorning sheep, the house-guarding cock, &c., and by little and little cloyed with these, war, and the food of men, men fell to, &c."

2 Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας, &c., *Circum autem Ajaces*, &c. To judgment of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound judgments to condemnation of one Panædes, a judge of games on Olympus, whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamnictor his son celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not only for strength and swiftness, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this general contention came Homer and Hesiodus, who casting down verses on both parts, and of all measures (Homer by all consents questionless obtaining the garland), Panædes bade both recite briefly their best; for which Hesiodus cited these verses, which, as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his Second Book of Works and Days:

When Atlas birth (the Pleiades) arise,
Harvest begin; plough, when they leave the skies.
Twice twenty nights and days these hide their heads,
The year then turning, leave again their beds,
And show when first to whet the harvest steel.
This likewise is the field's law, where men dwell
Near Neptune's empire, and where, far away,
The winding valleys fly the flowing sea,
And men inhabit the fat region.
There naked plough, sow naked, naked cut down,
If Ceres' labours thou wilt timely use,
That timely fruits, and timely revenues,
Serve thee at all parts, lest, at any, Need
Send thee to others' grudging doors to feed, &c.*

These verses, howsoever Spondanus stands for Homer's, in respect of the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times' judgments. Homer's verses are these:—

——Thus Neptune roused these men.
And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain [amongst them gone)
Their station firm, whom Mars himself (had he
Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on.
For now the best were chosen out, and they received th' advance
Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lined with lance,
Shields thicken'd with opposed shields, targets to targets nail'd,
Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew they so close assail'd,
Plumed casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their stands,
Their lances stood, thrust home so thick, by such all-daring hands.
All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy
Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and Hector first of Troy.
And as a round piece of a rock, &c.

Which martial verses, though they are as high as may be for their place and end of our Homer, are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor think I the contention at any part true, Homer being affirmed by good authors to be a hundred years before Hesiodus; and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being near in blood to him. And this, for

* See Vol. II., page 222. It is evident from the alterations made in this passage in the complete version that Chapman spent as much pains on the revision of his Hesiod as of his Homer.—Ed.

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some variety in your delight, I thought not amiss to insert here.

[3] Σφενδόνη, the Commentors translate in this place *funda*, most untruly, there being no slings spoken of in all these Iliads, nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this book will appear more apparent. But here, and in this place, to translate the word *funda* (though most commonly it signifieth so much) is most ridiculous; Σφενδόνη likewise signifying *ornamentum quoddam muliebre*, which therefore I translate *a scarf*, a fitter thing to hang his arm in than a sling, and likely that his squire carried about him, either as a favour of his own mistress, or his master's, or for either's ornament, scarfs being no unusual wear for soldiers.

[4] Λείψετέ θην οὕτω, &c. *Relinquetis demum sic*, &c. *At length forsake our fleet*, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with clear notes) of Menelaus' ridiculous character. This very beginning of his insultation, in the manner of it, preparing it, and the simply uttered upbraids of the Trojans following, confirming it most ingeniously. First, that the Trojans ravished his wife in the flower of her years, calling her κουριδίην ἄλοχον, which Spondanus translateth *virginem uxorem*, being here to be translated *juvenilem uxorem* (κουρίδιος signifying *juvenilis*) but they will have it *virginem*; because Homer must be taxed with ignorance of what the next age after Troy's siege revealed of the age before, in which Theseus is remembered first to have ravished Helen, and that, by Theseus, Iphigenia was begotten of her; which being granted, maketh much against Homer, if you mark it, for making Menelaus think yet he married her a virgin, if Spondanus' translation should pass. First, no man being so simple to think that the Poet thinketh always as he maketh others speak; and next, it being no very strange or rare credulity in men to believe they marry maids, when they do not; much more such a man made for the purpose as Menelaus, whose good husbandly imagination of his wife's maidenhead at their marriage, I hope, answereth at full the most foolish taxation of Homer's ignorance. In which a man may wonder at these learned Critics' overlearnedness, and what ropes of sand they make with their kind of intelligencing knowledge; I mean in such as abuse the name of Critics, as many versers do of Poets; the rest for their industries I reverence. But all this time I lose my collection of Menelaus' silly and ridiculous upbraids here given to the Trojans. First (as above said) for ravishing his wife in the flower of her years:—when should a man play such a part but then?—though indeed poor Menelaus had the more wrong or loss in it, and yet Paris the more reason. He added then, and without cause or injury, a most sharp one in Homer, and in Menelaus as much ridiculous; as though lovers looked for more cause in their love-suits than the beauties of their beloved; or that men were made cuckolds only for spite, or revenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed Menelaus' true simplicity in this, to think harms should not be done without harms foregoing (no not in these unsmarting harms) maketh him well deserve his epithet ἀγαθός. Yet further see how his pure imbecility prevaileth: and how by a thread Homer cutteth him out here, ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ, *postquam amicè tractati fuistis apud ipsam, after ye had been kindly entertained at her hands.* I hope you will think nothing could encourage them more than that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part, and how ingeniously Homer giveth him still some colour of reason for his senselessness, which colour yet is enough to deceive our commentors; they find not yet the tame figure of our horned; but they and all translators still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. "*And now*" (saith our simplician) "*you would again shew your iniquities, even to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleet, and killing our princes if you could.*" Would any man think this in an enemy, and such an enemy as the Trojans? Chide enemies in arms for offering to hurt their enemies? Would you have yet plainer this good king's simplicity? But his slaughters sometimes, and wise words, are those mists our Homer casteth before the eyes of his readers, that hindereth their prospects to his more constant and predominant softness and simplicity. Which he doth, imagining his understanding readers' eyes more sharp than not to see pervially through them: and yet, would not have these great ones themselves need so subtle flatteries, but that every shadow of their worth might remove all the substance of their worthlessness. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcock, and yet, lest it prove still too thick

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for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproof he crieth out against Jupiter, saying, ἢ τί σε φασὶ περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων· *profectò te aiunt sapientiâ (vel circa mentem) superare cæteros homines atque deos;* wherein he affirmeth that men say so, building, poor man, even that unknown secret to himself upon others, and now, I hope, sheweth himself empty enough. But, lest you should say I strive to illustrate the sun, and make clear a thing plain, hear how dark and perplexed a riddle it showeth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent scholar, and Homer's commentor; whose words upon this speech are these: *Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus* (intending in Antenor's speech, lib. iii. unto which I pray you turn) *cujus hîc luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem est ejus hoc loco oratio, ut qui injuriarum sibi à Trojanis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, quâ præsens eorundem in Græcos impetum exacerbavit. Primùm ilaque in Trojanos invehitur, et eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deindè, per apostrophem, ad Jovem conqueritur de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus Trojani vehementer inflammantur.* Would any man believe this serious blindness in so great a scholar? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but all the rest of our most profaned and holy Homer's traducers.

δ Καὶ ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰδὲ ἀώτῳ, &c., *et benè torta ovis lana* (or rather, *benè torto ovis flore.*) *Definitio fundæ* (saith Spondanus) *vel potius periphrastica descriptio. The definition, or rather paraphrastical description of a sling.* A most unsufferable exposition; not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the services expressed in these Iliads. It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour called *a jack*, that all our archers used to serve in of old, and were ever quilted with wool, and (because ἐϋστροφος signifieth as well *qui facili motu versatur et circumagitur*, as well as *benè vel pulchre tortus*) for their lightness and aptness to be worn, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides note the words that follow, which are: ταρφέα βάλλοντες, and ὄπισθεν* βάλλοντες, &c., *frequenter jacientes*, and *à tergo jacientes, shooting, striking, or wounding so thick, and at the backs of the armed men*, not *hurling;* here being no talk of any stones, but only συνεκλόνεον γὰρ ὀϊστοὶ, *conturbabant enim sagittæ.* And when saw any man slings lined with wool? to keep their stones warm? or to dull their delivery? And I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them. The agreement of the Greeks with our English, as well in all other their greatest virtues, as this skill with their bows, other places of these annotations shall clearly demonstrate, and give, in my conceit, no little honour to our country.

* Metri causâ usurpatur ὄπιθεν.

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES, to behold the skirmish, brings
Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.
Juno (receiving of the Cyprian dame
Her Ceston, whence her sweet enticements came)
Descends to Somnus, and gets him to bind
The powers of Jove with sleep, to free her mind.
Neptune assists the Greeks, and of the foe
Slaughter inflicts a mighty overthrow.
Ajax so sore strikes Hector with a stone,
It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In ✱ with sleep, and bed, heaven's Queen
Even Jove himself makes overseen.

NOT wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chains on old Nestor's ear*
To this high clamour; who required Machaon's thoughts to bear
His care in part, about the cause; "For, methink, still," said he,
"The cry increases. I must needs the watch-tower mount to see
Which way the flood of war doth drive. Still drink thou wine, and eat,
Till fair-hair'd Hecamed hath given a little water heat
To cleanse the quitture from thy wound." This said, the goodly shield
Of warlike Thrasymed, his son, who had his own in field,
He took, snatch'd up a mighty lance, and so stept forth to view
Cause of that clamour. Instantly th' unworthy cause he knew,
The Grecians wholly put in rout, the Trojans routing still,
Close at the Greeks' backs, their wall razed. The old man mourn'd this ill;
And, as when with unwieldy waves the great sea forefeels winds
That both ways murmur, and no way her certain current finds,
But pants and swells confusedly, here goes, and there will stay,
Till on it air casts one firm wind, and then it rolls away;
So stood old Nestor in debate, two thoughts at once on wing
In his discourse, if first to take direct course to the king,
Or to the multitude in fight. At last he did conclude
To visit Agamemnon first. Mean time both hosts imbrued
Their steel in one another's blood, nought wrought their healths but harms,
Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their arms.
And now the Jove kept kings, whose wounds were yet in cure, did meet
Old Nestor, Diomed, Ithacus, and Atreus' son, from fleet
Bent for the fight which was far off, the ships being drawn to shore
On heaps at first, till all their sterns a wall was raised before;
Which, though not great, it yet sufficed to hide them, though their men
Were something straited; for whose scope, in form of battle then,
They drew them through the spacious shore, one by another still,
Till all the bosom of the strand their sable bulks did fill,
Even till they took up all the space 'twixt both the promontories.
These kings, like Nestor, in desire to know for what those cries
Became so violent, came along, all leaning on their darts,
To see, though not of power to fight; sad and suspicious hearts
Distempering them, and, meeting now Nestor, the king in fear
Cried out: "O Nestor our renown! why shews thy presence here,
The harmful fight abandoned? now Hector will make good
The threatening vow he made, I fear, that, till he had our blood,
And fired our fleet, he never more would turn to Ilion.
Nor is it long, I see, before his whole will will be done.
O Gods, I now see all the Greeks put on Achilles' ire
Against my honour; no mean left to keep our fleet from fire."

* This first verse (after the first four syllables) is to be read as one of our tens.

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He answer'd: "'Tis an evident truth, not Jove himself can now,
With all the thunder in his hands, prevent our overthrow.
The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more than Jove,
Is scaled, razed, enter'd; and our powers (driven up) past breathing, prove
A most inevitable fight; both slaughters so commix'd,
That for your life you cannot put your diligent'st thought betwixt
The Greeks and Trojans; and as close their throats cleave to the sky.
Consult we then, if that will serve. For fight advise not I;
It fits not wounded men to fight." Atrides answer'd him: [a tired limb,
"If such a wall as cost the Greeks so many
And such a dike be pass'd, and razed, that, as yourself said well,
We all esteem'd invincible, and would past doubt repel
The world from both our fleet and us; it doth directly show
That here Jove vows our shames and deaths. I evermore did know
His hand from ours when he help'd us, and now I see as clear
That, like the blessed Gods, he holds our hated enemies dear,
Supports their arms, and pinions ours. Conclude then, 'tis in vain
To strive with him. Our ships drawn up, now let us launch again,
And keep at anchor till calm night; that then, perhaps, our foes
May calm their storms, and in that time our scape we may dispose.
'It is not any shame to fly from ill, although by night.
Known ill he better does that flies, than he it takes in fight.'"
Ulysses frown'd on him, and said: "Accursed, why talk'st thou thus?
Would thou hadst led some barbarous host, and not commanded us
Whom Jove made soldiers from our youth, that age might scorn to fly
From any charge it undertakes, and every dazzled eye
The honour'd hand of war might close. Thus wouldst thou leave this town,
For which our many miseries felt entitle it our own?
Peace, lest some other Greek give ear, and hear a sentence such
As no man's palate should profane; at least that knew how much
His own right weigh'd, and being a prince, and such a prince as bears
Rule of so many Greeks as thou. This counsel loathes mine ears:
Let others toil in fight and cries, and we so light of heels
Upon their very noise, and groans, to hoise away our keels.
Thus we should fit the wish of Troy, that, being something near
The victory, we give it clear; and we were sure to bear
A slaughter to the utmost man: for no man will sustain
A stroke, the fleet gone; but at that, look still, and wish him slain.
And therefore, prince of men, be sure, thy censure is unfit."[1]
"O Ithacus," replied the king, "thy bitter terms have smit
My heart in sunder. At no hand, 'gainst any prince's will
Do I command this. Would to God, that any man of skill
To give a better counsel would, or old, or younger man:
My voice should gladly go with his." Then Diomed began:
"The man not far is, nor shall ask much labour to bring in,
That willingly would speak his thoughts, if spoken they might win
Fit ear; and suffer no impair, that I discover them,
Being youngest of you: since my sire, that heir'd a diadem,
May make my speech to diadems decent enough, though he
Lies in his sepulchre at Thebes. I boast this pedigree:[2]
Portheus three famous sons begot, that in high Calydon
And Pleuron kept, with state of kings, their habitation;
Agrius, Melas, and the third the horseman Oeneus, [generous
My father's father, that excell'd in actions
The other two. But these kept home, my father being driven
With wandering and adventurous spirits, for so the King of heaven
And th' other Gods set down their wills, and he to Argos came,
Where he begun the world, and dwelt; there marrying a dame,
One of Adrastus' female race, he kept a royal house,
For he had great demesnes, good land, and, being industrious,

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He planted many orchard-grounds about his house, and bred
Great store of sheep. Besides all this, he was well qualitied,
And pass'd all Argives, for his spear. And these digressive things
Are such as you may well endure, since (being derived from kings,
And kings not poor nor virtueless) you cannot hold me base,
Nor scorn my words, which oft, though true, in mean men meet disgrace.
However, they are these in short: Let us be seen at fight,
And yield to strong necessity, though wounded, that our sight
May set those men on that, of late, have to Achilles' spleen
Been too indulgent, and left blows; but be we only seen,
Not come within the reach of darts, lest wound on wound we lay;
Which reverend Nestor's speech implied, and so far him obey."
This counsel gladly all observed, went on, Atrides led. [followed,
Nor Neptune this advantage lost but closely
And like an aged man appear'd t' Atrides; whose right hand
He seized, and said: "Atrides, this doth passing fitly stand
With stern Achilles' wreakful spirit, that he can stand astern
His ship, and both in fight and death the Grecian bane discern,
Since not in his breast glows one spark of any human mind.
But be that his own bane. Let God by that loss make him find
How vile a thing he is. For know, the blest Gods have not given
Thee ever over, but perhaps the Trojans may from heaven
Receive that justice. Nay, 'tis sure, and thou shalt see their falls,
Your fleet soon freed, and for fights here they glad to take their walls."
This said, he made known who he was, and parted with a cry
As if ten thousand men had join'd in battle then, so high
His throat flew through the host; and so this great earth-shaking God
Cheer'd up the Greek hearts, that they wish'd their pains no period.
Saturnia from Olympus' top saw her great brother there,
And her great husband's brother too, exciting everywhere
The glorious spirits of the Greeks; which as she joy'd to see,
So, on the fountful Ida's top, Jove's sight did disagree
With her contentment, since she fear'd that his hand would descend,
And check the Sea-god's practices. And this she did contend
How to prevent, which thus seem'd best: To deck her curiously,
And visit the Idalian hill, that so the Lightener's eye
She might enamour with her looks, and his high temples steep,
Even to his wisdom, in the kind and golden juice of sleep.
So took she chamber, which her son, the God of ferrary,
With firm doors made, being joined close and with a privy key
That no God could command but Jove; where, enter'd she made fast
The shining gates; and then upon her lovely body cast
Ambrosia, that first made it clear, and after laid on it [so wondrous sweet
An odorous, rich, and sacred oil, that was
That ever, when it was but touch'd, it sweeten'd heaven and earth.
Her body being cleansed with this, her tresses she let forth,
And comb'd, her comb dipp'd in the oil, then wrapp'd them up in curls;
And, thus her deathless head adorn'd, a heavenly veil she hurls
On her white shoulders, wrought by her that rules in housewiferies,
Who wove it full of antique works, of most divine device;
And this with goodly clasps of gold she fasten'd to her breast.
Then with a girdle, whose rich sphere a hundred studs impress'd,
She girt her small waist. In her ears, tenderly pierced, she wore
Pearls, great and orient: on her head, a wreath not worn before
Cast beams out like the sun. At last, she to her feet did tie
Fair shoes. And thus entire attired, she shined in open sky,
Call'd the fair Paphian Queen apart from th' other Gods, and said:
"Loved daughter! should I ask a grace, should I or be obey'd,
Or wouldst thou cross me, being incensed, since I cross thee and take
The Greeks' part, thy hand helping Troy?" She answer'd, "That shall make

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No difference in a different cause. Ask, ancient Deity,
What most contents thee. My mind stands inclined as liberally
To grant it as thine own to ask; provided that it be
A favour fit and in my power." She, given deceitfully,
Thus said: "Then give me those two powers, with which both men and Gods
Thou vanquishest, Love and Desire; for now the periods
Of all the many-feeding earth, and the original
Of all the gods, Oceanus, and Thetis whom we call
Our mother, I am going to greet. They nursed me in their court,
And brought me up, receiving me in most respectful sort
From Phæa, when Jove under earth and the unfruitful seas [to appease
Cast Saturn. These I go to see, intending
Jars grown betwixt them, having long abstain'd from speech and bed;
Which jars, could I so reconcile, that in their anger's stead
I could place love, and so renew their first society,
I should their best loved be esteemed, and honour'd endlessly."
She answer'd: "'Tis not fit, nor just, thy will should be denied,
Whom Jove in his embraces holds." This spoken, she untied,
And from her odorous bosom took, her Ceston, in whose sphere
Were all enticements to delight, all loves, all longings were,
Kind conference, fair speech, whose power the wisest doth inflame.
This she resigning to her hands, thus urged her by her name:
"Receive this bridle, thus fair-wrought, and put it 'twixt thy breasts,
Where all things to be done are done; and whatsoever rests
In thy desire return with it." The great-eyed Juno smiled,
And put it 'twixt her breasts. Love's Queen, thus cunningly beguiled,
To Jove's court flew. Saturnia, straight stooping from heaven's height,
Pieria and Emathia, those countries of delight,
Soon reach'd, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiers dwell,
Approaching, pass'd their tops untouch'd. From Athos then she fell,
Pass'd all the broad sea, and arrived in Lemnos, at the towers
Of godlike Thoas, where she met the Prince of all men's powers,
Death's brother, Sleep; whose hand she took, and said: "Thou king of men,
Prince of the Gods too, if before thou heard'st my suits, again
Give helpful ear, and through all times I'll offer thanks to thee.
Lay slumber on Jove's fiery eyes, that I may comfort me
With his embraces; for which grace I'll grace thee with a throne [done
Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly
By Mulciber, to which he forged a foot-stool for the ease
Of thy soft feet, when wine and feasts thy golden humours please."
Sweet Sleep replied: "Saturnia, there lives not any God,
Besides Jove, but I would becalm; ay, if it were the flood,
That fathers all the Deities, the great Oceanus;
But Jove we dare not come more near than he commandeth us.
Now you command me as you did, when Jove's great-minded son,
Alcides, having sack'd the town of stub-born Ilion,
Took sail from thence; when by your charge I pour'd about Jove's mind
A pleasing slumber, calming him, till thou dravest up the wind,
In all his cruelties, to sea, that set his son ashore
In Cous, far from all his friends. Which, waking, vex'd so sore
The supreme godhead, that he cast the gods about the sky,
And me, above them all, he sought, whom he had utterly
Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament, if all-gods-taming Night
(Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffer'd his despite,
And not preserved me; but his wrath with my offence dispensed,
For fear t' offend her, and so ceased, though never so incensed.
And now another such escape, you wish I should prepare."
She answer'd: "What hath thy deep rest to do with his deep care?
As though Jove's love to Ilion in all degrees were such
As 'twas to Hercules his son, and so would storm as much

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For their displeasure as for his? Away, I will remove
Thy fear with giving thee the dame, that thou didst ever love,
One of the fair young Graces born, divine Pasithae."
This started Somnus into joy, who answer'd: "Swear to me,
By those inviolable springs, that feed the Stygian lake,
With one hand touch the nourishing earth, and in the other take
The marble sea, that all the gods, of the infernal state, [nesses, and rate
Which circle Saturn, may to us be wit-
What thou hast vow'd; that with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me,
The dame I grant I ever loved, divine Pasithae."
She swore, as he enjoin'd, in all, and strengthen'd all his joys
By naming all th' infernal Gods, surnam'd the Titanois.
The oath thus taken, both took way, and made their quick repair
To Ida from the town, and isle, all hid in liquid air.
At Lecton first they left the sea, and there the land they trod;
The fountful nurse of savages, with all her woods, did nod
Beneath their feet: there Somnus stay'd, lest Jove's bright eye should see;
And yet, that he might see to Jove, he climb'd the goodliest tree
That all th' Idalian mountain bred, and crown'd her progeny,
A fir it was, that shot past air, and kiss'd the burning sky;
There sate he hid in his dark arms, and in the shape withal
Of that continual prating bird, whom all the Deities call
Chalcis, but men Cymmindis name. Saturnia tripp'd apace,
Up to the top of Gargarus, and shew'd her heavenly face
To Jupiter, who saw, and loved, and with as hot a fire,
Being curious in her tempting view, as when with first desire
(The pleasure of it being stolen) they mix'd in love and bed;
And, gazing on her still, he said: "Saturnia, what hath bred
This haste in thee from our high court, and whither tends thy gait,
That, void of horse and chariot, fit for thy sovereign state,
Thou lacquey'st here?" Her studied fraud replied: "My journey now
Leaves state and labours to do good; and where in right I owe
All kindness to the Sire of gods, and our good mother Queen
That nursed and kept me curiously in court (since both have been
Long time at discord) my desire is to atone their hearts;
And therefore go I now to see those earth's extremest parts.
For whose far-seat I spared my horse the scaling of this hill,
And left them at the foot of it; for they must taste their fill
Of travail with me, and must draw my coach through earth and seas.
Whose far-intended reach, respect, and care not to displease
Thy graces, made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave."
The cloud-compelling God her guile in this sort did receive:
"Juno, thou shalt have after leave, but, ere so far thou stray,
Convert we our kind thoughts to love, that now doth every way
Circle with victory my powers, nor yet with any dame [bosom so inflame
Woman, or goddess, did his fires my
As now with thee. Not when it loved the parts so generous
Ixion's wife had, that brought forth the wise Pirithous;
Nor when the lovely dame Acrisius' daughter stirr'd
My amorous powers, that Perseus bore to all men else preferr'd;
Nor when the dame, that Phenix got, surprised me with her sight,
Who the divine-soul'd Rhadamanth and Minos brought to light;
Nor Semele, that bore to me the joy of mortal men,
The sprightly Bacchus; nor the dame that Thebes renowned then,
Alcmena, that bore Hercules; Latona, so renown'd;
Queen Ceres, with the golden hair; nor thy fair eyes did wound
My entrails to such depth as now with thirst of amorous ease."
The cunning dame seem'd much incensed, and said: "What words are these,
Unsufferable Saturn's son? What! here! in Ida's height!
Desirest thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the sight

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Of any god thy will were pleased, that he
the rest might bring
To witness thy incontinence? 'twere a
dishonour'd thing.
I would not shew my face in heaven, and
rise from such a bed.
But, if love be so dear to thee, thou hast a
chamber-stead.
Which Vulcan purposely contrived with all
fit secrecy;
There sleep at pleasure." He replied: "I
fear not if the eye
Of either god or man observe, so thick a
cloud of gold [can behold,
I'll cast about us that the sun, who furthest
Shall never find us." This resolved, into
his kind embrace
He took his wife. Beneath them both fair
Tellus strew'd the place
With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick
that up aloft it bore
Their heavenly bodies; with his leaves, did
dewy lotos store
Th' Elysian mountain; saffron flowers and
hyacinths help'd make
The sacred bed; and there they slept:
when suddenly there brake
A golden vapour out of air, whence shining
dews did fall,
In which they wrapt them close, and slept
till Jove was tamed withal.
Mean space flew Somnus to the ships,
found Neptune out, and said:
"Now cheerfully assist the Greeks, and
give them glorious head,
At least a little, while Jove sleeps; of whom
through every limb
I pour'd dark sleep, Saturnia's love hath
so illuded him."
This news made Neptune more secure in
giving Grecians heart,
And through the first fights thus he stirr'd
the men of most desert:
"Yet, Grecians, shall we put our ships,
and conquest, in the hands
Of Priam's Hector by our sloth? He thinks
so, and commands
With pride according; all because Achilles
keeps away.
Alas, as we were nought but him! we
little need to stay
On his assistance, if we would our own
strengths call to field,
And mutually maintain repulse. Come on
then, all men yield
To what I order. We that bear best arms
in all our host,
Whose heads sustain the brightest helms,
whose hands are bristled most
With longest lances, let us on. But stay,
I'll lead you all;
Nor think I but great Hector's spirits will
suffer some appal,
Though they be never so inspired. The
ablest of us then,
That on our shoulders worst shields bear,
exchange with worser men
That fight with better." This proposed,
all heard it, and obey'd.
The kings, even those that suffer'd wounds,
Ulysses, Diomed,
And Agamemnon, help'd t' instruct the
complete army thus:
To good gave good arms, worse to worse,
yet none were mutinous.
Thus, arm'd with order, forth they flew;
the great Earth-shaker led,
A long sword in his sinewy hand, which
when he brandished
It lighten'd still, there was no law for him
and it; poor men
Must quake before them. These thus
mann'd, illustrious Hector then
His host brought up. The blue-hair'd god
and he stretch'd through the prease
A grievous fight; when to the ships and
tents of Greece the seas
Brake loose, and raged. But when they
join'd, the dreadful clamour rose
To such a height, as not the sea, when up
the North-spirit blows
Her raging billows, bellows so against the
beaten shore; [with violent blore
Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven
Through woods that grow against a hill;
nor so the fervent strokes
Of almost-bursting winds resound against
a grove of oaks;
As did the clamour of these hosts, when
both the battles closed.
Of all which noble Hector first at Ajax'
breast disposed
His javelin, since so right on him the great-
soul'd soldier bore;
Nor miss'd it, but the bawdricks both that
his broad bosom wore,
To hang his shield and sword, it strook;
both which his flesh preserved.
Hector, disdaining that his lance had thus
as good as swerved,
Trode to his strength; but, going off, great
Ajax with a stone,
One of the many props for ships, that
there lay trampled on,
Strook his broad breast above his shield,
just underneath his throat,
And shook him piecemeal; when the stone
sprung back again, and smote

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Earth, like a whirlwind, gathering dust with whirring fiercely round,[3]
For fervour of his unspent strength, in settling on the ground.
And as when Jove's bolt by the roots rends from the earth an oak,
His sulphur casting with the blow a strong unsavoury smoke,
And on the fall'n plant none dare look but with amazed eyes,
(Jove's thunder being no laughing game) so bow'd strong Hector's thighs,
And so with tost-up heels he fell, away his lance he flung,
His round shield follow'd, then his helm, and out his armour rung.
The Greeks then shouted, and ran in, and hoped to hale him off,
And therefore pour'd on darts in storms, to keep his aid aloof;
But none could hurt the people's guide, nor stir him from his ground;
Sarpedon, prince of Lycia, and Glaucus so renown'd,
Divine Agenor, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas, [neglective was
Rush'd to his rescue, and the rest. No one
Of Hector's safety. All their shields, they couch'd about him close,
Raised him from earth, and (giving him, in their kind arms, repose)
From off the labour carried him, to his rich chariot,
And bore him mourning towards Troy. But when the flood they got
Of gulfy Xanthus, that was got by deathless Jupiter,
There took they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there
His temples with the stream. He breathed, look'd up, assay'd to rise,
And on his knees stay'd spitting blood. Again then closed his eyes,
And back again his body fell. The main blow had not done
Yet with his spirit. When the Greeks saw worthy Hector gone,
Then thought they of their work, then charged with much more cheer the foe,
And then, far first, Oïliades began the overthrow.
He darted Satnius Enops' son, whom famous Nais bore
As she was keeping Enops' flocks on Satnius' river's shore,
And strook him in his belly's rim, who upwards fell, and raised
A mighty skirmish with his fall. And then Panthœdes seized
Prothenor Areilycides, with his revengeful spear,
On his right shoulder, strook it through, and laid him breathless there;
For which he insolently bragg'd, and cried out: "Not a dart
From great-soul'd Panthus' son, I think, shall ever vainlier part,
But some Greek's bosom it shall take, and make him give his ghost."
This brag the Grecians stomach'd much; but Telamonius most,
Who stood most near Prothenor's fall, and out he sent a lance,
Which Panthus' son, declining, scaped, yet took it to sad chance
Archilochus, Antenor's son, whom heaven did destinate
To that stern end; 'twixt neck and head the javelin wrought his fate,
And ran in at the upper joint of all the back long bone,
Cut both the nerves; and such a load of strength laid Ajax on,
As that small part he seized outweigh'd all th' under limbs, and strook
His heels up, so that head and face the earth's possessions took,
When all the low parts sprung in air; and thus did Ajax quit
Panthœdes' brave: "Now, Panthus' son, let thy prophetic wit
Consider, and disclose a truth, if this man do not weigh
Even with Prothenor. I conceive, no one of you will say
That either he was base himself, or sprung of any base; [by his face;
Antenor's brother, or his son, he should be
One of his race, past question, his likeness shews he is."
This spake he, knowing it well enough. The Trojans storm'd at this.
And then slew Acamas, to save his brother yet engaged,
Bœotius, dragging him to spoil; and thus the Greeks enraged:
"O Greeks, even born to bear our darts, yet ever breathing threats,
Not always under tears and toils ye see our fortune sweats,
But sometimes you drop under death. See now your quick among
Our dead, intranced with my weak lance, to prove I have ere long
Revenged my brother. 'Tis the wish of every honest man
His brother, slain in Mars his field, may rest wreak'd in his fane."

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This stirr'd fresh envy in the Greeks, but urged Peneleus most,
Who hurl'd his lance at Acamas; he scaped; nor yet it lost
The force he gave it, for it found the flock-rich Phorbas' son,
Ilioneus, whose dear sire, past all in Ilion,
Was loved of Hermes, and enrich'd, and to him only bore
His mother this now slaughter'd man. The dart did undergore
His eye-lid, by his eye's dear roots, and out the apple fell,
The eye pierced through; nor could the nerve that stays the neck repel
His strong-wing'd lance, but neck and all gave way, and down he dropp'd.
Peneleus then unsheathed his sword, and from the shoulders chopp'd
His luckless head; which down he threw, the helm still sticking on,
And still the lance fix'd in his eye; which not to see alone
Contented him, but up again he snatch'd, and shew'd it all,
With this stern brave: "Ilians, relate brave Ilioneus' fall
To his kind parents, that their roofs their tears may overrun; [genor's son,
For so the house of Promachus, and Ale-
Must with his wife's eyes overflow, she never seeing more
Her dear lord, though we tell his death; when to our native shore
We bring from ruin'd Troy our fleet, and men so long forgone."
This said, and seen, pale fear possess'd all those of Ilion,
And every man cast round his eye to see where death was not,
That he might fly him. Let not then his graced hand be forgot,
O Muses, you that dwell in heaven, that first imbrued the field
With Trojan spoil, when Neptune thus had made their irons yield.
First Ajax Telamonius the Mysian captain slew, [threw
Great Hyrtius Gyrtiades. Antilochus o'er-
Phalces and Mermer, to their spoil. Meriones gave end [did send
To Morys and Hippotion. Teucer to fate
Prothoon and Periphetes. Atrides' javelin chaced
Duke Hyperenor, wounding him in that part that is placed[4]
Betwixt the short ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut
Have pertinence; the javelin's head did out his entrails cut,
His forced soul breaking through the wound; night's black hand closed his eyes.
Then Ajax, great Oileus' son, had divers victories;
For when Saturnius suffer'd flight, of all the Grecian race
Not one with swiftness of his feet could so enrich a chace.

COMMENTARIUS.

1 Ὄρχαμε λαῶν. *Princeps populorum* (the end of Ulysses' speech in the beginning of this book) which ascription our Spond. takes to be given in scorn, and that all Ulysses' speech is σκοπτική, or *scoffing*, which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end, which was spoken ἤπιως, *molliter*, or *benigne*, of purpose to make Agamemnon bear the better the justice of his other austerity.

2 Καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι, *et ego quoad genus glorior esse.* The long digression that follows this in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemnon's reply to Ulysses) bewrays an affectation he had by all anything-fit-means to talk of his pedigree; and by reason of that humour, hath shewn his desire elsewhere to learn the pedigrees of others, as in the Sixth Book, in his inquiry of Glaucus' pedigree. And herein is expressed part of his character.

3 Στρόμβον δ' ὡς, ἴσσανε βαλὼν, &c. Overpassing, for speed, many things in this book that cry out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that which in most readers I know will be lost, I must only insist still on those parts that (in my poor understanding) could never yet find apprehension in any of our commentors or translators, as in this simile again of the whirlwind, to which the stone that Ajax hurled at Hector is resembled. Valla and Eobanus, Salel in French, so understanding, *Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwind.* Valla's words are these (translating στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἴσσανε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἕδραμε πάντη which, *ad verbum*, say thus much in every common translation: *Tro-*

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chum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique.) *Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore*, &c. Eobanus converting it thus:—

—— Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which, though it harp upon the other, makes yet much worse music, saying, *Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He stood, yet was turned about violently.* How gross both are, I think the blindest see, and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthiness in these men to touch our Homer, esteeming it an extreme loss to the world to have this and the like undiscovered. For, as I apprehend it, being expressed no better than in my silly conversion (and the stone, not Hector, likened to the whirlwind) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homer's wit for the most fiery illustration both of Ajax' strength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to it as could not spend itself upon Hector, but turn after upon the earth in that whirlwind-like violence; of Hector, for standing it so solidly; for without that consideration the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plain and smug writers that, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them, their feathers not passing the pitch of every woman's capacity. And, indeed, where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writer's wit and the writee's (that I may speak with authority) according to my old lesson in philosophy: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and bombasted; and out of that word is spun that which they call our fustian; their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial but such gross sowtege, or hairpatch, as every goose may eat oats through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar reader's understanding, you see the great Master of all elocution hath written so darkly that almost three thousand suns have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places than here; and yet all pervial enough, you may well say, when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chief end why I extend this annotation is only to intreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so press, and puts on with so strong a current, that it far overruns the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a poetical foot and poesy's quick eye to guide it. The verse in question I refer you to before, which says χερμάδιος, signifying *a stone of a handful*, or *that with one hand may be raised and cast*, spoken of before, and (here being understood) shook Hector at all parts, in striking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about; wherein he speaks not of bounding to the earth again, and raising a dust with his violent turnings, in which the conceit and life of his simile lies, but leaves it to his reader, and he leaves it to him. Notwithstanding he utters enough to make a stone understand it, how stupidly soever all his interpreters would have Hector (being strook into a trembling, and almost dead) turn about like a whirlwind. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorn my verse (being his translator) with translating and adding the truth and fulness of his conceit, it being as like to pass my reader as his, and therefore necessary? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I justly be said to better Homer, or not to have all my invention, matter, and form, from him, though a little I enlarge his form? Virgil, in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the Second Book is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c., both his invention, matter, and form, from him.

[4] Οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην, &c., *vulneravit ad ilia* it is translated, and is in the last verses of this Book, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But λαπάρη *dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, et ossa quæ ad ilia pertinent, quòd inanis sit, et desideret.* Hipp. *in lib.* περὶ ἀγμῶν; and therefore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, methinks, should be a secret.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

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THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove waking, and beholding Troy in flight,
Chides Juno, and sends Iris to the fight
To charge the Sea-god to forsake the field;
And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield
Recovering Hector's bruised and crased powers.
To field he goes, and makes new conquerors,
The Trojans giving now the Grecians chace
Even to their fleet. Then Ajax turns his face,
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;
Who then brought brands to set the fleet on fire.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Jove sees in O his oversight,
Chides Juno, Neptune calls from fight.

THE Trojans, beat past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate laid,
All got to chariot, fear-driven all, and fear'd as men dismay'd.
Then Jove on Ida's top awaked, rose from Saturnia's side,
Stood up, and look'd upon the war; and all inverted spied
Since he had seen it; th' Ilians now in rout, the Greeks in fight;
King Neptune, with his long sword, chief; great Hector put down quite,
Laid flat in field, and with a crown of princes compassed,
So stopp'd up that he scarce could breathe, his mind's sound habit fled,
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not set on
By one that was the weakest Greek. But him Jove look'd upon
With eyes of pity; on his wife with horrible aspect,
To whom he said: "O thou in ill most cunning architect,
All arts and comments that exceed'st! not only to enforce
Hector from fight, but, with his men, to shew the Greeks a course.
I fear, as formerly, so now, these ills have with thy hands
Their first fruits sown, and therefore could load all thy limbs with bands.
Forgett'st thou, when I hang'd thee up, how to thy feet I tied
Two anvils, golden manacles on thy false wrists implied,
And let thee mercilessly hang from our refined heaven
Even to earth's vapours; all the gods in great Olympus given
To mutinies about thee, yet (though all stood staring on)
None durst dissolve thee, for these hands (had they but seized upon
Thy friend) had headlong thrown him off from our star-bearing round,
Till he had tumbled out his breath, and piece-meal dash'd the ground.
Nor was my angry spirit calm'd so soon, for those foul seas,
On which, inducing northern flaws, thou shipwrack'dst Hercules,
And toss'd him to the Coan shore, that thou shouldst tempt again
My wrath's importance, when thou seest, besides, how grossly vain
My powers can make thy policies; for from their utmost force
I freed my son, and set him safe in Argos, nurse of horse.
These I remember to thy thoughts, that thou mayst shun these sleights,
And know how badly bed-sports thrive, procured by base deceits."
This frighted the offending queen, who with this state excused
Her kind unkindness: "Witness earth, and heaven so far diffused,
Thou Flood whose silent gliding waves the under ground doth bear,
(Which is the great'st and gravest oath, that any God can swear)
Thy sacred head; those secret joys, that our young bed gave forth,
(By which I never rashly swore) that he who shakes the earth
Not by my counsel did this wrong to Hector and his host;
But (pitying th' oppressed Greeks, their fleet being nearly lost)
Relieved their hard condition, yet utterly impell'd
By his free mind; which since I see is so offensive held
To thy high pleasure, I will now advise him not to tread
But where thy tempest-raising feet, O Jupiter, shall lead."

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Jove laugh'd to hear her so submiss, and said: "My fair-eyed love,
If still thus thou and I were one (in counsels held above)
Neptune would still in word and fact be ours, if not in heart.
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart,
To call the excellent-in-bows, the Rainbow, and the Sun,
That both may visit both the hosts; the Grecian army one;
And that is Iris; let her haste, and make the sea-god cease
T' assist the Greeks, and to his court retire from war in peace;
Let Phœbus, on the Trojan part, inspire with wonted power
Great Hector's spirits, make his thoughts forget the late stern hour,
And all his anguish, setting on his whole recover'd man
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold in constant wane
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight before the fleet
Of vex'd Achilles; which extreme will prove the mean to greet
Thee with thy wish, for then the eyes of great Æacides [so near him prease)
(Made witness of the general ill, that doth
Will make his own particular look out, and by degrees [no extremities
Abate his wrath, that, though himself for
Will seem reflected; yet his friend may get of him the grace
To help his country in his arms; and he shall make fit place
For his full presence with his death, which shall be well fore-run;
For I will first renown his life with slaughter of my son,
Divine Sarpedon, and his death great Hector's power shall wreak,
Ending his evils.* Then, at once, out shall the fury break
Of fierce Achilles: and, with that, the flight now felt shall turn,
And then last, till in wrathful flames the long-sieged Ilion burn.
Minerva's counsel shall become grave mean to this my will; [take his fill
Which no god shall neglect before Achilles
Of slaughter for his slaughter'd friend; even Hector's slaughter thrown
Under his anger; that these facts may then make fully known
My vow's performance, made of late: and, with my bowed head,
Confirm'd to Thetis, when her arms embraced my knees, and pray'd
That to her city-razing son I would all honour shew."
This heard, his charge she seem'd t' intend, and to Olympus flew.
But, as the mind of such a man that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purposed journey, is distract; and in his vexed mind
Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways inclined;
So reverend Juno headlong flew, and 'gainst her stomach strived.[1]
For, being amongst th' immortal Gods in high heaven soon arrived,
All rising, welcoming with cups her little absence thence,
She all their courtships overpass'd with solemn negligence,
Save that which fair-cheek'd Themis shew'd, and her kind cup she took,
For first she ran and met with her, and ask'd: "What troubled look
She brought to heaven? She thought, for truth, that Jove had terrified
Her spirits strangely since she went." The fair-arm'd Queen replied:
"That truth may easily be supposed; you, goddess Themis, know
His old severity and pride; but you bear't out with show,
And like the banquet's arbiter amongst th' Immortals fare,
Though well you hear amongst them all, how bad his actions are;
Nor are all here, nor anywhere, mortals, nor gods, I fear,
Entirely pleased with what he does, though thus ye banquet here."
Thus took she place, displeasedly; the feast in general [to colour all,
Bewraying privy spleens at Jove; and then,
She laugh'd, but merely from her lips; for over her black brows
Her still-bent forehead was not clear'd; yet this her passion's throes
Brought forth in spite, being lately school'd: "Alas, what fools are we
That envy Jove! or that by act, word, thought, can fantasy
Any resistance to his will! he sits far off, nor cares,
Nor moves, but says he knows his strength, to all degrees compares

* "Euding his *ends*" in the folio.—Ed.

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His greatness past all other gods, and that in fortitude,
And every other godlike power, he reigns past all indued.
For which great eminence all you Gods, whatever ill he does,
Sustain with patience. Here is Mars, I think, not free from woes,
And yet he bears them like himself. The great God had a son, [all men won
Whom he himself yet justifies, one that from
Just surname of their best beloved, Ascalaphus; yet he,
By Jove's high grace to Troy, is slain." Mars started horribly,
As Juno knew he would, at this, beat with his hurl'd-out hands
His brawny thighs, cried out, and said: "O you that have commands
In these high temples, bear with me, if I revenge the death
Of such a son. I'll to the fleet, and though I sink beneath
The fate of being shot to hell, by Jove's fell thunder-stone,
And lie all grimed amongst the dead with dust and blood, my son
Revenge shall honour. Then he charged Fear and Dismay to join
His horse and chariot. He got arms, that over heaven did shine.
And then a wrath more great and grave in Jove had been prepared
Against the gods than Juno caused, if Pallas had not cared
More for the peace of heaven than Mars; who leapt out of her throne,
Rapt up her helmet, lance, and shield, and made her fane's porch groan
With her egression to his stay, and thus his rage defers:
"Furious and foolish, th' art undone; hast thou for nought thine ears?
Heard'st thou not Juno being arrived from heaven's great King but now?
Or wouldst thou he himself should rise, forced with thy rage, to show
The dreadful power she urged in him, so justly being stirr'd?
Know, thou most impudent and mad, thy wrath had not inferr'd
Mischief to thee, but to us all. His spirit had instantly
Left both the hosts, and turn'd his hands to uproars in the sky,
Guilty and guiltless both to wrack in his high rage had gone.
And therefore, as thou lovest thyself, cease fury for thy son;
Another, far exceeding him in heart and strength of hand,
Or is, or will be shortly slain. It were a work would stand
Jove in much trouble, to free all from death that would not die."[2]
This threat even nail'd him to his throne; when heaven's chief Majesty
Call'd bright Apollo from his fane, and Iris that had place
Of internuncioss from the Gods, to whom she did the grace
Of Jupiter, to this effect: "It is Saturnius' will,
That both, with utmost speed, should stoop to the Idalian hill,
To know his further pleasure there. And this let me advise,
When you arrive, and are in reach of his refulgent eyes,
His pleasure heard, perform it all, of whatsoever kind."
Thus moved she back, and used her throne. Those two outstripp'd the wind,
And Ida all-enchased with springs they soon attain'd, and found
Where far-discerning Jupiter, in his repose, had crown'd
The brows of Gargarus, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud
About his bosom. Coming near, they stood. Nor now he show'd
His angry countenance, since so soon he saw they made th' access
That his loved wife enjoin'd; but first the fair ambassadress
He thus commanded: "Iris, go to Neptune, and relate
Our pleasure truly, and at large. Command him from the fate
Of human war, and either greet the gods' society, [he deny,
Or the divine sea make his seat. If proudly
Let better counsels be his guides, than such as bid me war,
And tempt my charge, though he be strong, for I am stronger far,
And elder born. Nor let him dare, to boast even state with me
Whom all Gods else prefer in fear." This said, down hasted she
From Ida's top to Ilion; and like a mighty snow,
Or gelid hail, that from the clouds the northern spirit doth blow;
So fell the windy-footed dame, and found with quick repair
The watery God; to whom she said: "God with the sable hair,

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I came from Ægis-bearing Jove, to bid
thee cease from fight,
And visit heaven, or th' ample seas;
which if, in his despite,
Or disobedience, thou deniest, he threatens
thee to come,
In opposite fight, to field himself; and
therefore warns thee home,
His hands eschewing, since his power is
far superior,
His birth before thee; and affirms, thy
loved heart should abhor
To vaunt equality with him, whom every
deity fears."
He answer'd: "O unworthy thing!
though he be great, he bears
His tongue too proudly, that ourself, born
to an equal share
Of state and freedom, he would force.
Three brothers born we are
To Saturn; Rhea brought us forth, this
Jupiter, and I,
And Pluto, god of under-grounds. The
world indifferently
Disposed betwixt us; every one his king-
dom; I the seas, [palities
Pluto the black lot; Jupiter the princi-
Of broad heaven; all the sky and clouds,
was sorted out. The earth
And high Olympus common are, and due
to either's birth.
Why then should I be awed by him?
Content he his great heart
With his third portion, and not think to
amplify his part,
With terrors of his stronger hands on me,
as if I were
The most ignoble of us all. Let him
contain in fear
His daughters and his sons, begot by his
own person. This
Holds more convenience. They must hear
these violent threats of his."
"Shall I," said Iris, "bear from thee,
an answer so austere?
Or wilt thou change it? Changing minds,
all noble natures bear.
And well thou know'st, these greatest born,
the Furies follow still."
He answer'd: "Iris, thy reply keeps
time, and shews thy skill.
O 'tis a most praiseworthy thing, when
messengers can tell,
Besides their messages, such things, as fit
th' occasion well.
But this much grieves my heart and soul,
that being in power and state
All ways his equal, and so fix'd by one
decree in fate,
He should to me, as under him, ill
language give, and chide.
Yet now, though still incensed, I yield,
affirming this beside,
And I enforce it with a threat: That if
without consent [regiment,
Of me, Minerva, Mercury, the Queen of
And Vulcan, he will either spare high
Ilion, or not race
Her turrets to the lowest stone, and, with
both these, not grace
The Greeks as victors absolute, inform him
this from me;
His pride and my contempt shall live at
endless enmity."
This said, he left the Greeks, and rush'd
into his watery throne,
Much miss'd of all th' heroic host. When
Jove discern'd him gone,
Apollo's service he employ'd, and said:
"Loved Phœbus, go
To Hector; now th' earth-shaking god
hath taken sea, and so
Shrunk from the horrors I denounced;
which standing, he, and all
The under-seated deities, that circle
Saturn's fall,
Had heard of me in such a fight as had
gone hard for them.
But both for them and me 'tis best, that
thus they fly th' extreme,
That had not pass'd us without sweat.
Now then, in thy hands take
My adder-fringed affrighting shield, which
with such terror shake,
That fear may shake the Greeks to flight.
Besides this, add thy care,
O Phœbus, far-off shooting God, that this
so sickly fare
Of famous Hector be recured, and quickly
so excite
His amplest powers, that all the Greeks
may grace him with their flight,
Even to their ships, and Hellespont; and
then will I devise
All words and facts again for Greece, that
largely may suffice
To breathe them from their instant toils."
Thus from th' Idæan height,
Like air's swift pigeon-killer, stoop'd the
far-shot God of light,
And found great Hector sitting up, not
stretch'd upon his bed,
Not wheezing with a stopp'd-up spirit, not
in cold sweats, but fed
With fresh and comfortable veins, but his
mind all his own,
But round about him all his friends, as
well as ever known.

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And this was with the mind of Jove, that flew to him before
Apollo came; who, as he saw no sign of any sore,
Ask'd, like a cheerful visitant: "Why in this sickly kind,
Great Hector, sitt'st thou so apart? Can any grief of mind
Invade thy fortitude?" He spake, but with a feeble voice: [I thus rejoice
"O thou, the best of deities! Why, since
By thy so serious benefit, demand'st thou, as in mirth,
And to my face, if I were ill? For, more than what thy worth
Must needs take note of, doth not Fame from all mouths fill thine ears,
That, as my hand at th' Achive fleet was making massacres
Of men whom valiant Ajax led, his strength strook with a stone
All power of more hurt from my breast? my very soul was gone,
And once to-day I thought to see the house of Dis and Death."
"Be strong," said he, "for such a spirit now sends the god of breath
From airy Ida, as shall run through all Greek spirits in thee.
Apollo with the golden sword, the clear far-seer, see,
Him, who betwixt death and thy life, 'twixt ruin and those towers,
Ere this day oft hath held his shield. Come then, be all thy powers
In wonted vigour, let thy knights with all their horse assay
The Grecian fleet; myself will lead, and scour so clear the way,
That flight shall leave no Greek a rub." Thus instantly inspired
Were all his nerves with matchless strength; and then his friends he fired
Against their foes, when to his eyes his ears confirm'd the god.
Then, as a goodly-headed hart, or goat, bred in the wood,
A rout of country huntsmen chase, with all their hounds in cry,
The beast yet or the shady woods, or rocks excessive high,
Keep safe, or our unwieldly fates (that even in hunters sway)
Bar them the poor beast's pulling down; when straight the clamorous fray
Calls out a lion, hugely maned, and his abhorred view
Turns headlong in unturning flight (though venturous) all the crew;
So hitherto the chasing Greeks their slaughter dealt by troops;
But, after Hector was beheld range here and there; then stoops
The boldest courage; then their heels took in their dropping hearts,
And then spake Andræmonides, a man of far-best parts
Of all th' Ætolians, skill'd in darts, strenuous in fights of stand, [get the better hand
And one of whom few of the Greeks could
For rhetoric, when they fought with words; with all which being wise,
Thus spake he to his Grecian friends: "O mischief! now mine eyes
Discern no little miracle; Hector escaped from death,
And all recover'd, when all thought his soul had sunk beneath
The hands of Ajax. But some God hath saved and freed again
Him that but now dissolved the knees of many a Grecian,
And now I fear will weaken more; for, not without the hand
Of him that thunders, can his powers thus still the forefights stand,
Thus still triumphant. Hear me then: our troops in quick retreat
Let's draw up to our fleet, and we, that boast ourselves the great,
Stand firm, and try if these that raise so high their charging darts
May be resisted. I believe, even this great heart of hearts
Will fear himself to be too bold, in charging thorough us."
They easely heard him, and obey'd; when all the generous
They call'd t' encounter Hector's charge, and turn'd the common men
Back to the fleet. And these were they, that bravely furnish'd then
The fierce forefight: th' Ajaces both, the worthy Cretan king,
The Mars-like Meges, Merion, and Teucer. Up then bring
The Trojan chiefs their men in heaps; before whom, amply paced,
March'd Hector, and in front of him Apollo, who had cast
About his bright aspect a cloud, and did before him bear
Jove's huge and each-where shaggy shield; which, to contain in fear
Offending men, the god-smith gave to Jove; with this he led
The Trojan forces. The Greeks stood; a fervent clamour spread

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The air on both sides as they join'd. Out flew the shafts and darts,
Some falling short, but other some found butts in breasts and hearts.
As long as Phœbus held but out his horrid shield, so long
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both ways strong;
But when the Greeks had seen his face, and, who it was that shook
The bristled targe, knew by his voice, then all their strengths forsook
Their nerves and minds. And then look how a goodly herd of neat,
Or wealthy flock of sheep, being close, and dreadless at their meat,
In some black midnight, suddenly, and not a keeper near,
A brace of horrid bears rush in, and then fly here and there
The poor affrighted flocks or herds; so every way dispersed
The heartless Grecians, so the Sun their headstrong chace reversed
To headlong flight, and that day raised, with all grace, Hector's head.
Arcesilaus then he slew, and Stichius; Stichius led
Bœotia's brazen-coated men; the other was the friend [brought to end
Of mighty-soul'd Menestheus. Æneas
Medon and Jasus; Medon was the brother, though but base,
Of swift Oiliades, and dwelt, far from his breeding place,
In Phylace; the other led th' Athenian bands, his sire
Was Spelus, Bucolus his son. Mecistheus did expire
Beneath Polydamas his hand. Polites,' Echius slew,
Just at the joining of the hosts. Agenor overthrew
Clonius. Bold Deiochus felt Alexander's lance;
It strook his shoulder's upper part, and did his head advance
Quite through his breast, as from the fight he turn'd him for retreat.
While these stood spoiling of the slain, the Greeks found time to get
Beyond the dike and th' undiked pales; all scapes they gladly gain'd,
Till all had pass'd the utmost wall; Necessity so reign'd.
Then Hector cried out: "Take no spoil, but rush on to the fleet;
From whose assault (for spoil or flight) if any man I meet,
He meets his death; nor in the fire of holy funeral
His brother's or his sister's hands shall cast within our wall
His loathed body; but, without, the throats of dogs shall grave
His manless limbs." This said, the scourge his forward horses drave
Through every order; and, with him, all whipt their chariots on,
All threateningly, out-thundering shouts as earth were overthrown.
Before them march'd Apollo still; and, as he march'd, digg'd down,
(Without all labour) with his feet, the dike; till, with his own,
He fill'd it to the top, and made way both for man and horse
As broad and long as with a lance (cast out to try one's force)
A man could measure. Into this they pour'd whole troops as fast
As numerous; Phœbus still, before, for all their haste,
Still shaking Jove's unvalued shield, and held it up to all.
And then, as he had choked their dike, he tumbled down their wall.
And look how easely any boy, upon the sea-ebb'd shore, [for it no more;
Makes with a little sand a toy, and cares
But as he raised it childishly, so in his wanton vein, [spurns it down again;
Both with his hands and feet he pulls, and
So slight, O Phœbus, thy hands made of that huge Grecian toil,
And their late stand, so well-resolved, as easely madest recoil.
Thus stood they driven up at their fleet; where each heard other's thought,
Exhorted, passing humbly pray'd, all, all the gods besought,
(With hands held up to heaven) for help: 'mongst all, the good old man,
Grave Nestor, for his counsels call'd the Argives' guardian,
Fell on his aged knees, and pray'd, and to the starry host
Stretch'd out his hands for aid to theirs, of all thus moving most:
"O father Jove, if ever man, of all our host, did burn [safe return)
Fat thighs of oxen or of sheep (for grace of
In fruitful Argos, and obtain'd the bowing of thy head
For promise of his humble prayers: O now remember him,
(Thou merely heavenly) and clear up the foul brows of this dim

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And cruel day; do not destroy our zeal for
Trojan pride."
He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor,
with store of thunder tried
His former grace good, and so heard the
old man's hearty prayers.
The Trojans took Jove's sign for them; and
pour'd out their affairs
In much more violence on the Greeks; and
thought on nought but fight.
And as a huge wave of a sea, swoln to his
rudest height,
Breaks over both sides of a ship, being all-
urged by the wind,
For that's it makes the wave so proud; in
such a borne-up kind
The Trojans overgat the wall, and, getting
in their horse,
Fought close at fleet, which now the Greeks
ascended for their force.
Then from their chariots they with darts,
the Greeks with bead-hooks fought,
(Kept still aboard for naval fights) their
heads with iron wrought
In hooks and pikes. Achilles' friend, still
while he saw the wall,
That stood without their fleet, afford em-
ployment for them all,
Was never absent from the tent of that
man-loving Greek,
Late-hurt Eurypylus, but sate, and every
way did seek
To spend the sharp time of his wound,
with all the ease he could
In medicines, and in kind discourse. But
when he might behold
The Trojans past the wall, the Greeks
flight-driven, and all in cries,
Then cried he out, cast down his hands,
and beat with grief his thighs;
Then, "O Eurypylus," he cried, now all
thy need of me [more necessity
Must bear my absence, now a work of
Calls hence, and I must haste to call
Achilles to the field.
Who knows, but, God assisting me, my
words may make him yield?
The motion of a friend is strong." His
feet thus took him thence.
The rest yet stood their enemies firm; but
all their violence
(Though Troy fought there with fewer men)
lack'd vigour to repel
Those fewer from their navy's charge, and
so that charge as well
Lack'd force to spoil their fleet or tents.
And as a shipwright's line
(Disposed by such a hand as learn'd from
th' Artizan divine
The perfect practice of his art) directs or
guards so well
The naval timber then in frame, that all
the laid-on steel
Can hew no further than may serve, to give
the timber th' end
Fore-purposed by the skilful wright; so
both hosts did contend.
With such a line or law applied, to what
their steel would gain.
At other ships fought other men, but
Hector did maintain
His quarrel firm at Ajax' ship; and so did
both employ
About one vessel all their toil; nor could
the one destroy
The ship with fire; nor force the man, nor
that man yet get gone
The other from so near his ship; for God
had brought him on.
But now did Ajax, with a dart, wound
deadly in the breast
Caletor, son of Clytius, as he with fire
address'd
To burn the vessel; as he fell, the brand
fell from his hand.
When Hector saw his sister's son lie
slaughter'd in the sand,
He call'd to all his friends, and pray'd they
would not in that strait
Forsake his nephew, but maintain about
his corse the fight,
And save it from the spoil of Greece. Then
sent he out a lance
At Ajax, in his nephew's wreak; which
miss'd, but made the chance
On Lycophron Mastorides, that was the
household friend [defend,
Of Ajax, born in Cythera; whom Ajax did
Being fled to his protection, for killing of a
man
Amongst the god-like Cytherans. The
vengeful javelin ran
Quite through his head, above his ear, as
he was standing by
His fautor, then astern his ship, from
whence his soul did fly,
And to the earth his body fell. The hair
stood up an end
On Ajax; who to Teucer call'd (his brother)
saying: "Friend,
Our loved consort, whom we brought from
Cythera, and graced
So like our father, Hector's hand hath
made him breathe his last.
Where then are all thy death-borne shafts,
and that unvalued bow
Apollo gave thee?" Teucer straight his
brother's thoughts did know,

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Stood near him and dispatch'd a shaft, amongst the Trojan fight.
It strook Pisenor's goodly son, young Clitus, the delight
Of the renowm'd Polydamas, the bridle in his hand,
As he was labouring his horse, to please the high command
Of Hector and his Trojan friends; and bring him where the fight
Made greatest tumult; but his strife, for honour in their sight,
Wrought not what sight or wishes help'd; for, turning back his look,
The hollow of his neck the shaft came singing on, and strook,
And down he fell; his horses back, and hurried through the field
The empty chariot. Panthus' son made all haste, and withheld
Their loose career; disposing them to Protiaon's son,
Astynous, with special charge, to keep them ever on,
And in his sight. So he again, amongst the foremost went. [Teucer sent;
At Hector then another shaft, incensed
Which, had it hit him, sure had hurt, and, had it hurt him, slain,
And, had it slain him, it had driven all those to Troy again.
But Jove's mind was not sleeping now; it waked to Hector's fame,
And Teucer's infamy; himself (in Teucer's deadly aim)
His well-wrought string dissevering, that served his bravest bow;
His shaft flew quite another way, his bow the earth did strow.
At all which Teucer stood amazed, and to his brother cried:
"O prodigy! without all doubt, our Angel doth deride
The counsels of our fight; he brake a string my hands put on
This morning, and was newly made, and well might have set gone
A hundred arrows; and, beside, he strook out of my hand
The bow Apollo gave." He said: "Then, good friend, do not stand
More on thy archery, since God (preventer of all grace
Desired by Grecians) slights it so. Take therefore in the place
A good large lance, and on thy neck a target cast as bright,
With which, come fight thyself with some, and other some excite,
That without labour at the least (though we prove worser men)
Troy may not brag it took our ships. Come, mind our business, then."
This said, he hasted to his tent, left there his shafts and bow,
And then his double double shield did on his shoulders throw;
Upon his honour'd head he placed his helmet, thickly-plumed,
And then his strong and well-piled lance in his fair hand assumed,
Return'd; and boldly took his place, by his great brother's side.
When Hector saw his arrows broke, out to his friends he cried:
"O friends, be yet more comforted; I saw the hands of Jove
Break the great Grecian archer's shafts. 'Tis easy to approve
That Jove's power is direct with men; as well in those set high [suddenly,
Upon the sudden, as in those depress'd as
And those not put in state at all. As now he takes away
Strength from the Greeks, and gives it us; then use it, and assay
With join'd hands this approached fleet. If any bravely buy
His fame or fate with wounds or death, in Jove's name let him die.
Who for his country suffers death, sustains no shameful thing;
His wife in honour shall survive, his progeny shall spring
In endless summers; and their roofs with patrimony swell;
And all this, though, with all their freight, the Greek ships we repel."
His friends thus cheer'd, on th' other part, strong Ajax stirr'd his friends:
"O Greeks," said he, "what shame is this, that no man more defends
His fame and safety, than to live, and thus be forced to shrink:
Now either save your fleet, or die; unless ye vainly think
That you can live and they destroy'd: perceives not every ear
How Hector heartens up his men; and hath his firebands here
Now ready to inflame our fleet? he doth not bid them dance,
That you may take your ease and see, but to the fight advance.
No counsel can serve us but this: to mix both hands and hearts,
And bear up close. 'Tis better much, t' expose our utmost parts

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To one day's certain life or death, than languish in a war [inferiors far."
So base as this, beat to our ships by our Thus roused he up their spirits and strengths. To work then both sides went,
When Hector the Phocensian duke to fields of darkness sent,
Fierce Schedius, Perimedes' son; which Ajax did requite
With slaughter of Laodamas, that led the foot to fight,
And was Antenor's famous son. Polydamas did end
Otus, surnamed Cyllenius, whom Phydas made his friend,
Being chief of the Epeians' bands: whose fall when Meges view'd,
He let fly at his feller's life; who (shrinking-in) eschew'd
The well-aim'd lance; Apollo's will denied that Panthus' son
Should fall amongst the foremost fights; the dart the mid-breast won
Of Crasmus; Meges won his arms. At Meges, Dolops then
Bestow'd his lance; he was the son of Lampus, best of men,
And Lampus of Laomedon, well-skill'd in strength of mind,
He strook Phylides' shield quite through, whose curets, better lined,
And hollow'd fitly, saved his life. Phyleus left him them,
Who from Epirus brought them home, on that part where the stream
Of famous Selees doth run; Euphetes did bestow,
Being guest with him, those well-proved arms, to wear against the foe,
And now they saved his son from death. At Dolops, Meges threw
A spear well-piled, that strook his casque full in the height; off flew
His purple feather, newly made, and in the dust it fell.
While these thus strived for victory, and either's hope served well,
Atrides came to Meges' aid, and, hidden with his side,
Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through his back implied
His lusty head, even past his breast; the ground received his weight.
While these made-in to spoil his arms, great Hector did excite
All his allies to quick revenge; and first he wrought upon
Strong Menalippus, that was son to great Hycetaon,
With some reproof. Before these wars, he in Percote fed
Cloven-footed oxen, but did since return where he was bred,
Excell'd amongst the Ilians, was much of Priam loved,
And in his court kept as his son. Him Hector thus reproved:
"Thus, Menalippus, shall our blood accuse us of neglect?
Nor moves it thy loved heart, thus urged, thy kinsman to protect?
Seest thou not how they seek his spoil? Come, follow; now no more
Our fight must stand at length, but close; nor leave the close before
We close the latest eye of them; or they the lowest stone [Ilion."
Tear up, and sack the citizens of lofty
He led; he follow'd like a god. And then must Ajax needs
(As well as Hector) cheer his men, and thus their spirits he feeds:
"Good friends, bring but yourselves to feel the noble stings of shame
For what ye suffer, and be men. Respect each other's fame;
For which who strives in shame's fit fear, and puts on ne'er so far,
Comes oftener off than stick engaged; these fugitives of war
Save neither life, nor get renown, nor bear more minds than sheep."
This short speech fired them in his aid, his spirit touch'd them deep,
And turn'd them all before the fleet into a wall of brass;
To whose assault Jove stirr'd their foes, and young Atrides was
Jove's instrument, who thus set on the young Antilochus:
"Antilochus, in all our host, there is not one of us
More young than thou; more swift of foot, nor, with both those, so strong.
O would thou wouldst then (for thou canst) one of this lusty throng,
That thus comes skipping out before (whoever, any where)
Make stick, for my sake, 'twixt both hosts, and leave his bold blood there."
He said no sooner, and retired; but forth he rush'd before
The foremost fighters, yet his eye did every way explore
For doubt of odds; out flew his lance; the Trojans did abstain
While he was darting; yet his dart he cast not off in vain;

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For Menalippus, that rare son of great Hycetaon, [flew upon ;
As bravely he put forth to fight, it fiercely
And at the nipple of his breast, his breast and life did part.
And then, much like an eager hound, cast off at some young hart
Hurt by the hunter, that had left his covert then but new,
The great-in-war-Antilochus, O Menalippus, flew
On thy torn bosom for thy spoil. But thy death could not lie
Hid to great Hector ; who all haste made to thee, and made fly
Antilochus ; although in war he were at all parts skill'd.
But as some wild beast, having done some shrewd turn (either kill'd
The herdsman, or the herdsman dog) and skulks away before
The gather'd multitude makes in ; so Nestor's son forbore,
But after him, with horrid cries, both Hector and the rest
Showers of tear-thirsty lances pour'd ; who having arm'd his breast
With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ships all Troy,
Like raw-flesh-nourish'd lions rush'd, and knew they did employ
Their powers to perfect Jove's high will ; who still their spirits enflamed,
And quench'd the Grecians' ; one renown'd, the other often shamed.
For Hector's glory still he stood, and ever went about
To make him cast the fleet such fire, as never should go out ;
Heard Thetis' foul petition ; and wish'd in any wise
The splendour of the burning ships might satiate his eyes.
From him yet the repulse was then to be on Troy conferr'd,
The honour of it given the Greeks ; which thinking on, he stirr'd,
With such addition of his spirit, the spirit Hector bore
To burn the fleet, that of itself was hot enough before.
But now he fared like Mars himself, so brandishing his lance
As, through the deep shades of a wood, a raging fire should glance,
Held up to all eyes by a hill ; about his lips a foam
Stood as when th' ocean is enraged ; his eyes were overcome
With fervour, and resembled flames, set off by his dark brows,
And from his temples his bright helm abhorred lightnings throws ;
For Jove, from forth the sphere of stars, to his state put his own,
And all the blaze of both the hosts confined in him alone.
And all this was, since after this he had not long to live,
This lightning flew before his death, which Pallas was to give
(A small time thence, and now prepared) beneath the violence [eminence
Of great Pelides. In mean time, his present
Thought all things under it ; and he, still where he saw the stands
Of greatest strength and bravest arm'd, there he would prove his hands,
Or nowhere ; offering to break through, but that pass'd all his power,
Although his will were past all theirs, they stood him like a tower,
Conjoin'd so firm, that as a rock, exceeding high and great,
And standing near the hoary sea, bears many a boisterous threat
Of high-voiced winds and billows huge, belched on it by the storms ;
So stood the Greeks great Hector's charge, nor stirred their battellous forms.
He (girt in fire borne for the fleet) still rush'd at every troop ;
And fell upon it like a wave, high raised, that then doth stoop
Out from the clouds ; grows, as it stoops, with storms, then down doth come
And cuff a ship, when all her sides are hid in brackish foam,
Strong gales still raging in her sails, her sailors' minds dismay'd,
Death being but little from their lives : so Jove-like Hector fray'd
And plied the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their guards.
And as the baneful king of beasts, leapt into oxen herds
Fed in the meadows of a fen, exceeding great ; the beasts
In number infinite ; 'mongst whom (their herdsmen wanting breasts
To fight with lions, for the price of a black ox's life)
He here and there jumps, first and last, in his bloodthirsty strife,
Chased and assaulted ; and, at length, down in the midst goes one,
And all the rest spersed through the fen ; so now all Greece was gone ;

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So Hector, in a flight from heaven upon the Grecians cast,
Turn'd all their backs; yet only one his deadly lance laid fast,
Brave Mycenæus Periphes, Cypræus' dearest son,
Who of the heaven's-Queen-loved king, great Eurysthæus, won
The grace to greet in ambassy the strength of Hercules, [nobleness
Was far superior to his sire in feet, fight,
Of all the virtues; and all those did such a wisdom guide
As all Mycena could not match; and this man dignified,
Still making greater his renown, the state of Priam's son,
For his unhappy hasty foot, as he address'd to run,
Stuck in th' extreme ring of his shield, that to his ancles reach'd,
And down he upwards fell, his fall up from the centre fetch'd
A huge sound with his head and helm; which Hector quickly spied,
Ran in, and in his worthy breast his lance's head did hide;
And slew about him all his friends, who could not give him aid,
They grieved, and of his god-like foe fled so extreme afraid.
And now amongst the nearest ships, that first were drawn to shore,
The Greeks were driven; beneath whose sides, behind them, and before,
And into them they pour'd themselves, and thence were driven again
Up to their tents, and there they stood; not daring to maintain
Their guards more outward; but, betwixt the bounds of fear and shame,
Cheer'd still each other; when th' old man, that of the Grecian name
Was call'd the pillar; every man thus by his parents pray'd:—
"O friends, be men, and in your minds let others' shames be weigh'd.
Know you have friends besides yourselves, possessions, parents, wives,
As well those that are dead to you, as those ye love with lives;
All sharing still their good, or bad, with yours. By these I pray,
That are not present (and the more should therefore make ye weigh
Their miss of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely stand,
And this forced flight you have sustain'd, at length yet countermand."
Supplies of good words thus supplied the deeds and spirits of all.
And so at last Minerva clear'd the cloud that Jove let fall
Before their eyes; a mighty light flew beaming every way,
As well about their ships, as where their darts did hottest play. [his associates,
Then saw they Hector great in arms, and
As well all those that then abstain'd, as those that help'd the fates,
And all their own fight at the fleet. Nor did it now content [hatches went,
Ajax to keep down like the rest; he up the
Stalk'd here and there, and in his hand a huge great bead-hook held,
Twelve cubits long, and full of iron. And as a man well-skill'd
In horse, made to the martial race, when, of a number more,
He chooseth four, and brings them forth, to run them all before
Swarms of admiring citizens, amids their town's high-way,
And, in their full career, he leaps from one to one, no stay [or leap;
Enforced on any, nor fails he, in either seat
So Ajax with his bead-hook leap'd nimbly from ship to ship,
As actively commanding all, them in their men as well [repel,
As men in them, most terribly exhorting to
To save their navy and their tents. But Hector nothing needs
To stand on exhortations now at home, he strives for deeds.
And look how Jove's great queen of birds, sharp-set, looks out for prey,
Knows floods that nourish wild-wing'd fowls, and, from her airy way,
Beholds where cranes, swans, cormorants, have made their foody fall,
Darkens the river with her wings, and stoops amongst them all;
So Hector flew amongst the Greeks, directing his command,
In chief, against one opposite ship; Jove with a mighty hand
Still backing him and all his men. And then again there grew
A bitter conflict at the fleet. You would have said none drew [so freshly on.
A weary breath, nor ever would; they laid
And this was it that fired them both: the Greeks did build upon
No hope but what the field would yield, flight an impossible course;
The Trojans all hope entertain'd, that sword and fire should force

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Both ships and lives of all the Greeks : and thus, unlike affects
Bred like strenuity in both. Great Hector still directs
His powers against the first near ship. 'Twas that fair bark that brought
Protesilaus to those wars, and now her self to nought,
With many Greek and Trojan lives ; all spoil'd about her spoil.
One slew another desperately, and close the deadly toil
Was pitch'd on both parts. Not a shaft, nor far-off striking dart
Was used through all. One fight fell out, of one despiteful heart.
Sharp axes, twybills, two-hand swords, and spears with two heads borne,
Were then the weapons ; fair short swords, with sanguine hilts still worn,
Had use in like sort ; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd
Drop with dissolved arms from their hands, as many down-right hew'd
From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twain.
And thus the black blood flow'd on earth, from soldiers hurt and slain.
When Hector once had seized the ship, he clapt his fair broad hand
Fast on the stern, and held it there, and there gave this command :
"Bring fire, and all together shout. Now Jove hath drawn the veil
From such a day as makes amends, for all his storms of hail ;
By whose blest light we take those ships, that, in despite of heaven,
Took sea, and brought us worlds of woe ; all, since our peers were given
To such a laziness and fear ; they would not let me end
Our lingering banes ; and charge thus home ; but keep home and defend.
And so they ruled the men I led. But though Jove then withheld
My natural spirit, now by Jove 'tis freed, and thus impell'd."
This more inflamed them ; in so much that Ajax now no more
Kept up, he was so drown'd in darts ; a little he forbore
The hatches to a seat beneath, of seven foot long, but thought
It was impossible to scape ; he sat yet where he fought,
And hurl'd out lances thick as hail, at all men that assay'd
To fire the ship ; with whom he found his hands so overlaid,
That on his soldiers thus he cried : "O friends, fight I alone?
Expect ye more walls at your backs? towns rampired here are none,
No citizens to take ye in, no help in any kind.
We are, I tell you, in Troy's fields ; have nought but seas behind,
And foes before ; far, far from Greece ; for shame, obey commands,
There is no mercy in the wars ; your healths lie in your hands."
Thus raged he, and pour'd out his darts : whoever he espied
Come near the vessel arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died.
All that pleased Hector made him mad : all that his thanks would earn ;
Of which twelve men, his most resolved, lay dead before his stern.

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COMMENTARIUS.

[1] I MUST here be enforced (for your easier examination) of a simile before, to cite the original words of it; which of all Homer's translators and commentors have been most grossly mistaken, his whole intent and sense in it utterly falsified. The simile illustrates the manner of Juno's parting from Jove, being commanded by him to a business so abhorring from her will, is this:

'Ως δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος ὃς τ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
Γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς, φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
"Ενθ' εἴην ἢ ἔνθα μενοινήσειε τά πολλά·
Ὡς κραιπνὼς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη.

Which is thus converted *ad verbum* by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando discurrit mens viri, qui per multam
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus considerârit,
Huc iveram vel illuc, cogitâritque multa;
Sic citò properans pervolavit veneranda Juno.

Which Lauren. Valla in prose thus translates:

> Subvolavit Juno in cœlum eâdem festinatione ac celeritate, quâ mens prudentis hominis, et qui multum terrarum peragravit, recursat, cum multa sibi agenda instant, huc se conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Hessus in verse thus:

Tam subitò, quàm sana viri mens plura scientis,
Quique peragrârit vastæ loca plurima terræ,
Multa movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat illuc.

To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homer's intent was (as by the speediness of a man's thought or mind) to illustrate Juno's swiftness in hasting about the commandment of Jupiter, which was utterly otherwise: viz., to show the distraction of Juno's mind in going against her will, and in her despite, about Jove's commandment; which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to do anything for the good of the Trojans, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morosity and solemn appearance amongst the gods and goddesses (which Themis notes in her looks) shews if she went willingly, much less swiftly, about that business. Nor can the illustration of swiftness be Homer's end in this simile, because he makes the man's mind, to which he resembles her going, stagger, inclining him to go this way and that, not resolved which way to go; which very poorly expresseth swiftness, and as properly agrees with the property of a wise man, when he hath undertaken, and gone far in a journey, not to know whether he should go forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the original words.

'Ως δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὃς τ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
Γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς, &c.

Sicut verò quando discurrit vel *prorumpit*, vel *cum impetu exsurgit, mens viri*, ἀναΐσσω signifying *ruo, prorumpo*, vel *cum impetu exsurgo*, as having travelled far on an irksome journey (as Juno had done for the Greeks, feigning to Jove and Venus she was going to visit πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης, *multa nutrientis fines terræ*), and then knows not whether he should go backward or forward, sustains a vehement discourse with himself on what course to resolve, and vexed in mind; which the words φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι express, being to be understood *mentibus amaris, vexatis*, or *distractis, with a spiteful, sorrowful, vexed*, or *distracted mind*, not *mentibus prudentibus*, as all most unwisely in this place convert it, though in other places it intimates so much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile, from which in the wise sense it abhors, πευκάλιμος signifying *amarus* more properly than *prudens*, being translated *prudens* merely metaphorically, according to the second deduction; where here it is used more properly according to the first deduction, which is taken from πεύκη, the larcher tree, whose gum is exceeding bitter; and because things irksome and bitter (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are means to make men wise, and take heed by others' harms, therefore, according to the second deduction, πευκάλιμος is taken for *cautus* or *prudens*. But now that the ἀνάδοσις or application seems to make with their sense of swiftness, the words ὃς κραιπνὼς μεμαυῖα, being translated by them *sic citò properans;* it is thus to be turned in this place, *sic rapidè et impetu pulsa, so snatchingly or*

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headlongly driven, flew Juno. As we often see with a clap of thunder doves or other fowls driven headlong from their seats, not in direct flight, but as they would break their necks with a kind of reeling; μεμανῖα being derived of μαίω or μαιμάω signifying *impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri*, all which most aptly agreeth with Juno's enforced and wrathful parting from Jove, and doing his charge distractedly. This for me. If another can give better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine poet thus profaned, which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.

[2] Ἀργάλεον, &c. *Difficile est, it is a hard thing* (saith Minerva to Mars, when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his son Ascalaphus) *for Jove to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death.* Which commentors thus understand: There were some men that never died, as Tithon the husband of Aurora, Chiron, Glaucus made a sea-god, &c., and in Holy Writ (as Spondanus pleaseth to mix them) Enoch and Elias; but because these few were freed from death, Mars must not look that all others were. But this interpretation, I think, will appear to all men at first sight both ridiculous and profane: Homer making Minerva only jest at Mars here (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storm that his son should be slain more than better born, stronger, and worthier men; *for Jove should have enough to do* (or *it were hard for Jove*) *to free all men from death that are unwilling to die.* This mine, with the rest; the other others; accept which you please.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

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THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES, at Patroclus' suit, doth yield
His arms and Myrmidons; which brought to field,
The Trojans fly. Patroclus hath the grace
Of great Sarpedon's death, sprung of the race
Of Jupiter; he having slain the horse
Of Thetis' son (fierce Pedasus) the force
Of Hector doth revenge the much-rued end
Of most renown'd Sarpedon on the friend
Of Thetides; first by Euphorbus harm'd,
And by Apollo's personal power disarm'd.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In III Patroclus bears the chance
Of death, imposed by Hector's lance.

THUS fighting for this well-built ship; Patroclus all that space
Stood by his friend, preparing words to win the Greeks his grace,
With power of uncontained tears; and, like a fountain pour'd
In black streams from a lofty rock, the Greeks so plagued, deplored.
Achilles, ruthful for his tears, said: "Wherefore weeps my friend
So like a girl, who, though she sees her mother cannot tend
Her childish humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up,
Still viewing her with tear-drown'd eyes, when she hath made her stoop.
To nothing liker I can shape thy so unseemly tears. [thine ears
What causeth them? hath any ill solicited
Befall'n my Myrmidons? or news from loved Phthia brought,
Told only thee, lest I should grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought
On thy kind spirit? Actor's son, the good Menœtius,
Thy father, lives; and Peleus mine, great son of Æacus,
Amongst his Myrmidons; whose deaths, in duty we should mourn.
Or is it what the Greeks sustain, that doth thy stomach turn,
On whom, for their injustice' sake, plagues are so justly laid?
Speak, man, let both know either's heart." Patroclus, sighing, said:
"O Peleus' son (thou strongest Greek by all degrees that lives)
Still be not angry; our sad state such cause of pity gives.
Our greatest Greeks lie at their ships sore wounded; Ithacus,
King Agamemnon, Diomed, and good Eurypylus;
But these much-medicine-knowing men, physicians, can recure,
Thou yet unmedicinable still, though thy wound all endure.
Heaven bless my bosom from such wrath as thou soothest as thy bliss,
Unprofitably virtuous. How shall our progenies,
Born in thine age, enjoy thine aid, when these friends, in thy flower,
Thou leavest to such unworthy death? O idle, cruel power;
Great Peleus never did beget, nor Thetis bring forth thee,
Thou from the blue sea, and her rocks, derivest thy pedigree.
What so declines thee? If thy mind shuns any augury,
Related by thy mother-queen from heaven's foreseeing eye,
And therefore thou forsakest thy friends, let me go ease their moans
With those brave relics of our host, thy mighty Myrmidons,
That I may bring to field more light to conquest than hath been.
To which end grace me with thine arms, since, any shadow seen
Of thy resemblance, all the power of perjured Troy will fly,
And our so tired friends will breathe; our fresh-set-on supply
Will easily drive their wearied off." Thus, foolish man, he sued
For his sure death; of all whose speech Achilles first renew'd
The last part, thus: "O worthy friend, what have thy speeches been?
I shun the fight for oracles, or what my mother queen
Hath told from Jove? I take no care, nor note of one such thing;
But this fit anger stings me still, that the insulting king

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Should from his equal take his right, since he exceeds in power.
This, still his wrong, is still my grief. He took my paramour
That all men gave, and whom I won by virtue of my spear,
That, for her, overturn'd a town. This rape he made of her,
And used me like a fugitive, an inmate in a town,
That is no city libertine, nor capable of their gown.
But bear we this as out of date; 'tis past, nor must we still
Feed anger in our noblest parts; yet thus, I have my will
As well as our great king of men; for I did ever vow [out now,
Never to cast off my disdain till, as it falls
Their miss of me knock'd at my fleet, and told me in their cries
I was revenged, and had my wish of all my enemies.
And so of this repeat enough. Take thou my fame-blazed arms,
And my fight-thirsty Myrmidons lead to these hot alarms.
Whole clouds of Trojans circle us with hateful eminence;
The Greeks shut in a little shore, a sort of citizens
Skipping upon them; all because their proud eyes do not see
The radiance of my helmet there, whose beams had instantly
Thrust back, and all these ditches fill'd with carrion of their flesh,
If Agamemnon had been kind; where now they fight as fresh,
As thus far they had put at ease, and at our tents contend.
And may; for the repulsive hand of Diomed doth not spend
His raging darts there, that their death could fright out of our fleet;
Nor from that head of enmity, can my poor hearers meet
The voice of great Atrides now. Now Hector's only voice
Breaks all the air about both hosts, and, with the very noise
Bred by his loud encouragements, his forces fill the field,
And fight the poor Achaians down. But on, put thou my shield
Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet: rush bravely on, and turn
War's tide as headlong on their throats. No more let them ajourn
Our sweet home-turning: but observe the charge I lay on thee
To each least point, that thy ruled hand may highly honour me,
And get such glory from the Greeks, that they may send again
My most sweet wench, and gifts to boot, when thou hast cast a rein
On these so headstrong citizens, and forced them from our fleet.
With which grace if the god of sounds* thy kind egression greet,
Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride to see thy hand
Rain slaughter'd carcasses on earth) to run forth thy command
As far as Ilion, lest the gods, that favour Troy, come forth
To thy encounter, for the Sun much loves it; and my worth,
In what thou suffer'st, will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend
Assume an action of such weight without me; and transcend
His friend's prescription. Do not then affect a further fight
Than I may strengthen. Let the rest, when thou hast done this right,
Perform the rest.[1] O would to Jove, thou Pallas, and thou Sun,
That not a man housed underneath those towers of Ilion,
Nor any one of all the Greeks, how infinite a sum
Soever all together make, might live unovercome,
But only we two, 'scaping death, might have the thundering down
Of every stone stuck in the walls of this so sacred town."
Thus spake they only 'twixt themselves. And now the foe no more
Could Ajax stand, being so oppress'd with all the iron store
The Trojans pour'd on; with whose darts, and with Jove's will beside,
His powers were cloy'd, and his bright helm did deafening blows abide;
His plume, and all head-ornaments, could never hang in rest:
His arm yet labour'd up his shield, and having done their best,
They could not stir him from his stand; although he wrought it out
With short respirings; and with sweat, that ceaseless flow'd about

* Jupiter called the god of sounds, for the chief sound his thunder.

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His reeking limbs; no least time given to take in any breath;
Ill strengthen'd ill; when one was up, another was beneath.
Now, Muses, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadful mean inspire
That first enforced the Grecian fleet, to take in Trojan fire.
First Hector, with his huge broad sword, cut off, at setting on,
The head of Ajax' ashen lance; which Ajax seeing gone, [while unware,
And that he shook a headless spear, a little
His wary spirits told him straight the hand of heaven was there;
And trembling under his conceit, which was that 'twas Jove's deed,[2]
Who, as he poll'd off his dart's heads, so sure he had decreed
That all the counsels of their war, he would poll off like it,
And give the Trojans victory; so trusted he his wit,
And left his darts. And then the ship was heap'd with horrid brands
Of kindling fire; which instantly was seen through all the strands
In unextinguishable flames, that all the ship embraced.
And then Achilles beat his thighs, cried out, "Patroclus, haste,
Make way with horse. I see at fleet, a fire of fearful rage.
Arm, arm, lest all our fleet it fire, and all our power engage.
Arm quickly, I'll bring up the troops." To these so dreadful wars
Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, enlighten'd all with stars,
And richly amell'd, all haste made. He wore his sword, his shield,
His huge-plumed helm and two such spears, as he could nimbly wield.
But the most famed Achilles' spear, big, solid, full of weight,
He only left of all his arms; for that far pass'd the might
Of any Greek to shake but his; Achilles' only ire
Shook that huge weapon, that was given by Chiron to his sire,
Cut from the top of Pelion, to be heroës' deaths.
His steeds Automedon straight join'd; like whom no man that breathes,
Next Peleus' son, Patroclus loved; for like him, none so great
He found in faith at every fight, nor to outlook a threat.
Automedon did therefore guide for him Achilles' steeds,
Xanthius and Balius swift as wind, begotten by the seeds
Of Zephyr, and the Harpy born, Podarge, in a mead
Close to the wavy ocean, where that fierce Harpy fed.
Automedon join'd these before, and with the hindmost gears
He fasten'd famous Pedasus, whom, from the massacres
Made by Achilles, when he took Eëtion's wealthy town,
He brought, and, though of mortal race, yet gave him the renown
To follow his immortal horse. And now, before his tents,
Himself had seen his Myrmidons, in all habiliments
Of dreadful war. And when ye see, upon a mountain bred,
A den of wolves,* about whose hearts unmeasured strengths are fed,
New come from curry of a stag, their jaws all blood-besmear'd,
And when from some black-water fount they all together herd,
There having plentifully lapp'd, with thin and thrust-out tongues,
The top and clearest of the spring, go belching from their lungs
The clotter'd gore, look dreadfully, and entertain no dread,
Their bellies gaunt all taken up, with being so rawly fed;
Then say, that such, in strength and look, were great Achilles' men
Now order'd for the dreadful fight; and so with all them then
Their princes and their chiefs did show, about their General's friend;
His friend, and all, about himself; who chiefly did intend
Th' embattelling of horse and foot. To that siege, held so long,
Twice five and twenty sail he brought, twice five and twenty strong
Of able men, was every sail. Five colonels he made
Of all those forces; trusty men, and all of power to lead,
But he of power beyond them all. Menesthius was one,
That ever wore discolour'd arms; he was a river's son

* A simile most lively expressive.

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That fell from heaven, and good to drink was his delightful stream,
His name unwearied Sperchius, he loved the lovely dame
Fair Polydora, Peleus' seed, and dear in Borus' sight,
And she to that celestial flood gave this Menesthius light,
A woman mixing with a god. Yet Borus bore the name [dame,
Of father to Menesthius, he marrying the
And giving her a mighty dower; he was the kind descent
Of Perieres. The next man, renown'd with regiment,
Was strong Eudorus, brought to life by one supposed a maid,
Bright Polymela, Phylas' seed, but had the wanton play'd
With Argus-killing Mercury; who (fired with her fair eyes,
As she was singing in the quire of her that makes the cries
In clamorous hunting, and could bear the crooked bow of gold)
Stole to her bed in that chaste room, that Phœbe chaste did hold,
And gave her that swift-warlike son, Eudorus, brought to light
As she was dancing; but as soon, as she that rules the plight
Of labouring women eased her throes, and show'd her son the sun,
Strong Echecæus, Actor's heir, woo'd earnestly, and won
Her second favour, feeing her with gifts of infinite prize;
And after brought her to his house, where, in his grandsire's eyes,
Old Phylas, Polymela's son obtain'd exceeding grace,
And found as careful bringing up, as of his natural race
He had descended. The third chief was fair Mæmalides
Pisandrus, who in skill of darts obtain'd supremest praise
Of all the Myrmidons, except their lord's companion.
The fourth charge, aged Phœnix had. The fifth, Alcimedon,
Son of Laerces, and much famed. All these digested thus
In fit place by the mighty son of royal Peleus,
This stern remembrance he gave all: "You, Myrmidons," said he,
"Lest any of you should forget his threatenings used to me
In this place, and, through all the time, that my just anger reign'd,
Attempting me with bitter words, for being so restrain'd,
For my hot humour, from the fight, remember them as these:
'Thou cruel son of Peleus, whom she that rules the seas
Did only nourish with her gall, thou dost ungently hold
Our hands against our wills from fight: we will not be controll'd,
But take our ships, and sail for home, before we loiter here
And feed thy fury.' These high words exceeding often were
The threats that, in your mutinous troops, ye used to me for wrath
To be detain'd so from the field. Now then, your spleens may bathe
In sweat of those great works ye wish'd; now, he that can employ
A generous heart, go fight, and fright these bragging sons of Troy."
This set their minds and strengths on fire, the speech enforcing well,
Being used in time; but, being their king's, it much more did impel,
And closer rush'd-in all the troops. And as, for buildings high,
The mason lays his stones more thick, against th' extremity
Of wind and weather, and even then, if any storm arise,
He thickens them the more for that, the present act so plies
His honest mind to make sure work; so, for the high estate
This work was brought to, these men's minds, according to the rate,
Were raised, and all their bodies join'd; but their well-spoken king,
With his so timely-thought-on speech, more sharp made valour's sting,
And thicken'd so their targets boss'd, so all their helmets then;
That shields propp'd shields, helms helmets knock'd, and men encouraged men.
Patroclus and Automedon did arm before them all, [then the General
Two bodies, with one mind inform'd; and
Betook him to his private tent, where from a coffer wrought
Most rich and curiously, and given by Thetis to be brought
In his own ship, top-fill'd with vests, warm robes to check cold wind;
And tapestries all golden-fringed, and curl'd with thrumbs behind:

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He took a most unvalued bowl, in which
none drank but he;
Nor he but to the deities; nor any deity
But Jove himself was served with that;
and that he first did cleanse
With sulphur, then with fluences of
sweetest water rense;
Then wash'd his hands, and drew himself
a mighty bowl of wine,
Which (standing midst the place enclosed
for services divine,
And looking up to heaven and Jove, who
saw him well) he pour'd
Upon the place of sacrifice, and humbly
thus implored:
"Great Dodonæus, president of cold
Dodone's towers;
Divine Pelasgicus, that dwell'st far hence;
about whose bowers
Th' austere prophetic Selli dwell, that still
sleep on the ground,
Go bare, and never cleanse their feet: as
I before have found
Grace to my vows, and hurt to Greece, so
now my prayers intend.
I still stay in the gather'd fleet, but have
dismiss'd my friend,
Amongst my many Myrmidons, to danger
of the dart;
O grant his valour my renown, arm with
my mind his heart,
That Hector's self may know my friend
can work in single war;
And not then only show his hands, so hot
and singular,
When my kind presence seconds him:
but, fight he ne'er so well,
No further let him trust his fight, but,
when he shall repel
Clamour and danger from our fleet, vouch-
safe a safe retreat
To him and all his companies, with fames
and arms complete."
He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor
gave satisfying ear
To one part of his orisons, but left the other
there;
He let him free the fleet of foes, but safe
retreat denied.
Achilles left that utter part, where he his
zeal applied;
And turn'd into his inner tent; made fast
his cup, and then
Stood forth, and with his mind beheld the
foes fight and his men,
That follow'd his great-minded friend, em-
battled till they brake
With gallant spirit upon the foe. And as
fell wasps, that make
Their dwellings in the broad highway,
which foolish children use
(Their cottages being near their nests) to
anger and abuse
With ever vexing them, and breed (to
soothe their childish war)
A common ill to many men; since if a
traveller
(That would his journey's end apply, and
pass them unassay'd)
Come near and vex them, upon him the
children's faults are laid,
For on they fly as he were such, and still
defend their own;
So fared it with the fervent mind of every
Myrmidon,
Who pour'd themselves out of their fleet
upon their wanton foes,
That needs would stir them, thrust so near,
and cause the overthrows
Of many others, that had else been never
touch'd by them,
Nor would have touch'd. Patroclus then
put his wind to the stream,
And thus exhorted: "Now, my friends,
remember you express
Your late-urged virtue, and renowm our
great Æacides,
That, he being strong'st of all the Greeks,
his eminence may dim
All others likewise in our strengths, that
far off imitate him.
And Agamemnon now may see his fault
as general
As his place bigh; dishonouring him that
so much honours all."
Thus made he sparkle their fresh fire,
and on they rush'd; the fleet
Fill'd full her hollow sides with sounds,
that terribly did greet
Th' amazed Trojans; and their eyes did
second their amaze
When great Menœtius' son they saw, and
his friend's armour blaze.
All troops stood troubled with conceit that
Peleus' son was there,
His anger cast off at the ships; and each
look'd everywhere
For some authority to lead the then pre-
pared flight. [where the fight
Patroclus greeted with a lance the region
Made strongest tumult; near the ship
Protesilaus brought,
And strook Pyræchmen, who before the
fair-helm'd Pæons fought,
Led from Amydon, near whose walls the
broad-stream'd Axius flows.
Through his right shoulder flew the dart,
whose blow strook all the blows

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In his power from his powerless arm, and
down he groaning fell;
His men all flying, their leader fled. This
one dart did repel
The whole guard placed about the ship,
whose fire extinct, half burn'd
The Pæons left her; and full cry to
clamorous flight return'd.
Then spread the Greeks about their ships;
triumphant tumult flow'd;
And, as from top of some steep hill the
Lightener strips a cloud,
And lets a great sky out from heaven, in
whose delightsome light,
All prominent foreheads, forests, towers,
and temples cheer the sight;
So clear'd these Greeks this Trojan cloud,
and at their ships and tents
Obtain'd a little time to breathe, but found
no present vents
To their inclusions; nor did Troy, though
these Pæonians fled,
Lose any ground, but from this ship they
needfully turn'd head.
Then every man a man subdued. Patro-
clus in the thigh
Strook Areilycus; his dart the bone did
break, and fly
Quite through, and sunk him to the earth.
Good Menelaus slew
Accomplish'd Thoas, in whose breast,
being naked, his lance he threw
Above his shield, and freed his soul. Phy-
lides, taking note
That bold Amphiclus bent at him, pre-
vented him, and smote
His thigh's extreme part, where (of man)
his fattest muscle lies,
The nerves torn with his lance's pile, and
darkness closed his eyes.
Antilochus Atymnius seized, his steel lance
did impress
His first three guts, and loosed his life.
At young Nestorides,
Maris, Atymnius' brother, flew; and at
him Thrasymed,
The brother to Antilochus; his eager
javelin's head [all the bone;
The muscles of his arm cut out, and shiver'd
Night closed his eyes, his liveless corse his
brother fell upon.
And so by two kind brothers' hands, did
two kind brothers bleed;
Both being divine Sarpedon's friends, and
were the darting seed
Of Amisodarus, that kept the bane of
many men
Abhorr'd Chimæra; and such bane now
caught his childeren.
Ajax Oïliades did take Cleobulus alive,
Invading him stay'd by the press; and at
him then let drive
With his short sword that cut his neck;
whose blood warm'd all the steel;
And cold Death with a violent fate his
sable eyes did seel.
Peneleus, and Lycon cast together off their
darts;
Both miss'd, and both together then went
with their swords; in parts
The blade and hilt went, laying on upon
the helmet's height.
Peneleus' sword caught Lycon's neck, and
cut it thorough quite.
His head hung by the very skin. The
swift Meriones,
Pursuing flying Acamas, just as he got
access
To horse and chariot, overtook, and strook
him such a blow
On his right shoulder, that he left his
chariot, and did strow
The dusty earth; life left his limbs, and
night his eyes possess'd.
Idomenæus his stern dart at Erymas ad-
dress'd,
As, like to Acamas, he fled; it cut the
sundry bones
Beneath his brain, betwixt his neck, and
foreparts; and so runs,
Shaking his teeth out, through his mouth,
his eyes all drown'd in blood,
So through his nostrils and his mouth
(that now dart-open stood)
He breathed his spirit. Thus had death
from every Grecian chief
A chief of Troy. For, as to kids, or
lambs, their cruell'st thief
(The wolf) steals in, and, when he sees that
by the shepherd's sloth
The dams are spersed about the hills, then
serves his ravenous tooth
With ease, because his prey is weak; so
served the Greeks their foes,
Discerning well how shrieking flight did
all their spirits dispose;
Their biding virtues quite forgot. And
now the natural spleen
That Ajax bore to Hector still, by all
means would have been
Within his bosom with a dart; but he that
knew the war,
(Well cover'd in a well-lined shield) did
well perceive how far
The arrows and the javelins reach'd, by
being within their sounds
And ominous singings; and observed the
there-inclining bounds

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Of Conquest, in her aid of him, and so obey'd her change ;
Took safest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.
And as, when Jove intends a storm, he lets out of the stars
From steep Olympus, a black cloud, that all heaven's splendour bars
From men on earth ; so from the hearts of all the Trojan host,
All comfort lately found from Jove, in flight and cries was lost.
Nor made they any fair retreat. Hector's unruly horse
Would needs retire him, and he left engaged his Trojan force ;
Forced by the steepness of the dike, that in ill place they took,
And kept them that would fain have gone. Their horses quite forsook
A number of the Trojan kings, and left them in the dike ;
Their chariots in their foreteams broke. Patroclus then did strike
While steel was hot, and cheer'd his friends; nor meant his enemies good ;
Who when they once began to fly, each way received a flood,
And choked themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot
Beneath the clouds, with flight and noise ; the horse neglected not
Their home intendments ; and, where rout was busiest, there pour'd on
Patroclus most exhorts and threats ; and then lay overthrown
Numbers beneath their axle-trees ; who, lying in flight's stream,
Made th' after chariots jolt and jump, in driving over them.
Th' immortal horse Patroclus rode, did pass the dike with ease,
And wish'd the depth and danger more ; and Menœtiades [Hector's haste ;
As great a spirit had to reach retiring
But his fleet horse had too much law, and fetch'd him off too fast.
And as in Autumn the black earth is loaden with the storms
That Jove in gluts of rain pours down, being angry with the forms
Of judgment in authorized men, that in their courts maintain,
With violent office, wrested laws, and (fearing gods, nor men)
Exile all justice ; for whose faults, whole fields are overflown,
And many valleys cut away with torrents headlong thrown
From neighbour mountains, till the sea receive them roaring in,
And judged men's labours then are vain, plagued for their judge's sin ;
So now the foul defaults of some all Troy were laid upon ;
So like those torrents roar'd they back to windy Ilion ;
And so like tempests blew the horse, with ravishing back again
Those hot assailants, all their works at fleet now render'd vain.
Patroclus, when he had dispersed the foremost phalanxes,
Call'd back his forces to the fleet, and would not let them prease,
As they desired, too near the town ; but 'twixt the ships and flood,
And their steep rampire, his hand steep'd Revenge in seas of blood.
Then Pronous was first that fell beneath his fiery lance,
Which strook his bare breast, near his shield. The second Thestor's chance,
Old Enops' son, did make himself ; who shrinking, and set close
In his fair seat, even with th' approach Patroclus made, did lose
All manly courage, insomuch that from his hands his reins
Fell flowing down, and his right jaw Patroclus' lance attains ;
Strook through his teeth, and there it stuck, and by it to him drew
Dead Thestor to his chariot. It shew'd, as when you view
An angler from some prominent rock draw with his line and hook
A mighty fish out of the sea ; for so the Greek did pluck
The Trojan gaping from his seat, his jaws oped with the dart ;
Which when Patroclus drew, he fell ; his life and breast did part.
Then rush'd he on Erylaus ; at whom he hurl'd a stone,
Which strake his head so in the midst, that two was made of one ;
Two ways it fell, cleft through his casque. And then Tlepolemus,
Epaltes, Damastorides, Evippus, Echius,
Ipheas, bold Amphoterus, and valiant Erymas,
And Polymelus, by his sire surnamed Argeadas,
He heap'd upon the much-fed earth. When Jove's most worthy son
(Divine Sarpedon) saw these friends thus stay'd, and others run,

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"O shame! Why fly ye?" then he cried,
"now shew ye feet enow:
On, keep your way; myself will meet the
man that startles you;
To make me understand his name that
flaunts in conquest thus,
And hath so many able knees so soon dis-
solved to us."
Down jump'd he from his chariot; down
leap'd his foe as light:
And as, on some far-looking rock, a cast of
vultures fight,
Fly on each other, strike and truss, part,
meet, and then stick by,
Tug both with crooked beaks and seres;
cry, fight, and fight and cry;
So fiercely fought these angry kings, and
shew'd as bitter galls.
Jove, turning eyes to this stern fight, his
wife and sister calls,
And, much moved for the Lycian prince,
said: "O that to my son
Fate, by this day and man, should cut a
thread so nobly spun.
Two minds distract me; if I should now
ravish him from fight,
And set him safe in Lycia; or give the
Fates their right."
"Austere Saturnius," she replied, "what
unjust words are these?
A mortal, long since mark'd by fate,
wouldst thou immortalize?
Do, but by no god be approved: free him,
and numbers more,
Sons of immortals, will live free, that
death must taste before
These gates of Ilion; every god will have
his son a god, [honest period
Or storm extremely. Give him then an
In brave fight by Patroclus' sword, if he
be dear to thee,
And grieves thee for his danger'd life; of
which when he is free,
Let Death and Somnus bear him hence,
till Lycia's natural womb
Receive him from his brothers' hands, and
citizens'; a tomb
And column raised to him. This is the
honour of the dead."
She said, and her speech ruled his power;
but in his safety's stead,
For sad ostent of his near death, he steep'd
his living name
In drops of blood heaven swet for him,
which earth drunk to his fame.
And now, as this high combat grew to
this too humble end,
Sarpedon's death had this state more;
'twas usher'd by his friend
And charioteer, brave Thrasymed; whom
in his belly's rim
Patroclus wounded with his lance, and
endless ended him.
And then another act of name foreran
his princely fate,
His first lance missing, he let fly a second
that gave date
Of violent death to Pedasus; who, as he
joy'd to die
By his so honourable hand, did even in
dying neigh.
His ruin startled th' other steeds, the
gears crack'd, and the reins
Strappled his fellows; whose misrule Auto-
medon restrains
By cutting the entangling gears, and so
dissundering quite
The brave-slain beast; when both the rest
obey'd, and went foreright.
And then the royal combatants fought for
the final stroke;
When Lycia's General miss'd again, his
high-raised javelin took
Above his shoulder, empty way. But no
such speedless flight
Patroclus let his spear perform, that on the
breast did light
Of his brave foe; where life's strings close
about the solid heart,
Impressing a recureless wound; his knees
then left their part,
And let him fall; when like an oak, a
poplar, or a pine,
New fell'd by arts-men on the hills, he
stretch'd his form divine
Before his horse and chariot. And as a
lion leaps [herd in heaps,
Upon a goodly yellow bull, drives all the
And under his unconquer'd jaws, the brave
beast sighing dies;
So sigh'd Sarpedon underneath this prince
of enemies,
Call'd Glaucus to him, his dear friend, and
said: "Now, friend, thy hands
Much duty owe to fight and arms; now
for my love it stands
Thy heart in much hand to approve that
war is harmful; now
How active all thy forces are, this one
hour's act must show.
First call our Lycian captains up, look
round, and bring up all,
And all exhort to stand, like friends, about
Sarpedon's fall,
And spend thyself thy steel for me; for be
assured no day
Of all thy life, to thy last hour, can clear
thy black dismay

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In woe and infamy for me, if I be taken hence
Spoil'd of mine arms; and thy renowm despoil'd of my defence.
Stand firm then, and confirm thy men." This said, the bounds of death
Concluded all sight to his eyes, and to his nosthrils breath.
Patroclus, though his guard was strong, forced way through every doubt,
Climb'd his high bosom with his foot, and pluck'd his javelin out,
And with it drew the film and strings of his yet-panting heart;
And last, together with the pile, his princely soul did part.
His horse (spoil'd both of guide and king, thick-snoring and amazed,
And apt to flight) the Myrmidons made nimbly to, and seized.
Glaucus, to hear his friend ask aid, of him past all the rest,
Though well he knew his wound uncured, confusion fill'd his breast
Not to have good in any power, and yet so much good will.
And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him sharply still,
And was by Teucer's hand set on from their assail'd steep wall,
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on Phœbus call,
The god of medicines, for his cure: "Thou king of cures," said he,
"That art perhaps in Lycia with her rich progeny,
Or here in Troy; but any where, since thou hast power to hear;
O give a hurt and woful man (as I am now) thine ear.
This arm sustains a cruel wound, whose pains shoot every way,
Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can stay
A flux of blood still issuing; nor therefore can I stand [my hand
With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make
Support my lance; and here lies dead the worthiest of men,
Sarpedon, worthy son to Jove: (whose power could yet abstain
From all aid in this deadly need) give thou then aid to me,
O king of all aid to men hurt; assuage th' extremity
Of this arm's anguish, give it strength, that by my precedent
I may excite my men to blows; and this dead corse prevent
Of further violence." He pray'd, and kind Apollo heard,
Allay'd his anguish, and his wound of all the black blood clear'd
That vex'd it so, infused fresh powers into his weaken'd mind;
And all his spirits flow'd with joy that Phœbus stood inclined
(In such quick bounty) to his prayers. Then, as Sarpedon will'd,
He cast about his greedy eye; and first of all instill'd [inflame their fight
To all his captains all the stings that could
For good Sarpedon. And from them, he stretch'd his speedy pace
T' Agenor, Hector, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas; [you now forget
And (only naming Hector) said: "Hector,
Your poor auxiliary friends, that in your toils have swet
Their friendless souls out far from home. Sarpedon, that sustain'd
With justice, and his virtues all, broad Lycia hath not gain'd
The like guard for his person here; for yonder dead he lies
Beneath the great Patroclus' lance. But come, let your supplies,
Good friends, stand near him. O disdain to see his corse defiled
With Grecian fury; and his arms, by their oppressions spoil'd.
The Myrmidons are come enraged, that such a mighty boot
Of Greeks Troy's darts have made at fleet." This said, from head to foot
Grief strook their powers past patience, and not to be restrain'd,
To hear news of Sarpedon's death; who, though he appertain'd
To other cities, yet to theirs he was the very fort,
And led a mighty people there, of all whose better sort
Himself was best. This made them run in flames upon the foe;
The first man Hector, to whose heart Sarpedon's death did go.
Patroclus stirr'd the Grecian spirits; and first th' Ajaces, thus:
"Now, brothers, be it dear to you, to fight and succour us, [excellent.
As ever heretofore ye did, with men first
The man lies slain that first did scale, and raze the battlement
That crown'd our wall, the Lycian prince. But if we now shall add
Force to his corse, and spoil his arms, a prise may more be had

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Of many great ones, that for him will put
on to the death."
To this work these were prompt enough ;
and each side ordereth
Those phalanxes that most had rate of re-
solutions ;
The Trojans and the Lycian powers ; the
Greeks and Myrmidons.
These ran together for the corse, and closed
with horrid cries,
Their armours thundering with the claps
laid on about the prise.
And Jove, about th' impetuous broil, per-
nicious night pour'd out,
As long as for his loved son, pernicious
Labour fought.
The first of Troy the first Greeks foil'd ;
when, not the last indeed
Amongst the Myrmidons, was slain ; the
great Agacleus' seed,
Divine Epigeus, that before had exercised
command
In fair Budeius ; but because he laid a
bloody hand
On his own sister's valiant son, to Peleus
and his queen
He came for pardon, and obtain'd ; his
slaughter being the mean
He came to Troy, and so to this. He
ventured even to touch
The princely carcass : when a stone did
more to him by much,
Sent out of able Hector's hand ; it cut his
skull in twain,
And strook him dead. Patroclus, grieved
to see his friend so slain,
Before the foremost thrust himself. And
as a falcon frays
A flock of stares or caddesses ; such fear
brought his assays
Amongst the Trojans and their friends ;
and, angry at the heart,
As well as grieved, for him so slain, another
stony dart [in the neck
As good as Hector's he let fly, that dusted
Of Sthenelaus ; thrust his head to earth
first, and did break
The nerves in sunder with his fall : off fell
the Trojans too,
Even Hector's self, and all as far as any
man can throw
(Provoked for games, or in the wars to shed
an enemy's soul)
A light long dart. The first that turn'd,
was he that did control
The targeteers of Lycia, prince Glaucus ;
who to hell
Sent Bathyclæus, Chalcon's son ; he did
in Hellas dwell,
And shined for wealth and happiness
amongst the Myrmidons ;
His bosom's midst the javelin strook, his
fall gat earth with groans.
The Greeks grieved, and the Trojans joy'd,
for so renowm'd a man ;
About whom stood the Grecians firm. And
then the death began
On Troy's side by Meriones ; he slew one
great in war,
Laogonus, Onetor's son, the priest of
Jupiter, [and ear
Created in th' Idæan hill. Betwixt his jaw
The dart stuck fast, and loosed his soul ;
sad mists of hate and fear
Invading him. Anchises' son despatch'd
a brazen lance
At bold Meriones ; and hoped to make an
equal chance
On him with bold Laogonus ; though
under his broad shield
He lay so close. But he discern'd, and
made his body yield
So low, that over him it flew, and trembling
took the ground,
With which Mars made it quench his thirst ;
and since the head could wound
No better body, and yet thrown from ne'
the worse a hand,
It turn'd from earth, and look'd awry.
Æneas let it stand,
Much angry at the vain event, and told
Meriones
He scaped but hardly, nor had cause to
hope for such success
Another time, though well he knew his
dancing faculty,
By whose agility he scaped ; for, had his
dart gone by
With any least touch, instantly he had been
ever slain.
He answer'd : "Though thy strength be
good, it cannot render vain
The strength of others with thy jests ; nor
art thou so divine,
But when my lance shall touch at thee, with
equal speed to thine,
Death will share with it thy life's powers ;
thy confidence can shun
No more than mine what his right claims."
Menœtius' noble son
Rebuked Meriones, and said : "What
need'st thou use this speech ?
Nor thy strength is approved with words,
good friend, nor can we reach
The body, nor make th' enemy yield, with
these our counterbraves ;
We must enforce the binding earth, to hold
them in her graves.

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If you will war, fight. Will you speak? give counsel. Counsel, blows,
Are th' ends of wars and words. Talk here, the time in vain bestows."
He said, and led; and, nothing less for anything he said,
(His speech being season'd with such right) the worthy seconded.
And then, as in a sounding vale, near neighbour to a hill,
Wood-fellers make a far-heard noise, with chopping, chopping still,
And laying on, on blocks and trees; so they on men laid load,
And beat like noises into air, both as they strook and trode.
But, past their noise, so full of blood, of dust, of darts, lay smit
Divine Sarpedon, that a man must have an excellent wit
That could but know him, and might fail: so from his utmost head,
Even to the low plants of his feet, his form was altered. [flies in spring,
All thrusting near it every way, as thick as
That in a sheep-cote (when new milk assembles them) make wing,
And buzz about the top-full pails. Nor ever was the eye
Of Jove averted from the fight; he view'd, thought, ceaselessly
And diversly upon the death of great Achilles' friend;
If Hector there, to wreak his son, should with his javelin end
His life, and force away his arms, or still augment the field;
He then concluded that the flight of much more soul should yield
Achilles' good friend more renown, and that even to their gates
He should drive Hector and his host: and so disanimates
The mind of Hector that he mounts his chariot, and takes Flight
Up with him, tempting all to her; affirming his insight
Knew evidently that the beam of Jove's all-ordering scales
Was then in sinking on their side, surcharged with flocks of souls.
Then not the noble Lycians stay'd, but left their slaughter'd lord
Amongst the corses' common heap; for many more were pour'd
About and on him, while Jove's hand held out the bitter broil.
And now they spoil'd Sarpedon's arms, and to the ships the spoil
Was sent by Menœtiades. Then Jove thus charged the Sun:
"Haste, honour'd Phœbus, let no more Greek violence be done [sable blood
To my Sarpedon; but his corse of all the
And javelins purged, then carry him, far hence to some clear flood,
With whose waves wash, and then embalm each thorough-cleansed limb
With our ambrosia; which perform'd, divine weeds put on him,
And then to those swift mates and twins, sweet Sleep and Death, commit
His princely person, that with speed they both may carry it
To wealthy Lycia; where his friends and brothers will embrace,
And tomb it in some monument, as fits a prince's place." [Idalian hill,
Then flew Apollo to the fight, from the
At all parts putting into act his great Commander's will;
Drew all the darts, wash'd, balm'd the corse; which, deck'd with ornament,
By Sleep and Death,[3] those feather'd twins, he into Lycia sent.
Patroclus then Automedon commands to give his steeds [madly he exceeds
Large reins, and all way to the chace; so
The strict commission of his friend; which had he kept, had kept
A black death from him. But Jove's mind hath evermore outstept
The mind of man; who both affrights, and takes the victory [he can justify,
From any hardiest hand with ease; which
Though he himself commands him fight, as now he put this chace [weighs the grace,
In Menœtiades his mind. How much then
(Patroclus) that Jove gives thee now, in scoles put with thy death,
Of all these great and famous men the honourable breath. [Autonous,
Of which Adrestus first he slew, and next
Epistora, and Perimus, Pylartes, Elasus,
Swift Menalippus, Molius; all these were overthrown [proud Ilion
By him, and all else put in rout; and then
Had stoop'd beneath his glorious hand, he raged so with his lance, [the Ilians,
If Phœbus had not kept the tower, and help'd
Sustaining ill thoughts 'gainst the prince. Thrice to the prominence
Of Troy's steep wall he bravely leap'd; thrice Phœbus thrust him thence,
Objecting his all-dazzling shield, with his resistless hand;
But fourthly, when, like one of heaven, he would have stirr'd his stand,

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Apollo threaten'd him, and said: "Cease, it exceeds thy fate,
(Forward Patroclus) to expugn with thy bold lance this state;
Nor under great Achilles' powers, to thine superior far,
Lies Troy's grave ruin." When he spake, Patroclus left that war,
Leapt far back, and his anger shunn'd. Hector detain'd his horse
Within the Scæan ports, in doubt to put his personal force
Amongst the rout, and turn their heads, or shun in Troy the storm.
Apollo, seeing his suspense, assumed the goodly form [Dymas' son,
Of Hector's uncle, Asius, the Phrygian
Who near the deep Sangarius had habitation,
Being brother to the Trojan queen. His shape Apollo took,
And ask'd of Hector, why his spirit so clear the fight forsook;
Affirming 'twas unfit for him, and wish'd his forces were
As much above his, as they moved in an inferior sphere.
He should, with shame to him, be gone; and so bade drive away
Against Patroclus, to approve, if he that gave them day
Would give the glory of his death to his preferred lance.
So left he him, and to the fight did his bright head advance,
Mix'd with the multitude, and stirr'd foul tumult for the foe.
Then Hector bade Cebriones put on; himself let go
All other Greeks within his reach, and only gave command
To front Patroclus. He at him jump'd down; his strong left hand
A javelin held; his right a stone; a marble sharp, and such
As his large hand had power to gripe; and gave it strength as much
As he could lie to; nor stood long, in fear of that huge man
That made against him; but full on with his huge stone he ran,
Discharged, and drave it 'twixt the brows of bold Cebriones,
Nor could the thick bone there prepared extenuate so th' access,
But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the dust fell down,
And he dived after; which conceit of diving took the son
Of old Menœtius, who thus play'd upon the other's bane.
"O heavens! for truth, this Trojan was a passing active man;
With what exceeding ease he dives, as if at work he were
Within the fishy seas. This man alone would furnish cheer
For twenty men, though 'twere a storm, to leap out of a sail, [it here as well;
And gather oysters for them all; he does
And there are many such in Troy." Thus jested he so near
His own grave death; and then made in, to spoil the charioteer,
With such a lion's force and fate, as, often ruining [wound to sting
Stalls of fat oxen, gets at length a mortal
His soul out of that ravenous beast, that was so insolent,
And so his life's bliss proves his bane; so deadly confident [Cebriones,
Wert thou, Patroclus, in pursuit of good
To whose defence now Hector leapt the opposite address,
These masters of the cry in war now made, was of the kind
Of two fierce kings of beasts, opposed in strife about a hind
Slain on the forehead of a hill, both sharp and hungry set,
And to the curry* never came but like two deaths they met;
Nor these two entertain'd less mind of mutual prejudice
About the body, close to which when each had press'd for prise,
Hector the head laid hand upon, which, once griped, never could
Be forced from him; Patroclus then upon the feet got hold,
And he pinch'd with as sure a nail. So both stood tugging there,
While all the rest made eager fight, and grappled everywhere.
And as the East and South wind strive to make a lofty wood
Bow to their greatness, barky elms, wild ashes, beeches, bow'd
Even with the earth, in whose thick arms the mighty vapours lie,
And toss by turns, all, either way, their leaves at random fly,
Boughs murmur, and their bodies crack, and with perpetual din
The sylvans falter, and the storms are never to begin;

Qy. = *quarry*? (Dyce).

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So raged the fight, and all from Flight
pluck'd her forgotten wings,
While some still stuck, still new-wing'd
shafts flew dancing from their strings,
Huge stones sent after that did shake the
shields about the corse,
Who now, in dust's soft forehead stretch'd,
forgat his guiding horse.
As long as Phœbus turn'd his wheels
about the midst of heaven,
So long the touch of either's darts the falls
of both made even;
But, when his wain drew near the west,
the Greeks past measure were
The abler soldiers, and so swept the
Trojan tumult clear
From off the body, out of which they drew
the hurl'd-in darts,
And from his shoulders stripp'd his arms;
and then to more such parts
Patroclus turn'd his striving thoughts, to do
the Trojans ill; [voice as horrible,
Thrice, like the god of war, he charged, his
And thrice-nine those three charges slew;
but in the fourth assay,
O then, Patroclus, shew'd thy last; the
dreadful Sun made way [no deity,
Against that onset; yet the prince discern'd
He kept the prease so, and, besides, ob-
scured his glorious eye
With such felt darkness. At his back, he
made a sudden stand,
And 'twixt his neck and shoulders laid
down-right with either hand
A blow so weighty, that his eyes a giddy
darkness took,
And from his head his three-plumed helm
the bounding violence shook,
That rung beneath his horse's hooves,
and, like a water-spout,
Was crush'd together with the fall; the
plumes that set it out,
All spatter'd with black blood and dust;
when ever heretofore [or gore,
It was a capital offence to have or dust
Defile a triple-feather'd helm, but on the
head divine [used, untouch'd, to shine.
And youthful temples of their prince it
Yet now Jove gave it Hector's hands, the
other's death was near.
Besides whose lost and filed helm his
huge long weighty spear,
Well-bound with iron, in his hand was
shiver'd, and his shield
Fell from his shoulders to his feet, the
bawdrick strewing the field;
His curets left him, like the rest; and all
this only done [confusion,
By great Apollo. Then his mind took in
The vigorous knittings of his joints dis-
solved; and, thus dismay'd,
A Dardan, one of Panthus' sons, and one
that overlaid
All Trojans of his place with darts, swift
footing, skill, and force
In noble horsemanship; and one that
tumbled from their horse,
One after other, twenty men: and when
he did but learn
The art of war; nay when he first did in
the field discern
A horse and chariot of his guide; this
man, with all these parts,
(His name Euphorbus) comes behind, and
'twixt the shoulders darts
Forlorn Patroclus, who yet lived, and th'
other (getting forth
His javelin) took him to his strength; nor
durst he stand the worth
Of thee, Patroclus, though disarm'd, who
yet (discomfited
By Phœbus' and Euphorbus' wound) the
red heap of the dead
He now too late shunn'd, and retired.
When Hector saw him yield,
And knew he yielded with a wound, he
scour'd the armed field,
Came close up to him, and both sides
strook quite through with his lance.
He fell, and his most weighty fall gave fit
tune to his chance;
For which all Greece extremely mourn'd.
And as a mighty strife [the life
About a little fount begins, and riseth to
Of some fell boar resolved to drink; when
likewise to the spring
A lion comes alike disposed, the boar
thirsts, and his king,
Both proud, and both will first be served;
and then the lion takes
Advantage of his sovereign strength, and
th' other, fainting, makes
Resign his thirst up with his blood;
Patroclus, so enforced
When he had forced so much brave life,
was from his own divorced.
And thus his great divorcer braved:
"Patroclus, thy conceit
Gave thee th' eversion of our Troy, and to
thy fleet a freight
Of Trojan ladies, their free lives put all in
bands by thee;
But (too much prizer of thy self) all these
are propp'd by me,
For these have my horse stretch'd their
hoofs to this so long a war,
And I (far best of Troy in arms) keep off
from Troy as far,

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Even to the last beam of my life, their necessary day.
And here, in place of us and ours, on thee shall vultures prey,
Poor wretch; nor shall thy mighty friend afford thee any aid,
That gave thy parting much deep charge, and this perhaps he said:
'Martial Patroclus, turn not face, nor see my fleet before
The curets from great Hector's breast, all gilded with his gore,
Thou hew'st in pieces.' If thus vain were his far-stretch'd commands,
As vain was thy heart to believe his words lay in thy hands."
He, languishing, replied: "This proves thy glory worse than vain,
That when two gods have given thy hands what their powers did obtain,
(They conquering, and they spoiling me both of my arms and mind,
It being a work of ease for them) thy soul should be so blind
To oversee their evident deeds, and take their powers to thee;
When, if the powers of twenty such had dared t' encounter me,
My lance had strew'd earth with them all. Thou only doest obtain
A third place in my death; whom, first, a harmful fate hath slain
Effected by Latona's son; second, and first of men,
Euphorbus. And this one thing more concerns thee; note it then;
Thou shalt not long survive thyself; nay, now death calls for thee,
And violent fate: Achilles' lance shall make this good for me."
Thus death join'd to his words his end; his soul took instant wing,
And to the house that hath no lights descended, sorrowing
For his sad fate, to leave him young, and in his ablest age.
He dead, yet Hector ask'd him why, in that prophetic rage,
He so forespake him; when none knew but great Achilles might
Prevent his death, and on his lance receive his latest light?
Thus setting on his side his foot, he drew out of his wound
His brazen lance, and upwards cast the body on the ground;
When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charged Automedon,
Divine guide of Achilles' steeds, in great contention
To seize him too; but his so swift and deathless horse, that fetch
Their gift to Peleus from the gods, soon rapt him from his reach.

COMMENTARIUS.

[1] Αἲ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, &c. These last verses in the original by many austere ancients have suffered expunction, as being unworthy the mouth of an hero, because he seems to make such a wish in them. Which is as poorly conceited of the expungers as the rest of the places in Homer that have groaned or laughed under their castigations, Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it, but out of a frolic and delightsome humour, being merry with his friend in private, which the verse following in part expresseth:

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur.

Inter se intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine master's most ingenious imitating the life of things (which is the soul of a poem) is never respected nor perceived by his interpreters, only standing pedantically on the grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him.

[2] Τὸν δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, &c. *Agnovit autem Ajax in animo inculpato opera deorum, ῥίγησέν τε, exhorruitque.* Another most ingenious and spriteful imitation of the life and ridiculous humour of Ajax I must needs note here, because it flies all his translators and interpreters, who take it merely for serious, when it is apparently scoptical and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his understanding reader, and mix mirth with matter. He saith, that Hector cut off the head of Ajax' lance, which he seeing would needs affect a kind of prophetic wisdom (with which he is never charged in Homer) and imagined strongly the cutting off his lance's head cast a

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figure thus deep; that as Hector cut off that, Jove would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Trojans victory. Which to take seriously and gravely is most dull, and, as I may say, Aiantical: the voice κείρει (which they expound *præcidebat*, and indeed is *tondebat*, κείρω signifying most properly *tondeo*) helping well to decipher the irony. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lance's head argued Jove's intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of Ajax for his so far-fetched apprehension, I suppose no man can make less than idle and witless. A plain continuance, therefore, it is of Ajax' humour, whom in divers other places he plays upon, as in likening him, in the Eleventh Book, to a mill ass, and elsewhere to be noted hereafter.

[3] Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν. By Sleep and Death (which he ingeniously calleth twins) was the body of Jove's son, Sarpedon, taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place Eustathius doubts whether truly and indeed it was transferred to Lycia, and he makes the cause of his doubt this: That Death and Sleep are *inania quædam*, things empty and void; οὐ στερεμνια πρόσωπα, *not solid or firm persons*, ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα πάθη, but *quæ nihil ferre possunt*. And, therefore, he thought there was κενήριον *quoddam*, that is, some *void or empty sepulchre* or *monument* prepared for that hero in Lycia, &c., or else makes another strange translation of it by wonder; which Spondanus thinks to have happened truly, but rather would interpret it merely and nakedly a poetical fiction. His reason I will forbear to utter, because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave Eustathius would doubt whether Sleep and Death carried Sarpedon's person, personally, to Lycia; or not rather make no question of the contrary? Homer not any poet's end in such poetical relations being to affirm the truth of things personally done; but to please with the truth of their matchless wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have any one believe the personal transportance of Sarpedon by Sleep and Death, but only varieth and graceth his poem with these prosopopeias, and delivers us this most ingenious and grave doctrine in it: That the hero's body, for which both those mighty hosts so mightily contended, Sleep and Death (those same *quædam inania*), took from all their personal and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that, from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleep and Death, when their worst is done, deliver and transfer men: a little mocking withal the vehement and greedy prosecutions of tyrants and soldiers against, or for that, which two such deedless poor things take from all their empery. And yet, against Eustathius' manner of slighting their powers, what is there, of all things belonging to man, so powerful over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authority with us) as well personate Sleep and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c.? Thus only where the sense and soul of my most worthily reverenced author is abused, or not seen, I still insist; and glean these few poor corn ears after all other men's harvests.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

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THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DREADFUL fight about Patroclus' corse.
Euphorbus slain by Menelaus' force.
Hector in th' armour of Æacides.
Antilochus relating the decease
Of slain Patroclus to fair Thetis' son.
The body from the striving Trojans won.
Th' Ajaces making good the after field:
Make all the subject that this book doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Rho the venturous hosts maintain
A slaughterous conflict for the slain.

NOR could his slaughter rest conceal'd from Menelaus' ear;
Who flew amongst the foremost fights, and with his targe and spear
Circled the body, as much grieved, and with as tender heed
To keep it theirs, as any dam about her first-born seed,
Not proving what the pain of birth would make the love before;
Nor to pursue his first attaint Euphorbus'* spirit forbore;
But, seeing Menelaus chief in rescue of the dead,
Assay'd him thus: "Atrides, cease, and leave the slaughtered
With his embrued spoil to the man, that first, of all our state,
And famous succours, in fair fight, made passage to his fate;
And therefore suffer me to wear the good name I have won
Amongst the Trojans, lest thy life repay what his hath done."
"O Jupiter," said he, incensed, "thou art no honest man
To boast so past thy power to do. Not any lion can,
Nor spotted leopard, nor boar, whose mind is mightiest
In pouring fury from his strength, advance so proud a crest
As Panthus' fighting progeny. But Hyperenor's pride, [so vilified
That joy'd so little time his youth, when he
My force in arms, and call'd me worst of all our chivalry,
And stood my worst, might teach ye all to shun this surcuidrie;
I think he came not safely home, to tell his wife his acts. [fate exacts,
Nor less right of thy insolence my equal
And will obtain me, if thou stay'st. Retire then, take advice:
A fool sees nought before 'tis done, and still too late is wise."
This moved not him but to the worse; since it renew'd the sting
That his slain brother shot in him, remember'd by the king,
To whom he answer'd: "Thou shalt pay, for all the pains endured
By that slain brother, all the wounds sustain'd for him, recured
With one made in thy heart by me. 'Tis true thou madest his wife
A heavy widow, when her joys of wedlock scarce had life,
And hurt'st our parents with his grief; all which thou gloriest in,
Forespeaking so thy death, that now their grief's end shall begin.
To Panthus, and the snowy hand of Phrontes, I will bring
Those arms, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing
Shall ask no long time to perform: nor be my words alone,
But their performance; Strength, and Fight, and Terror thus sets on."
This said, he strook his all-round shield; nor shrunk that, but his lance
That turn'd head in it. Then the king assay'd the second chance;
First praying to the king of gods; and his dart entry got
(The force much driving back his foe) in low part of his throat,
And ran his neck through. Then fell pride, and he; and all with gore
His locks, that like the Graces were, and which he ever wore

* This Euphorbus was he that, in Ovid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy.

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In gold and silver ribands wrapp'd, were piteously wet.
And when alone in some choice place, a husbandman hath set
The young plant of an olive tree, whose root being ever fed
With plenty of delicious springs, his branches bravely spread,
And all his fresh and lovely head, grown curl'd with snowy flowers,
That dance and flourish with the winds that are of gentlest powers;
But when a whirlwind, got aloft, stoops with a sudden gale;
Tears from his head his tender curls, and tosseth therewithal
His fix'd root from his hollow mines; it well presents the force
Of Sparta's king; and so the plant, Euphorbus and his corse.
He slain, the king stripp'd off his arms; and with their worthy prise,
(All fearing him) had clearly pass'd, if heaven's fair eye of eyes
Had not, in envy of his acts, to his encounter stirr'd
The Mars-like Hector; to whose powers the rescue he preferr'd
Of those fair arms, and took the shape of Mentas, colonel
Of all the Cicones that near the Thracian Hebrus dwell.
Like him, he thus puts forth his voice: "Hector, thou scour'st the field
In headstrong pursuit of those horse, that hardly are compell'd
To take the draught of chariots, by any mortal's hand; [their command,
The great grandchild of Æacus hath only
Whom an immortal mother bore. While thou attend'st on these,
The young Atrides, in defence of Menœtiades,
Hath slain Euphorbus." Thus the god took troop with men again;
And Hector, heartily perplex'd, look'd round and saw the slain
Still shedding rivers from his wound; and then took envious view
Of brave Atrides with his spoil; in way to whom he flew
Like one of Vulcan's quenchless flames: Atrides heard the cry
That ever usher'd him, and sigh'd, and said:* "O me, if I
Should leave these goodly arms, and him, that here lies dead for me,
I fear I should offend the Greeks; if I should stay and be
Alone with Hector and his men, I may be compass'd in; [may quickly win
Some sleight or other they may use, many
Their wills of one, and all Troy comes ever where Hector leads.
But why, dear mind, dost thou thus talk? when men dare set their heads
Against the gods, as sure they do that fight with men they love,
Straight one or other plague ensues. It cannot therefore move
The grudge of any Greek that sees I yield to Hector, he
Still fighting with a spirit from heaven. And yet if I could see
Brave Ajax, he and I would stand, though 'gainst a god; and sure
'Tis best I seek him, and then see if we two can procure
This corse's freedom through all these. A little then let rest
The body, and my mind be still; of two bads choose the best."
In this discourse, the troops of Troy were in with him, and he
Made such a lion-like retreat, as when the herdsmen see
The royal savage, and come on, with men, dogs, cries, and spears,
To clear their horned stall; and then the kingly heart he bears
(With all his high disdain) falls off; so from this odds of aid
The golden-hair'd Atrides fled, and in his strength display'd
Upon his left hand him he wish'd, extremely busied
About encouraging his men, to whom an extreme dread
Apollo had infused. The king reach'd Ajax instantly,
And said: "Come, friend, let us two haste, and from the tyranny
Of Hector free Patroclus' corse." He straight and gladly went;
And then was Hector haling off the body, with intent
To spoil the shoulders of the dead, and give the dogs the rest,
His arms he having prised before; when Ajax brought his breast
To bar all further spoil; with that he had, sure Hector thought
'Twas best to satisfy his spleen; which temper Ajax wrought

* Note the manly and wise discourse of Menelaus with himself, seeing Hector advancing towards him.

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With his mere sight, and Hector fled: the arms he sent to Troy,
To make his citizens admire, and pray Jove send him joy.
Then Ajax gather'd to the corse, and hid it with his targe:
There setting down as sure a foot, as, in the tender charge
Of his loved whelps a lion doth; two hundred hunters near
To give him onset, their more force make him the more austere,
Drowns all their clamours in his roars; darts, dogs, doth all despise,
And lets his rough brows down so low they cover all his eyes;
So Ajax look'd and stood, and stay'd for great Priamides.
When Glaucus Hippolochides saw Ajax thus depress
The spirit of Hector, thus he chid: "O goodly man at arms,
In fight a Paris, why should fame make thee fort 'gainst our harms,
Being such a fugitive? now mark, how well thy boasts defend [shall descend
Thy city only with her own. Be sure it
To that proof wholly. Not a man of any Lycian rank
Shall strike one stroke more for thy town; for no man gets a thank
Should he eternally fight here, nor any guard of thee.
How wilt thou, worthless that thou art, keep off an enemy
From our poor soldiers, when their prince, Sarpedon, guest and friend
To thee, and most deservedly, thou flew'st from in his end,
And left'st to all the lust of Greece? O gods, a man that was
(In life) so huge a good to Troy, and to thee such a grace,
(In death) not kept by thee from dogs! If my friends will do well,
We'll take our shoulders from your walls, and let all sink to hell;
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did such a spirit breathe
In all you Trojans, as becomes all men that fight beneath
Their country's standard, you would see, that such as prop your cause
With like exposure of their lives, have all the honour'd laws
Of such a dear confederacy kept to them to a thread,
As now ye might reprise the arms Sarpedon forfeited
By forfeit of your rights to him, would you but lend your hands,
And force Patroclus to your Troy. Ye know how dear he stands
In his love, that of all the Greeks is, for himself, far best,
And leads the best near-fighting men; and therefore would at least
Redeem Sarpedon's arms; nay him, whom you have likewise lost. [and cost
This body drawn to Ilion would after draw
A greater ransom, if you pleased; but Ajax startles you;
'Tis his breast bars this right to us; his looks are darts enow
To mix great Hector with his men. And not to blame ye are,
You choose foes underneath your strengths; Ajax exceeds ye far."
Hector look'd passing sour at this, and answer'd: "Why darest thou,
(So under) talk above me so? O friend, I thought till now
Thy wisdom was superior to all th' inhabitants
Of gleby Lycia; but now impute apparent wants
To that discretion thy words show, to say I lost my ground
For Ajax' greatness. Nor fear I the field in combats drown'd,
Nor force of chariots, but I fear a power much better seen
In right of all war than all we: that god, that holds between
Our victory and us his shield; lets conquest come and go
At his free pleasure; and with fear converts her changes so
Upon the strongest. Men must fight when his just spirit impels,
Not their vain glories. But come on, make thy steps parallels
To these of mine, and then be judge, how deep the work will draw.
If then I spend the day in shifts, or thou canst give such law
To thy detractive speeches then, or if the Grecian host
Holds any that in pride of strength holds up his spirit most,
Whom, for the carriage of this prince, that thou enforcest so,
I make not stoop in his defence. You, friends, ye hear and know
How much it fits ye to make good this Grecian I have slain,
For ransom of Jove's son, our friend; play then the worthy men,

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Till I endue Achilles' arms." This said, he left the fight,
And call'd back those that bore the arms, not yet without his sight,
In convoy of them towards Troy. For them he changed his own,
Removed from where it rained tears, and sent them back to town.
Then put he on the eternal arms, that the celestial states
Gave Peleus; Peleus, being old, their use appropriates
To his Achilles, that, like him, forsook them not for age.
When he, whose empire is in clouds, saw Hector bent to wage
War in divine Achilles' arms, he shook his head, and said:
"Poor wretch, thy thoughts are far from death, though he so near hath laid
His ambush for thee. Thou putt'st on those arms, as braving him
Whom others fear; hast slain his friend, and from his youthful limb
Torn rudely off his heavenly arms; himself being gentle, kind,
And valiant. Equal measure then, thy life in youth must find.
Yet since the justice is so strict, that not Andromache, [take of thee
In thy denied return from fight, must ever
Those arms, in glory of thy acts; thou shalt have that frail blaze
Of excellence, that neighbours death: a strength even to amaze."
To this his sable brows did bow; and he made fit his limb
To those great arms, to fill which up the War-god enter'd him
Austere and terrible, his joints and every part extends
With strength and fortitude; and thus to his admiring friends
High Clamour brought him. He so shined, that all could think no less
But he resembled every way great-soul'd Æacides.
Then every way he scour'd the field, his captains calling on;
Asteropæus, Eunomus (that foresaw all things done),
Glaucus, and Medon, Desinor, and strong Thersilochus
Phorcis, and Mesthles, Chromius, and great Hippothous;
To all these, and their populous troops, these his excitements were:
"Hear us, innumerable friends, near-bordering nations, hear:
We have not call'd you from our towns, to fill our idle eye
With number of so many men (no such vain empery
Did ever joy us) but to fight; and of our Trojan wives,
With all their children, manfully to save the innocent lives.
In whose cares we draw all our towns of aiding soldiers dry.
With gifts, guards, victual, all things fit; and hearten their supply
With all like rights; and therefore now let all sides set down this,
Or live, or perish; this of war the special secret is.
In which most resolute design, whoever bears to town [ning the renown
Patroclus (laid dead to his hand) by win-
Of Ajax' slaughter, the half-spoil we wholly will impart
To his free use, and to ourself the other half convert;
And so the glory shall be shared, ourself will have no more
Than he shall shine in." This drew all to bring abroad their store
Before the body. Every man had hope it would be his,
And forced from Ajax. Silly fools, Ajax prevented this
By raising rampires to his friend with half their carcasses.
And yet his humour was to roar, and fear, and now no less
To startle Sparta's king, to whom he cried out: "O my friend!
O Menelaus! ne'er more hope to get off; here's the end
Of all our labours. Not so much I fear to lose the corse
(For that's sure gone, the fowls of Troy and dogs will quickly force
That piece-meal) as I fear my head, and thine, O Atreus' son.
Hector a cloud brings will hide all. Instant destruction,
Grievous and heavy, comes. O call our peers to aid us; fly."
He hasted, and used all his voice, sent far and near his cry:
"O princes, chief lights of the Greeks, and you that publicly
Eat with our General and me; all men of charge; O know [that will show
Jove gives both grace and dignity to any
Good minds for only good itself, though presently the eye [hard for me t'espy,
Of him that rules discern him not. 'Tis

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Through all this smoke of burning fight, each captain in his place,
And call assistance to our need. Be then each other's grace,
And freely follow each his next. Disdain to let the joy [beasts of Troy."
Of great Æacides be forced to feed the
His voice was first heard and obey'd by swift Oïliades;
Idomeneus and his mate, renown'd Meriones,
Were seconds to Oïleus' son; but, of the rest, whose mind
Can lay upon his voice the names, that after these combined
In setting up this fight on end? The Trojans first gave on.
And as into the sea's vast mouth, when mighty rivers run,
Their billows and the sea resound, and all the utter shore
Rebellows in her angry shocks the sea's repulsive roar;
With such sounds gave the Trojans charge, so was their charge repress'd.
One mind fill'd all Greeks, good brass shields close couch'd to every breast,
And on their bright helms Jove pour'd down a mighty deal of night
To hide Patroclus; whom alive, and when he was the knight
Of that grandchild of Æacus, Saturnius did not hate,
Nor dead would see him dealt to dogs, and so did instigate
His fellows to his worthy guard. At first the Trojans drave
The black-eyed Grecians from the corse; but not a blow they gave
That came at death. Awhile they hung about the body's heels,
The Greeks quite gone. But all that while, did Ajax whet the steels
Of all his forces, that cut back way to the corse again.
Brave Ajax (that for form and fact, pass'd all that did maintain
The Grecian fame, next Thetis' son) now flew before the first.
And as a sort of dogs and youths are by a boar disperst
About a mountain; so fled these from mighty Ajax, all
That stood in conflict for the corse, who thought no chance could fall
Betwixt them and the prise at Troy. For bold Hippothous,
Lethus, Pelasgus' famous son, was so adventurous
That he would stand to bore the corse, about the ancle-bone,
Where all the nervy fibres meet and ligaments in one,
That make the motion of those parts; through which he did convey
The thong or bawdrick of his shield, and so was drawing away
All thanks from Hector and his friends; but in their stead he drew
An ill that no man could avert; for Telamonius threw
A lance that strook quite through his helm, his brain came leaping out;
Down fell Letheides, and with him the body's hoisted foot.
Far from Larissa's soil he fell; a little time allow'd
To his industrious spirits to quit the benefits bestow'd
By his kind parents. But his wreak Priamides assay'd,
And threw at Ajax; but his dart, discover'd, pass'd, and stay'd
At Schedius, son of Iphitus, a man of ablest hand
Of all the strong Phocensians, and lived with great command
In Panopeus. The fell dart fell through his channel-bone,
Pierced through his shoulder's upper part, and set his spirit gone.
When after his another flew, the same hand giving wing
To martial Phorcis' startled soul, that was the after spring
Of Phænops' seed. The javelin strook his curets through, and tore
The bowels from the belly's midst. His fall made those before
Give back a little, Hector's self enforced to turn his face.
And then the Greeks bestow'd their shouts, took vantage of the chace,
Drew off, and spoil'd Hippothous and Phorcis of their arms.
And then ascended Ilion had shaken with alarms,
Discovering th' impotence of Troy, even past the will of Jove,
And by the proper force of Greece, had Phœbus fail'd to move
Æneas in similitude of Periphas (the son
Of grave Epytes) king at arms, and had good service done
To old Anchises, being wise, and even with him in years.
But, like this man, the far-seen god to Venus' son appears,

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And ask'd him how he would maintain
steep Ilion in her height,
In spite of gods (as he presumed) when
men approved so slight
All his presumptions, and all theirs that
puff'd him with that pride,
Believing in their proper strengths, and
generally supplied
With such unfrighted multitudes? But he
well knew that Jove,
Besides their self-conceits, sustain'd their
forces with more love
Than theirs of Greece; and yet all that
lack'd power to hearten them.
Æneas knew the god, and said: "It
was a shame extreme,
That those of Greece should beat them so,
and by their cowardice,
Not want of man's aid nor the gods'; and
this before his eyes
A deity stood even now and vouch'd,
affirming Jove their aid;
And so bade Hector and the rest, to whom
all this he said,
Turn head, and not in that quick ease part
with the corse to Greece."
This said, before them all he flew, and
all as of a piece
Against the Greeks flew. Venus' son
Leocritus did end,
Son of Arisbas, and had place of Lyco-
medes' friend;
Whose fall he friendly pitied, and, in
revenge, bestow'd
A lance that Apisaon strook, so sore that
straight he strow'd
The dusty centre, it did stick in that con-
gealed blood
That forms the liver. Second man he was
of all that stood
In name for arms amongst the troop that
from Pæonia came,
Asteropæus being the first; who was in
ruth the same
That Lycomedes was; like whom, he put
forth for the wreak
Of his slain friend; but wrought it not,
because he could not break
That bulwark made of Grecian shields,
and bristled wood of spears,
Combined about the body slain. Amongst
whom Ajax bears
The greatest labour, every way exhorting
to abide, [their ranks in pride
And no man fly the corse a foot, nor break
Of any foremost daring spirit, but each foot
hold his stand,
And use the closest fight they could. And
this was the command
Of mighty Ajax; which observed, they
steep'd the earth in blood.
The Trojans and their friends fell thick.
Nor all the Grecians stood
(Though far the fewer suffer'd fate) for
ever they had care
To shun confusion, and the toil that still
oppresseth there.
So set they all the field on fire; with
which you would have thought
The sun and moon had been put out, in
such a smoke they fought
About the person of the prince. But all
the field beside
Fought underneath a lightsome heaven;
the sun was in his pride,
And such expansure of his beams he thrust
out of his throne,
That not a vapour durst appear in all that
region;
No, not upon the highest hill. There
fought they still, and breathed,
Shunn'd danger, cast their darts aloof, and
not a sword unsheathed.
The other plied it, and the war and night
plied them as well,
The cruel steel afflicting all; the strongest
did not dwell
Unhurt within their iron roofs. Two men
of special name,
Antilochus and Thrasymed, were yet un-
served by Fame
With notice of Patroclus' death. They
thought him still alive
In foremost tumult, and might well, for
(seeing their fellows thrive
In no more comfortable sort than fight and
death would yield)
They fought apart; for so their sire, old
Nestor, strictly will'd,
Enjoining fight more from the fleet. War
here increased his heat
The whole day long, continually the labour
and the sweat,
The knees, calves, feet, hands, faces,
smear'd, of men that Mars applied
About the good Achilles' friend. And* as
a huge ox-hide[1]
A currier gives amongst his men, to supple
and extend
With oil, till it be drunk withal; they tug,
stretch out, and spend
Their oil and liquor liberally, and chafe
the leather so
That out they make a vapour breathe, and
in their oil doth go;

* An inimitable simile.

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A number of them set on work, and in an orb they pull,
That all ways all parts of the hide they may extend at full :
So here and there did both parts hale the corse in little place,
And wrought it all ways with their sweat ; the Trojans hoped for grace
To make it reach to Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet.
A cruel tumult they stirr'd up, and such, as should Mars see 't
(That horrid hurrier of men) or she that betters him,
Minerva, never so incensed, they could not disesteem.
So baneful a contention did Jove that day extend
Of men and horse about the slain. Of whom his god-like friend
Had no instruction. So far off, and underneath the wall
Of Troy, that conflict was maintain'd ; which was not thought at all
By great Achilles, since he charged, that having set his foot
Upon the ports, he would retire, well knowing Troy no boot
For his assaults without himself ; since not by him, as well
He knew, it was to be subdued. His mother oft would tell
The mind of mighty Jove therein, oft hearing it in heaven ; [instruction given
But of that great ill to his friend was no
By careful Thetis. By degrees must ill events be known.
The foes cleft one to other still, about the overthrown.
His death with death infected both. Even private Greeks would say
Either to other : " 'Twere a shame, for us to go our way,
And let the Trojans bear to Troy the praise of such a prise :
Which, let the black earth gasp, and drink our blood for sacrifice,
Before we suffer. 'Tis an act much less infortunate,
And then would those of Troy resolve, though certainly our fate
Will fell us altogether here. Of all not turn a face."
Thus either side his fellows' strength excited past his place,
And thus through all th' unfruitful air, an iron sound ascended
Up to the golden firmament ; when strange affects contended
In these immortal heaven-bred horse of great Æacides,
Whom (once removed from forth the fight) a sudden sense did seize
Of good Patroclus' death ; whose hands they oft had undergone,
And bitterly they wept for him. Nor could Automedon
With any manage make them stir ; oft use the scourge to them,
Oft use his fairest speech, as oft threats never so extreme,
They neither to the Hellespont would bear him, nor the fight ;
But still as any tombstone lays his never-stirred weight
On some good man or woman's grave for rites of funeral ;
So unremoved stood these steeds, their heads to earth let fall,
And warm tears gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire
Of their kind manager ; their manes, that flourish'd with the fire
Of endless youth allotted them, fell through the yoky sphere,
Ruthfully ruffled and defiled. Jove saw their heavy cheer,
And, pitying them, spake to his mind : " Poor wretched beasts," said he,
" Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
And incapacity of age so dignifies your states ?
Was it to haste the miseries pour'd out on human fates ?
Of all the miserablest things that breathe and creep on earth,
No one more wretched is than man. And for your deathless birth,
Hector must fail to make you prise. Is't not enough he wears,
And glories vainly in those arms ? Your chariots and rich gears,
Besides you, are too much for him. Your knees and spirits again
My care of you shall fill with strength, that so ye may sustain
Automedon, and bear him off. To Troy I still will give [bloody feet arrive,
The grace of slaughter, till at fleet their
Till Phœbus drink the western sea, and sacred darkness throws
Her sable mantle 'twixt their points." Thus in the steeds he blows
Excessive spirit ; and through the Greeks and Ilians they rapt
The whirring chariot, shaking off the crumbled centre wrapt

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Amongst their tresses; and with them,
Automedon let fly
Amongst the Trojans, making way through
all as frightfully
As through a jangling flock of geese a
lordly vulture beats,
Given way with shrikes by every goose,
that comes but near his threats;
With such state fled he through the press,
pursuing as he fled;
But made no slaughter; nor he could,
alone being carried
Upon the sacred chariot. How could he
both works do,
Direct his javelin, and command his fiery
horses too?
At length he came where he beheld his
friend Alcimedon,
That was the good Laercius', the son of
Æmon's son;
Who close came to his chariot side, and
ask'd: "What god is he
That hath so robb'd thee of thy soul, to
run thus frantically
Amongst these forefights, being alone;
thy fighter being slain,
And Hector glorying in his arms?" He
gave these words again:
"Alcimedon, what man is he, of all
the Argive race, [and pace,
So able as thyself to keep, in use of press
These deathless horse; himself being gone,
that like the gods had th' art
Of their high manage? therefore take to
thy command his part,
And ease me of the double charge, which
thou hast blamed with right."
He took the scourge and reins in hand,
Automedon the fight:
Which Hector seeing, instantly, Æneas
standing near
He told him, he discern'd the horse, that
mere immortal were,
Address'd to fight, with coward guides, and
therefore hoped to make
A rich prise of them, if his mind would
help to undertake,
For those two could not stand their charge.
He granted, and both cast
Dry solid hides upon their necks, exceeding soundly brast;
And forth they went, associate with two
more god-like men,
Aretus and bold Chromius; nor made they
question then
To prise the goodly-crested horse, and
safely send to hell
The souls of both their guardians. O fools,
that could not tell
They could not work out their return from
fierce Automedon
Without the liberal cost of blood; who
first made orison
To father Jove, and then was fill'd with
fortitude and strength;
When (counselling Alcimedon to keep at
no great length
The horse from him, but let them breathe
upon his back, because
He saw th' advance that Hector made,
whose fury had no laws
Proposed to it, but both their lives and
those horse made his prise,
Or his life theirs) he call'd to friend these
well-approved supplies;
Th' Ajaces, and the Spartan king, and said,
"Come, princes, leave
A sure guard with the corse, and then to
your kind care receive
Our threaten'd safeties. I discern the two
chief props of Troy
Prepared against us. But herein, what best
men can enjoy
Lies in the free knees of the gods.* My
dart shall lead ye all.
The sequel to the care of Jove I leave,
whatever fall."
All this spake good Automedon; then,
brandishing his lance,
He threw, and strook Aretus' shield, that
gave it enterance
Through all the steel, and, by his belt, his
belly's inmost part
It pierced, and all his trembling limbs gave
life up to his dart.
Then Hector at Automedon a blazing
lance let fly,
Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the
compass was too high,
And made it stick beyond in earth, th' extreme part burst, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The sword
then for the spear
Had changed the conflict, had not haste
sent both th' Ajaces in,
Both serving close their fellows' call, who,
where they did begin,
There drew the end. Priamides, Æneas,
Chromius
(In doubt of what such aid might work)
left broken-hearted thus

* In the Greek always this phrase is used, not in the hands, but ἐν γούνασι κεῖται, *in the knees of the gods lies* our helps, &c.

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Aretus to Automedon, who spoil'd his arms, and said :
"A little this revives my life for him so lately dead,
Though by this nothing countervail'd." And with this little vent
Of inward grief, he took the spoil ; with which he made ascent
Up to his chariot, hands and feet of bloody stains so full
That lion-like he look'd, new turn'd from tearing up a bull.
And now another bitter fight about Patroclus grew,
Tear-thirsty, and of toil enough ; which Pallas did renew,
Descending from the cope of stars, dismiss'd by sharp-eyed Jove
To animate the Greeks: for now, inconstant change did move
His mind from what he held of late. And as the purple bow
Jove bends at mortals, when of war he will the signal show,
Or make it a presage of cold, in such tempestuous sort
That men are of their labours eased, but labouring cattle hurt ;
So Pallas in a purple cloud involved herself, and went
Amongst the Grecians, stirr'd up all ; but first encouragement
She breathed in Atreus' younger son ; and, for disguise, made choice
Of aged Phœnix' shape, and spake with his unwearied voice :
"O Menelaus, much defame, and equal heaviness,
Will touch at thee, if this true friend of great Æacides
Dogs tear beneath the Trojan walls ; and therefore bear thee well,
Toil through the host, and every man with all thy spirit impel."
He answer'd : "O thou long-since born, O Phœnix, that hast won
The honour'd foster-father's name of Thetis' god-like son,
I would[2] Minerva would but give strength to me, and but keep
These busy darts off ; I would then make in indeed, and steep
My income in their bloods, in aid of good Patroclus ; much
His death afflicts me, much. But yet, this Hector's grace is such
With Jove, and such a fiery strength and spirit he has, that still [so royal will
His steel is killing, killing still." The king's Minerva joy'd to hear ; since she did a the gods outgo
In his remembrance. For which grac she kindly did bestow
Strength on his shoulders, and did fill h knees as liberally
With swiftness, breathing in his breast th courage of a fly,[3]
Which loves to bite so, and doth bear mar blood so much good will,
That still, though beaten from a man, sh flies upon him still ;
With such a courage Pallas fill'd the bla parts near his heart,
And then he hasted to the slain, cast off shining dart,
And took one Podes, that was heir to o Eetion,
A rich man and a strenuous, and by t people done
Much honour, and by Hector too, bein consort and his guest ;
And him the yellow-headed king laid ho on at his waist ;
In offering flight, his iron pile stro through him, down he fell,
And up Atrides drew his corse. Th Phœbus did impel
The spirit of Hector, Phænops like, su named Asiades,
Whom Hector used (of all his guests) wi greatest friendliness,
And in Abydus stood his house ; in who form thus he spake :
"Hector ! what man of all the Gree will any terror make
Of meeting thy strength any more, wh thou art terrified
By Menelaus ? who, before he slew t friend, was tried
A passing easy soldier, when now (besid his end
Imposed by him) he draws him off, and r a man to friend,
From all the Trojans. This friend is Pod Eetion's son."
This hid him in a cloud of grief, and him foremost on.
And then Jove took his snake-fringed shie and Ida cover'd all
With sulphury clouds, from whence he abhorred lightnings fall,
And thunder'd till the mountain shoo and with this dreadful state
He usher'd victory to Troy, to Argos flig and fate.
Peneleus Bœotius was he that foremost fl
Being wounded in his shoulder's heigh but there the lance's head

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Strook lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it strook him near,
Thrown from Polydamas. Leitus next left the fight in fear
(Being hurt by Hector in his hand) because he doubted sore
His hand in wished fight with Troy would hold his lance no more.
Idomeneus sent a dart at Hector (rushing in,
And following Leitus) that strook his bosom near his chin,
And brake at top. The Ilians for his escape did shout.
When Hector at Deucalides another lance sent out,
As in his chariot he stood; it miss'd him narrowly,
For, as it fell, Cœranus drave his speedy chariot by,
And took the Trojan lance himself; he was the charioteer
Of stern Meriones, and first on foot did service there,
Which well he left to govern horse, for saving now his king,
With driving 'twixt him and his death, though thence his own did spring,
Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in keeping death
From his great sovereign. The fierce dart did enter him beneath
His ear, betwixt his jaw and it, drave down, cut through his tongue,
And strook his teeth out; from his hands the horses' reins he flung,
Which now Meriones received as they bestrew'd the field,
And bade his sovereign scourge away, he saw that day would yield
No hope of victory for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.
Nor from the mighty-minded son of Telamon lay hid,
For all his clouds, high Jove himself, nor from the Spartan king. [varying
They saw him in the victory, he still was
For Troy. For which sight Ajax said:
"O heavens, what fool is he
That sees not Jove's hand in the grace now done our enemy?
Not any dart they touch but takes, from whomsoever thrown,
Valiant or coward; what he wants Jove adds, not any one
Wants his direction to strike sure; nor ours to miss as sure.
But come, let us be sure of this, to put the best in ure
That lies in us; which two-fold is, both to fetch off our friend,
And so to fetch him off as we may likeliest contend
To fetch ourselves off; that our friends surviving may have right
In joy of our secure retreat, as he that fell in fight,
Being kept as sure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt,
And looking this way, grieve for us, not able to work out
Our pass from this man-slaughterer, great Hector, and his hands,
That are too hot for men to touch, but that these thirsty sands
Before our fleet will be enforced to drink our headlong death.
Which to prevent by all fit means, I would the parted breath
Of good Patroclus, to his friend, with speed imparted were,
By some he loves; for, I believe, no heavy messenger
Hath yet inform'd him. But alas, I see no man to send,
Both men and horse are hid in mists that every way descend.
O father Jupiter, do thou the sons of Greece release
Of this felt darkness; grace this day with fit transparences;
And give the eyes thou givest, their use; destroy us in the light,
And work thy will with us, since needs thou wilt against us fight."
This spake he weeping, and his tears Saturnius pity show'd,
Dispersed the darkness instantly, and drew away the cloud
From whence it fell; the sun shined out, and all the host appear'd;
And then spake Ajax, whose heard prayer his spirits highly cheer'd:
"Brave Menelaus, look about; and if thou canst descry
Nestor's Antilochus alive, incite him instantly
To tell Achilles that his friend, most dear to him, is dead." [he said,
He said, nor Menelaus stuck at any thing
As loth to do it, but he went. As from a grazier's stall
A lion goes, when overlaid with men, dogs, darts, and all,
Not easely losing a fat ox, but strong watch all night held,
His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and is as oft repell'd,

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The adverse darts so thick are pour'd
before his brow-hid eyes,
And burning firebrands which, for all his
great heart's heat, he flies,
And, grumbling, goes his way betimes; so
from Patroclus went
Atrides, much against his mind, his doubts
being vehement
Lest, he gone from his guard, the rest
would leave for very fear
The person to the spoil of Greece. And
yet his guardians were
Th' Ajaces and Meriones; whom much
his care did press,
And thus exhort: "Ajaces both, and you
Meriones,
Now let some true friend call to mind the
gentle and sweet nature
Of poor Patroclus; let him think, how
kind to every creature
His heart was living, though now dead."
Thus urged the fair-hair'd king,
And parted, casting round his eye. As
when upon her wing
An eagle is, whom men affirm to have the
sharpest sight
Of all air's region of fowls, and, though of
mighty height,
Sees yet within her leavy form of humble
shrubs, close laid,
A light-foot hare, which straight she stoops,
trusses, and strikes her dead;
So dead thou strook'st thy charge, O king,
through all war's thickets so
Thou look'dst, and swiftly found'st thy
man exhorting 'gainst the foe,
And heartening his plied men to blows used
in the war's left wing;
To whom thou saidst: "Thou god-loved
man, come here, and hear a thing
Which I wish never were to hear. I think
even thy eye sees
What a destruction God hath laid upon the
sons of Greece,
And what a conquest he gives Troy; in
which the best of men,
Patroclus, lies exanimate; whose person
passing fain
The Greeks would rescue and bear home;
and therefore give thy speed
To his great friend, to prove if he will do
so good a deed
To fetch the naked person off, for Hector's
shoulders wear [grieved to hear
His prised arms." Antilochus was highly
This heavy news, and stood surprised with
stupid silence long;
His fair eyes standing full of tears; his
voice, so sweet and strong,
Stuck in his bosom; yet all this wrought
in him no neglect
Of what Atrides gave in charge; but for
that quick effect
He gave Laodolus his arms (his friend that
had the guide
Of his swift horse) and then his knees were
speedily applied
In his sad message, which his eyes told all
the way in tears.
Nor would thy generous heart assist his
sore-charged soldiers
O Menelaus, in mean time, though left in
much distress;
Thou sent'st them god-like Thrasymede,
and madest thy kind regress
Back to Patroclus; where arrived, half
breathless thou didst say
To both th' Ajaces: "I have sent this
messenger away
To swift Achilles, who, I fear, will hardly
help us now,
Though mad with Hector; without arms
he cannot fight, ye know.
Let us then think of some best mean, both
how we may remove
The body, and get off ourselves from this
vociferous drove,
And fate of Trojans." "Bravely spoke at
all parts," Ajax said,
"O glorious son of Atreus. Take thou
then straight the dead,
And thou, Meriones; we two, of one mind
as one name,
Will back ye soundly, and on us receive
the wild-fire flame
That Hector's rage breathes after you,
before it come at you."
This said, they took into their arms the
body; all the show,
That might be, made to those of Troy, at
arms' end bearing it.
Out shriek'd the Trojans when they saw
the body borne to fleet,
And rush'd on. As at any boar, gash'd
with the hunter's wounds,
A kennel of the sharpest set and sorest
bitten hounds
Before their youthful huntsmen haste, and
eagerly awhile [affected spoil;
Pursue, as if they were assured of their
But when the savage, in his strength as
confident as they,
Turns head amongst them, back they fly,
and every one his way;
So troop-meal Troy pursued awhile, laying
on with swords and darts;
But when th' Ajaces turn'd on them, and
made their stand, their hearts

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Drunk from their faces all their bloods, and not a man sustain'd
The forechace, nor the after-fight. And thus Greece nobly gain'd
The person towards home. But thus, the changing war was rack'd
Out to a passing bloody length; for as once put in act
A fire, invading city roofs, is suddenly engrost,
And made a wondrous mighty flame, in which is quickly lost
A house, long building, all the while a boisterous gust of wind
Lumb'ring amongst it; so the Greeks, in bearing of their friend,
More and more foes drew, at their heels a tumult thundering still
Of horse and foot. Yet as when mules, in haling from a hill
A beam or mast, through foul deep way, well-clapp'd, and hearten'd, close
Lie to their labour, tug and sweat, and passing hard it goes,
Urged by their drivers to all haste; so dragg'd they on the corse,
Still both th' Ajaces at their backs, who back still turn'd the force.
Though after it grew still the more. Yet as a sylvan hill [narrow channel still,
Thrusts back a torrent, that hath kept a
Till at his oaken breast it beats, but there a check it takes, [stir it makes,
That sends it over all the vale, with all the
Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooty sides;
In no less firm and brave repulse, th' Ajaces curb'd the prides
Of all the Trojans; yet all held the pursuit in his strength, [Venus, who at length
Their chiefs being Hector, and the son of
Put all the youth of Greece besides in most amazeful rout, [and shrieking out;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, distraught,
A number of their rich arms lost, fall'n from them here and there,
About, and in the dike; and yet, the war concludes not here.

COMMENTARIUS.

[1] Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
Λαοῖσιν δώῃ τανύειν μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφῇ·
Δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε διαστάντες τανύουσιν
Κυκλόσ', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμὰς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ' ἀλοιφὴ
Πολλῶν ἑλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·
Ὡς οἵ γ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγῃ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
Ἕλκεον ἀμφότεροι.

Thus translated *ad verbum* by Spondanus:—

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bovis magni pellem
Populis dederit distendendam temulentam pinguedine,
Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt
In orbem, statim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps,
Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota undique;
Sic hi huc et illuc cadaver parvo in spatio
Trahebant utrique.

Laurent. Valla thus in prose:—

Et quemadmodum si quis pinguem tauri pellem à pluribus extendi juberet; inter extendendum et humor et pingue desudat; sic illi huc parvo in spatio distrahebant.

Eobanus thus in verse:—

—— Ac si quis distendere pellem
Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine multâ,
Multorum manibus, terræ desudet omasum,
Et liquor omnis humi; sic ipsum tempore parvo
Patroclum in diversa, manus numerosa trahebat, &c.

To answer a hot objection made to me by a great scholar for not translating Homer word for word and letter for letter, as out of his heat he strained it, I am enforced to cite this admirable simile, like the other before in my Annotations at the end of the Fifteenth Book, and refer it to my judicial reader's examination whether such a translation becomes Homer or not; by noting so much as needs to be by one example: whether the two last above-said translators, in being so short with our everlasting master, do him so much right as my poor conversion, expressing him by necessary exposition and illustration of his words and meaning with more words or not. The reason of his simile is to illustrate the strife of both the armies for the

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body of Patroclus; which it doth perform most inimitably, their toil and sweat about it being considered, which I must pray you to turn to before. The simile itself, yet, I thought not unfit to insert here to come up the closer to them with whom I am to be compared, my pains and understanding converting it thus:—

——— And as a huge ox-hide
A currier gives amongst his men, to supple and extend
With oil, till it be drunk withal, they tug, stretch out, and spend
Their oil and liquor liberally, and chafe the leather so
They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their liquors go,
A number of them set a-work, and in an orb they pull,
That all ways all parts of the hide they may extend at full;
So here and there did both hosts hale the corse in little place,
And wrought it all ways with their sweat, &c.*

In which last words of the application considered, lies the life of this illustration: our Homer's divine invention wherein, I see not in any of their shorter translations touched at. But what could express more the toil about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the opposite advantage served on both sides? An ox's hide, after the tanning, asking so much labour and oil to supple and extend it,——ταινίων μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφῇ, *distendendam, temulentam pinguedine; to be stretched out, being drunk with tallow, oil, or liquor;* the word μεθύουσαν, which signifies *temulentam*, of μεθύω signifying *ebrius sum* (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to express so, both because it is Homer's, and doth much more illustrate than *crassam pinguedine multâ*, as Eobanus turns it. But Valla leaves it clearly out, and with his briefness utterly maims the simile, which (to my understanding being so excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the sense of it, since I see not that any translator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (against the objector that would have no more words than Homer used, in his translator) I hope those few words I use more, being necessary to express such a sense as I understand in Homer, will be at least borne withal; without which, and other such needful explanations, the most ingenious invention and sense of so matchless a writer might pass endlessly obscured and unthought on; my manner of translation being partly built on this learned and judicious authority: *Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum et ordinem sectari, sed res ipsas et sententias attentè perpendere, easque verbis et formulis orationis vestire idoneis et aptis ei linguæ in quam convertitur.*

[2] ——εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη, &c. Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phœnix, and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight, he speaks as to Phœnix, and wishes Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely; which is a continuance of his character, being expressed for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The original words yet, because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character, they utterly pervert; as, if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are these, βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἰοχὴν, which Spondanus truly interprets, *telorum vero depulerit impetum;* ἀπερύκω being a compound of ἐρύκω, signifying *arceo, repello, propulso, abigo;* and yet they translate the words, *et telis vim afferret*, as if Menelaus wished that Pallas *would give force to his darts;* which Eobanus follows, saying, *et tela valentia præstet*, most ignorantly and unsufferably converting it, supposing them to be his own darts he spake of, and would have blessed with Minerva's addition of virtue and power; where Homer's are plain; he spake of the enemy's darts, whose force if she would avert, he would fight for Patroclus.

[3] Καὶ οἱ μυίης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνῆκε, &c. *Et ei muscæ audaciam in pectoribus immisit.* Minerva inspired him with the courage of a fly, which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer; as if he heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his irony here, agreeing with all the other silliness noted in his character. Eobanus Hessus, in pity of Homer, leaves it utterly out; and Valla comes over him with a little salve for the sore disgrace he hath by his ignorant readers' laughters, and expounds the words above-said thus: *Lene namque ejus ingenium prudenti audaciâ implevit*, laying his medicine nothing near the place. Spondanus (disliking Homer with the rest in this simile) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry encomium of a fly,

* There are some curious verbal differences between this passage as quoted here and as printed in the text (p. 211).—Ed.

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and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon Homer; which, because it is already answered in the irony to be understood in Homer (he laughing at all men so ridiculous) I forbear to repeat, and cite only Eustathius, that would salve it with altering the word θάρσος, which signifies *confidentia*, or *audacia* (*per metathesin literæ* ρ) for θράσος which is *temeritas;* of which I see not the end, and yet cite all to shew how such great clerks are perplexed, and abuse Homer, as not being *satis compotes mentis poeticæ;* for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot supply) they are thus often gravelled and mistaken.

4 Ὡς αἰετὸς, &c. *Veluti aquila.* The sport Homer makes with Menelaus is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another simile, resembling him intentionally to a hare-finder, though, for colour's sake, he useth the word eagle; as in all other places where he presents him (being so eminent a person) he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it clear, being here, and in divers other places, made a messenger from Ajax and others to call such and such to their aid; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had been in magnanimity and valour equal, or any thing near it. But to confirm his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called μαλθακὸς αἰχμητὴς, *mollis bellator;* and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were hardier and abler. In going about which business, Homer shews how he looked about, leering like a hare-finder; for to make it simply a simile illustrating the state of his address in that base affair had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other sense (because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment) let none detract so miserably from him as to take this otherwise than a continuance of his irony.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

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THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES mourns, told of Patroclus' end;
When Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend
And comfort him; advising to abstain
From any fight till her request could gain
Fit arms of Vulcan. Juno yet commands
To show himself. And at the dike he stands
In sight of th' enemy; who with his sight
Flies; and a number perish in the flight.
Patroclus' person (safe brought from the wars)
His soldiers wash. Vulcan the arms prepares.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Sigma continues the alarms,
And fashions the renowmed arms.

THEY fought still like the rage of fire. And now Antilochus
Came to Æacides, whose mind was much solicitous
For that which, as he fear'd, was fall'n. He found him near the fleet
With upright sail-yards, uttering this to his heroic conceit:
"Ay me, why see the Greeks themselves, thus beaten from the field,
And routed headlong to their fleet? O let not heaven yield [was foretold,
Effect to what my sad soul fears, that, as I
The strongest Myrmidon next me, when I should still behold
The sun's fair light, must part with it. Past doubt Menœtius' son
Is he on whom that fate is wrought. O wretch, to leave undone
What I commanded; that, the fleet once freed of hostile fire,
Not meeting Hector, instantly he should his powers retire."
As thus his troubled mind discoursed, Antilochus appear'd,
And told with tears the sad news thus: "My lord, that must be heard
Which would to heaven I might not tell; Menœtius' son lies dead,
And for his naked corse (his arms already forfeited,
And worn by Hector) the debate is now most vehement."
This said, grief darken'd all his powers. With both his hands he rent
The black mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head,
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds, divinely fashioned,
All filed and mangled; and himself he threw upon the shore,
Lay, as laid out for funeral, then tumbled round, and tore
His gracious curls. His ecstasy he did so far extend,
That all the ladies won by him and his now slaughter'd friend,
Afflicted strangely for his plight, came shrieking from the tents,
And fell about him, beat their breasts, their tender lineaments
Dissolved with sorrow. And with them wept Nestor's warlike son,
Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear he would have done
His person violence; his heart, extremely straiten'd, burn'd,
Beat, swell'd, and sigh'd as it would burst. So terribly he mourn'd,
That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old father's seas,
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints the bright Nereides
Flock'd all, how many those dark gulfs soever comprehend.
There Glauce, and Cymodoce, and Spio, did attend,
Nesæa, and Cymothoe, and calm Amphithoe,
Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and swift Dynamene,
Actæa, and Limnoria, and Halia the fair,
Famed for the beauty of her eyes, Amathia for her hair,
Iæra, Proto, Clymene, and curl'd Dexamene,
Pherusa, Doris, and with these the smooth Amphinome,
Chaste Galatea so renowm'd, and Callianira, came,
With Doto and Orythia, to cheer the mournful dame:
Apseudes likewise visited, and Callianassa gave
Her kind attendance, and with her Agave graced the cave,

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Nemertes, Mæra, followed, Melita, Ianesse,
With Ianira, and the rest of those Nereides
That in the deep seas make abode; all which together beat
Their dewy bosoms; and to all, thus Thetis did repeat
Her cause of mourning: "Sisters, hear, how much the sorrows weigh,
Whose cries now call'd ye. Hapless I brought forth unhappily
The best of all the sons of men; who, like a well-set plant
In best soils, grew and flourished; and when his spirit did want
Employment for his youth and strength, I sent him with a fleet
To fight at Ilion; from whence his fate-confined feet
Pass all my deity to retire. The court of his high birth,
The glorious court of Peleus, must entertain his worth
Never hereafter. All the life he hath to live with me
Must waste in sorrows. And this son I now am bent to see,
Being now afflicted with some grief, not usually grave,
Whose knowledge and recure I seek." This said, she left her cave,
Which all left with her; swimming forth, the green waves, as they swom,
Cleft with their bosoms, curl'd, and gave quick way to Troy. Being come,
They all ascended, two and two, and trod the honour'd shore,
Till where the fleet of Myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore.
There stay'd they at Achilles' ship; and there did Thetis lay
Her fair hand on her son's curl'd head, sigh'd, wept, and bade him say
What grief drew from his eyes those tears? "Conceal it not," said she,
"Till this hour thy uplifted hands have all things granted thee.
The Greeks, all thrust up at their sterns, have pour'd out tears enow,
And in them seen how much they miss remission of thy vow."
He said, "'Tis true, Olympius hath done me all that grace,
But what joy have I of it all, when thus thrusts in the place
Loss of my whole self in my friend? whom, when his foe had slain,
He spoil'd of those profaned arms, that Peleus did obtain
From heaven's high powers, solemnizing thy sacred nuptial bands,
As th' only present of them all, and fitted well their hands,
Being lovely, radiant, marvellous. O would to heav'n thy throne,
With these fair deities of the sea, thou still hadst sat upon,
And Peleus had a mortal wife; since by his means is done
So much wrong to thy grieved mind, my death being set so soon,
And never suffering my return to grace of Peleus' court; [resort;
Nor do I wish it; nor to live, in any man's
But only that the crying blood, for vengeance of my friend
Mangled by Hector, may be still'd; his foe's death paying his end."
She, weeping, said: "That hour is near, and thy death's hour then nigh;
Which, in thy wish served of thy foe, succeedeth instantly."
"And instantly it shall succeed," he answer'd, "since my fate
Allow'd not to my will a power to rescue, ere the date
Of his late slaughter, my true friend. Far from his friends he died,
Whose wrong therein my eyes had light and right to see denied.
Yet now I neither light myself, nor have so spent my light, [numbers infinite
That either this friend or the rest (in
Slaughter'd by Hector) I can help; nor grace with wish'd repair
To our dear country; but breathe here unprofitable air,
And only live a load to earth with all my strength, though none
Of all the Grecians equal it. In counsel many a one
Is my superior; what I have, no grace gets; what I want
Disgraceth all. How then too soon can hastiest death supplant
My fate-cursed life? her instrument to my indignity
Being that black fiend Contention; whom would to God might die
To gods and men; and Anger too, that kindles tyranny
In men most wise, being much more sweet than liquid honey is [enmities;
To men of power, to satiate their watchful
And like a pliant fume it spreads through all their breasts; as late
It stole stern passage thorough mine, which he did instigate

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That is our General. But the fact so long past, the effect
Must vanish with it, though both grieved; nor must we still respect
Our soothed humours. Need now takes the rule of either's mind.
And when the loser of my friend his death in me shall find,
Let death take all. Send him, ye gods; I'll give him my embrace;
Not Hercules himself shunn'd death, though dearest in the grace
Of Jupiter; even him Fate stoop'd, and Juno's cruelty.
And if such fate expect my life, where death strikes I will lie.
Meantime I wish a good renowm, that these deep-breasted dames
Of Ilion and Dardania may, for the extinguish'd flames
Of their friends' lives, with both their hands wipe miserable tears
From their so curiously-kept cheeks, and be the officers
To execute my sighs on Troy, when (seeing my long retreat
But gather'd strength, and gives my charge an answerable heat)
They well may know 'twas I lay still, and that my being away
Presented all their happiness. But any further stay
(Which your much love perhaps may wish) assay not to persuade;
All vows are kept, all prayers heard; now, free way for fight is made."
The silver-footed Dame replied: "It fits thee well, my son,
To keep destruction from thy friends; but those fair arms are won
And worn by Hector, that should keep thyself in keeping them,
Though their fruition be but short, a long death being near him,
Whose cruel glory they are yet. By all means then forbear [appear
To tread the massacres of war, till I again
From Mulciber with fit new arms; which, when thy eye shall see
The sun next rise, shall enter here with his first beams and me."
Thus to her sisters of the sea she turn'd, and bade them ope
The doors and deeps of Nereus; she in Olympus' top
Must visit Vulcan for new arms to serve her wreakful son,
And bade inform her father so, with all things further done.
This said, they underwent the sea, herself flew up to heaven.
In mean space, to the Hellespont and ships the Greeks were driven,
In shameful rout; nor could they yet, from rage of Priam's son,
Secure the dead of new assaults, both horse and men made on
With such impression. Thrice the feet the hands of Hector seized,
And thrice th' Ajaces thump'd him off. With whose repulse displeased,
He wreak'd his wrath upon the troops; then to the corse again
Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repulsed men,
And would not quit him quite for death. A lion almost starved
Is not by upland herdsmen driven, from urging to be served,
With more contention, than his strength by those two of a name;
And had perhaps his much-praised will, if th' airy-footed Dame,
Swift Iris, had not stoop'd in haste, ambassadress from heaven
To Peleus' son, to bid him arm; her message being given
By Juno, kept from all the gods; she thus excited him:
"Rise, thou most terrible of men, and save the precious limb
Of thy beloved; in whose behalf, the conflict now runs high
Before the fleet, the either host fells other mutually,
These to retain, those to obtain. Amongst whom most of all
Is Hector prompt; he's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall
Will make his shoulders; his head forced, he'll be most famous; rise,
No more lie idle, set the foe a much more costly prize
Of thy friend's value than let dogs make him a monument,
Where thy name will be graven." He ask'd, "What deity hath sent
Thy presence hither?" She replied: "Saturnia; she alone,
Not high Jove knowing, nor one God that doth inhabit on [I set upon
Snowy Olympus." He again: "How shall
The work of slaughter, when mine arms are worn by Priam's son?
How will my goddess mother grieve, that bade I should not arm
Till she brought arms from Mulciber! But should I do such harm

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To her and duty; who is he, but Ajax,
that can vaunt
The fitting my breast with his arms; and
he is conversant
Amongst the first in use of his; and ram-
pires of the foe
Slain near Patroclus builds to him." "All
this," said she, "we know,
And wish thou only wouldst but show thy
person to the eyes
Of these hot Ilians, that, afraid of further
enterprise,
The Greeks may gain some little breath."
She woo'd, and he was won;
And straight Minerva honour'd him, who
Jove's shield clapp'd upon
His mighty shoulders, and his head girt
with a cloud of gold
That cast beams round about his brows.
And as when arms enfold
A city in an isle, from thence a fume at
first appears
(Being in the day) but when the Even her
cloudy forehead rears,
Thick show the fires, and up they cast their
splendour, that men nigh,
Seeing their distress, perhaps may set ships
out to their supply;
So (to shew such aid) from his head a light
rose, scaling heaven,
And forth the wall he stept and stood, nor
brake the precept given
By his great mother, mix'd in fight, but
sent abroad his voice;
Which Pallas far-off echoed, who did be-
twixt them hoise
Shrill tumult to a topless height.[1] And as
a voice is heard [sphered
With emulous affection, when any town is
With siege of such a foe as kills men's
minds, and for the town
Makes sound his trumpet; so the voice
from Thetis' issue thrown
Won emulously th' ears of all. His brazen
voice once heard,
The minds of all were startled so, they
yielded; and so fear'd
The fair-maned horses, that they flew back,
and their chariots turn'd,
Presaging in their augurous hearts the
labours that they mourn'd
A little after; and their guides a reperccus-
sive dread
Took from the horrid radiance of his re-
fulgent head,
Which Pallas set on fire with grace. Thrice
great Achilles spake,
And thrice (in heat of all the charge) the
Trojans started back.
Twelve men, of greatest strength in Troy,
left with their lives exhaled
Their chariots and their darts, to death with
his three summons call'd.
And then the Grecians spritefully drew
from the darts the corse,
And hearsed it, bearing it to fleet; his
friends with all remorse
Marching about it. His great friend dis-
solving then in tears
To see his truly-loved return'd, so horsed
upon an hearse,
Whom with such horse and chariot he set
out safe and whole,
Now wounded with unpitying steel, now
sent without a soul,
Never again to be restored, never received
but so;
He follow'd mourning bitterly. The sun
(yet far to go)
Juno commanded to go down; who, in his
power's despite,
Sunk to the ocean, over earth dispersing
sudden night.
And then the Greeks and Trojans both
gave up their horse and darts.
The Trojans all to council call'd, ere they
refresh'd their hearts
With any supper, nor would sit; they
grew so stiff with fear
To see, so long from heavy fight, Æacides
appear.
Polydamas began to speak, who only
could discern
Things future by things past, and was
vow'd friend to Hector, born
In one night both. He thus advised:
"Consider well, my friends,
In this so great and sudden change, that
now itself extends,
What change is best for us t' oppose. To
this stands my command:
Make now the town our strength, not here
abide light's rosy hand,
Our wall being far off, and our foe, much
greater, still as near.
Till this foe came, I well was pleased to
keep our watches here,
My fit hope of the fleet's surprise inclined
me so; but now
'Tis stronglier guarded, and, their strength
increased, we must allow
Our own proportionate amends. I doubt
exceedingly
That this indifferency of fight 'twixt us and
th' enemy, [nothing so confine
And these bounds we prefix to them, will
Th' uncurb'd mind of Æacides. The
height of his design

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Aims at our city and our wives; and all bars in his way
(Being back'd with less than walls) his power will scorn to make his stay,
And over-run, as over-seen, and not his object. Then
Let Troy be freely our retreat; lest, being enforced, our men
'Twixt this and that be taken up by vultures, who by night
May safe come off, it being a time untimely for his might
To spend at random; that being sure. If next light show us here
To his assaults, each man will wish, that Troy his refuge were,
And then feel what he hears not now. I would to heaven mine ear
Were free even now of those complaints, that you must after hear
If ye remove not. If ye yield, though wearied with a fight
So late and long, we shall have strength in counsel and the night.
And (where we here have no more force, than need will force us to,
And which must rise out of our nerves) high ports, towers, walls will do
What wants in us; and in the morn, all arm'd upon our towers,
We all will stand out to our foe. 'Twill trouble all his powers,
To come from fleet and give us charge, when his high-crested horse
His rage shall satiate with the toil of this and that way's course,
Vain entry seeking underneath our well-defended walls, [funerals.
And he be glad to turn to fleet, about his
For of his entry here at home, what mind will serve his thirst,
Or ever feed him with sack'd Troy? the dogs shall eat him first."
At this speech Hector bent his brows, and said: "This makes not great
Your grace with me, Polydamas, that argue for retreat
To Troy's old prison; have we not enough of those towers yet?
And is not Troy yet charged enough, with impositions set
Upon her citizens, to keep our men from spoil without,
But still we must impose within? That houses with our rout
As well as purses, may be plagued? Beforetime, Priam's town
Traffick'd with divers-languaged men, and all gave the renown
Of rich Troy to it, brass and gold abounding; but her store
Is now from every house exhaust; possessions evermore
Are sold out into Phrygia and lovely Mæony;
And have been ever since Jove's wrath. And now his clemency
Gives me the mean to quit our want with glory, and conclude
The Greeks in sea-bords and our seas; to slack it, and extrude
His offer'd bounty by our flight. Fool that thou art, bewray
This counsel to no common ear, for no man shall obey;
If any will, I'll check his will. But what our self command,
Let all observe. Take suppers all, keep watch of every hand.
If any Trojan have some spoil, that takes his too much care, [any fare
Make him dispose it publicly; 'tis better
The better for him, than the Greeks. When light then decks the skies,
Let all arm for a fierce assault. If great Achilles rise,
And will enforce our greater toil, it may rise so to him.
On my back he shall find no wings, my spirit shall force my limb
To stand his worst, and give or take: Mars is our common lord,
And the desirous swordman's life he ever puts to sword."
This counsel gat applause of all, so much were all unwise;
Minerva robb'd them of their brains, to like the ill advice
The great man gave, and leave the good, since by the meaner given.
All took their suppers; but the Greeks spent all the heavy even
About Patroclus' mournful rites; Pelides leading all
In all the forms of heaviness: he by his side did fall,
And his man-slaughtering hands imposed into his oft-kiss'd breast,
Sighs blew up sighs; and lion-like, graced with a goodly crest,
That in his absence being robb'd by hunters of his whelps,
Returns to his so desolate den: and, for his wanted helps,
Beholding his unlook'd-for wants, flies roaring back again;
Hunts the sly hunter, many a vale resounding his disdain.

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So mourn'd Pelides his late loss, so weighty were his moans,
Which, for their dumb sounds, now gave words to all his Myrmidons:
"O gods," said he, "how vain a vow I made, to cheer the mind
Of sad Menœtius, when his son his hand to mine resign'd,
That high-tower'd Opus he should see, and leave rased Ilion
With spoil and honour, even with me! but Jove vouchsafes to none
Wish'd passages to all his vows; we both were destinate
To bloody one earth here in Troy; nor any more estate
In my return hath Peleus or Thetis; but because
I last must undergo the ground, I'll keep no funeral laws
(O my Patroclus) for thy corse, before I hither bring [for offering.
The arms of Hector, and his head, to thee
Twelve youths, the most renown'd of Troy, I'll sacrifice beside,
Before thy heap of funeral, to thee un-pacified.
In mean time, by our crooked sterns lie drawing tears from me,
And round about thy honour'd corse, these dames of Dardanie,
And Ilion, with the ample breasts (whom our long spears and powers
And labours purchased from the rich and by-us-ruin'd towers,
And cities strong and populous with divers-languaged men)
Shall kneel, and neither day nor night be licensed to abstain
From solemn watches, their toil'd eyes held ope with endless tears."
This passion past, he gave command to his near soldiers
To put a tripod to the fire, to cleanse the fester'd gore
From off the person. They obey'd, and presently did pour
Fresh water in it, kindled wood, and with an instant flame
The belly of the tripod girt, till fire's hot quality came
Up to the water. Then they wash'd, and fill'd the mortal wound
With wealthy oil of nine years old; then wrapp'd the body round
In largeness of a fine white sheet, and put it then in bed;
When all watch'd all night with their lord, and spent sighs on the dead.

Then Jove ask'd Juno if at length she had sufficed her spleen,
Achilles being won to arms? or if she had not been
The natural mother of the Greeks, she did so still prefer
Their quarrel? She, incensed, ask'd: why he still was taunting her,
For doing good to those she loved? since man to man might show
Kind offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know
Half such deep counsels as disclosed beneath her far-seeing state:
She, reigning Queen of goddesses, and being ingenerate
Of one stock with himself, besides the state of being his wife.
And must her wrath, and ill to Troy, continue such a strife
From time to time 'twixt him and her?" This private speech they had.
And* now the silver-footed Queen had her ascension made
To that incorruptible house, that starry golden court [immortal sort,
Of fiery Vulcan, beautiful amongst th'
Which yet the lame god built himself. She found him in a sweat
About his bellows, and in haste had twenty tripods beat,
To set for stools about the sides of his well-builded hall, [to go withal,
To whose feet little wheels of gold he put,
And enter his rich dining-room; alone, their motion free, [to see.
And back again go out alone, miraculous
And thus much he had done of them, yet handles were to add,
For which he now was making studs. And while their fashion had
Employment of his skilful hand, bright Thetis was come near;
Whom first fair well-hair'd Charis saw, that was the nuptial fere
Of famous Vulcan, who the hand of Thetis took, and said:
"Why, fair-train'd, loved, and honour'd dame, are we thus visited
By your kind presence? You, I think, were never here before.
Come near, that I may banquet you, and make you visit more."
She led her in, and in a chair of silver (being the fruit
Of Vulcan's hand) she made her sit, a foot-stool of a suit

* See Appendix, "Achille's Shield."

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Apposing to her crystal feet; and call'd
the god of fire,
For Thetis was arrived, she said, and
entertain'd desire
Of some grace that his art might grant.
" Thetis to me," said he,
" Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that
nourish'd me,
When grief consumed me, being cast from
heaven by want of shame
In my proud mother, who, because she
brought me forth so lame,
Would have me made away; and then,
had I been much distress'd,
Had Thetis and Eurynome in either's silver
breast
Not rescued me; Eurynome that to her
father had [them I made
Reciprocal Oceanus. Nine years with
A number of well-arted things, round
bracelets, buttons brave,
Whistles, and carcanets. My forge stood
in a hollow cave,
About which, murmuring with foam, th'
unmeasured ocean
Was ever beating; my abode known nor
to god nor man,
But Thetis and Eurynome, and they would
see me still;
They were my loving guardians. Now
then the starry hill,
And our particular roof, thus graced with
bright-hair'd Thetis here,
It fits me always to repay, a recompense
as dear [Charis, and appose
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haste,
Some dainty guest-rites to our friend, while
I my bellows loose
From fire, and lay up all my tools." Then
from an anvil rose
Th' unwieldy monster, halted down, and
all awry he went.
He took his bellows from the fire, and
every instrument
Lock'd safe up in a silver chest. Then
with a sponge he drest
His face all over, neck and hands, and all
his hairy breast;
Put on his coat, his sceptre took, and then
went halting forth,
Handmaids of gold attending him, resem-
bling in all worth
Living young damsels, fill'd with minds
and wisdom, and were train'd
In all immortal ministry; virtue and voice
contain'd, [these still waited on
And moved with voluntary powers; and
Their fiery sovereign, who (not apt to
walk) sate near the throne
Of fair-hair'd Thetis, took her hand, and
thus he courted her:
" For what affair, O fair-train'd queen,
reverend to me, and dear,
Is our court honour'd with thy state, that
hast not heretofore
Perform'd this kindness? Speak thy
thoughts, thy suit can be no more
Than my mind gives me charge to grant.
Can my power get it wrought?
Or that it have not only power of only act
in thought?"
She thus: "O Vulcan, is there one, of
all that are of heaven,
That in her never-quiet mind Saturnius
hath given
So much affliction as to me; whom only
he subjects,
Of all the sea-nymphs, to a man; and
makes me bear th' affects
Of his frail bed; and all against the free-
dom of my will;
And he worn to his root with age? From
him another ill
Ariseth to me; Jupiter, you know, hath
given a son, [education
The excellent'st of men, to me; whose
On my part well hath answered his own
worth, having grown
As in a fruitful soil a tree, that puts not
up alone
His body to a naked height, but jointly
gives his growth
A thousand branches; yet to him so short
a life I brought,
That never I shall see him more return'd
to Peleus' court.
And all that short life he hath spent in
most unhappy sort;
For first he won a worthy dame, and had
her by the hands
Of all the Grecians, yet this dame Atrides
countermands;
For which in much disdain he mourn'd,
and almost pined away.
And yet for this wrong he received some
honour, I must say;
The Greeks, being shut up at their ships,
not suffer'd to advance
A head out of their batter'd sterns; and
mighty suppliance
By all their grave men hath been made,
gifts, honours, all proposed
For his reflection; yet he still kept close,
and saw enclosed
Their whole host in this general plague.
But now his friend put on
His arms, being sent by him to field, and
many a Myrmidon

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In conduct of him. All the day, they fought before the gates
Of Scæa, and, most certainly, that day had seen the dates
Of all Troy's honours in her dust, if Phœbus (having done
Much mischief more) the envied life of good Menœtius' son
Had not with partial hands enforced, and all the honour given
To Hector, who hath prised his arms. And therefore I am driven
T' embrace thy knees for new defence to my loved son. Alas,
His life, prefix'd so short a date, had need spend that with grace.
A shield then for him, and a helm, fair greaves, and curets, such
As may renown thy workmanship, and honour him as much,
I sue for at thy famous hands." "Be confident," said he,
"Let these wants breed thy thoughts no care. I would it lay in me
To hide him from his heavy death, when fate shall seek for him,
As well as with renowned arms to fit his goodly limb;
Which thy hands shall convey to him; and all eyes shall admire,
See, and desire again to see, thy satisfied desire."
This said, he left her there, and forth did to his bellows go,
Apposed them to the fire again, commanding them to blow.
Through twenty holes made to his hearth at once blew twenty pair,
That fired his coals, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement, air,
As he will'd, and his work required. Amids the flame he cast
Tin, silver, precious gold, and brass; and in the stock he placed
A mighty anvil; his right hand a weighty hammer held,
His left his tongs. And first he forged a strong and spacious shield
Adorn'd with twenty several hues; about whose verge he beat
A ring, three-fold and radiant, and on the back he set
A silver handle; five-fold were the equal lines he drew
About the whole circumference, in which his hand did shew
(Directed with a knowing mind) a rare variety;
For in it he presented earth; in it the sea [and sky;
In it the never-wearied Sun, the Moon exactly round,
And all those stars with which the brows of ample heaven are crown'd,
Orion, all the Pleiades, and those seven Atlas got,
The close-beam'd Hyades, the Bear, surnamed the Chariot,
That turns about heaven's axle-tree, holds ope a constant eye
Upon Orion, and, of all the cressets in the sky, [Ocean Empery.
His golden forehead never bows to th'
Two cities in the spacious shield he built, with goodly state
Of diverse-languaged men. The one did nuptials celebrate,
Observing at them solemn feasts; the brides from forth their bowers
With torches usher'd through the streets, a world of paramours
Excited by them; youths and maids in lovely circles danced;
To whom the merry pipe and harp their spritely sounds advanced,
The matrons standing in their doors admiring. Otherwhere
A solemn court of law was kept, where throngs of people were.
The case in question was a fine, imposed on one that slew
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did sue;
Which th' other pleaded he had paid. The adverse part denied,
And openly affirm'd he had no penny satisfied. [cried 'twas best
Both put it to arbitrement: the people
For both parts, and th' assistants too gave their dooms like the rest.
The heralds made the people peace: the seniors then did bear
The voiceful heralds' sceptres, sat within a sacred sphere,
On polish'd stones, and gave by turns their sentence. In the court
Two talents gold were cast, for him that judged in justest sort.
The other city other wars employ'd as busily; [federacy,
Two armies glittering in arms, of one con-
Besieged it; and a parley had with those within the town.
Two ways they stood resolved; to see the city overthrown,
Or that the citizens should heap in two parts all their wealth,
And give them half. They neither liked, but arm'd themselves by stealth;

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Left all their old men, wives, and boys, behind to man their walls,
And stole out to their enemy's town. The Queen of martials
And Mars himself, conducted them; both which, being forged of gold,
Must needs have golden furniture, and men might so behold
They were presented Deities. The people, Vulcan forged
Of meaner metal. When they came, where that was to be urged
For which they went, within a vale close to a flood, whose stream
Used to give all their cattle drink, they there enambush'd them,
And sent two scouts out to descry, when th' enemy's herds and sheep
Were setting out. They straight came forth, with two that used to keep
Their passage always; both which piped, and went on merrily,
Nor dream'd of ambuscadoes there. The ambush then let fly,
Slew all their white-fleeced sheep and neat, and by them laid their guard.
When those in siege before the town so strange an uproar heard,
Behind, amongst their flocks and herds (being then in counsel set)
They then start up, took horse, and soon their subtle enemy met,
Fought with them on the river's shore, where both gave mutual blows
With well-piled darts. Amongst them all perverse Contention rose,
Amongst them Tumult was enraged, amongst them ruinous Fate
Had her red-finger; some they took in an unhurt estate,
Some hurt yet living, some quite slain, and those they tugg'd to them
By both the feet, stripp'd off and took their weeds, with all the stream
Of blood upon them that their steels had manfully let out.
They fared as men alive indeed drew dead indeed about.

To these the fiery Artizan did add a [new-ear'd field,
Large and thrice plough'd, the soil being soft, and of a wealthy yield;
And many men at plough he made, that drave earth here and there,
And turn'd up stitches orderly; at whose end when they were,
A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luscious wine;
Which emptied, for another stitch, the earth they undermine,
And long till th' utmost bound be reach'd of all the ample close.
The soil turn'd up behind the plough, all black like earth arose,
Though forged of nothing else but gold, and lay in show as light
As if it had been plough'd indeed, miraculous to sight.

There grew by this a field of corn, high, ripe, where reapers wrought,
And let thick handfuls fall to earth, for which some other brought
Bands, and made sheaves. Three binders stood, and took the handfuls reap'd
From boys that gather'd quickly up, and by them armfuls heap'd.
Amongst these at a furrow's end, the king stood pleased at heart,
Said no word, but his sceptre shew'd. And from him, much apart,
His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a feast prepared, [to see him shared,
And having kill'd a mighty ox, stood there
Which women for their harvest folks (then come to sup) had dress'd,
And many white wheat-cakes bestow'd, to make it up a feast.

He set near this a vine of gold, that crack'd beneath the weight
Of bunches black with being ripe; to keep which at the height,
A silver rail ran all along, and round about it flow'd
An azure moat, and to this guard, a quickset was bestow'd
Of tin, one only path to all, by which the pressmen came
In time of vintage: youths and maids, that bore not yet the flame
Of manly Hymen, baskets bore, of grapes and mellow fruit.
A lad that sweetly touch'd a harp, to which his voice did suit,
Center'd the circles of that youth, all whose skill could not do
The wantons' pleasure to their minds, that danced, sung, whistled too.

A herd of oxen then he carved, with high raised heads, forged all
Of gold and tin, for colour mix'd, and bellowing from their stall
Rush'd to their pastures at a flood, that echo'd all their throats,
Exceeding swift, and full of reeds; and all in yellow coats
Four herdsmen follow'd; after whom, nine mastives went. In head
Of all the herd, upon a bull, that deadly bellowed,

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Two horrid lions ramp'd, and seized, and tugg'd off bellowing still ;
Both men and dogs came ; yet they tore the hide, and lapp'd their fill
Of black blood, and the entrails ate. In vain the men assay'd
To set their dogs on ; none durst pinch, but cur-like stood and bay'd
In both the faces of their kings, and all their onsets fled.
Then in a passing pleasant vale, the famous Artsman fed,
Upon a goodly pasture ground, rich flocks of white-fleeced sheep,
Built stables, cottages, and cotes, that did the shepherds keep
From wind and weather. Next to these, he cut a dancing place,
All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze
For fair-hair'd Ariadne made, by cunning Dædalus ;
And in it youths and virgins danced, all young and beauteous,
And glued in one another's palms. Weeds that the wind did toss
The virgins wore ; the youths woven coats, that cast a faint dim gloss
Like that of oil. Fresh garlands too, the virgins' temples crown'd :
The youths gilt swords wore at their thighs, with silver bawdricks bound.
Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spun
As any wheel a turner makes, being tried how it will run,
While he is set ; and out again, as full of speed they wound,
Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A multitude stood round,
Delighted with their nimble sport ; to end which two begun,
Mids all, a song, and turning sung the sport's conclusion.
All this he circled in the shield, with pouring round about,
In all his rage, the Ocean, that it might never out.
This shield thus done, he forged for him, such curets as outshined
The blaze of fire. A helmet then (through which no steel could find
Forced passage) he composed, whose hue a hundred colours took,
And in the crest a plume of gold, that each breath stirr'd, he stuck.
All done, he all to Thetis brought, and held all up to her.
She took them all, and, like t' the hawk, surnamed the ospringer,
From Vulcan to her mighty son, with that so glorious show,
Stoop'd from the steep Olympian hill, hid in eternal snow.

COMMENTARIUS.

1 Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
Ἄστυ περιπλομένων δηίων ὑπὸ θυμοραϊστέων·
Ὡς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄϊον ὄπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός·

Thus turned by Spondanus *ad verbum* :—

Ut autem cognitu facilis vox est, cum clangit tuba
Urbem obsidentes hostes propter perniciosos :
Sic tunc clara vox fuit Æacidæ.
Hi autem postquam igitur audiverunt vocem ferream Æacidæ,
Omnibus commotus est animus.

Valla thus :—

Sicut enim cum obsidentibus sævis urbem hostibus, vel clarior vox, vel classicum perstrepit ; ita nunc Achilles magnâ voce inclamavit. Quam cum audirent Trojani, perturbati sunt animis."

Eobanus Hessus thus :—

Nam sicut ab urbe
Obsessâ increpuere tubæ, vel classica cantu
Ferrea ; sic Troas vox perturbabat Achillis.

Mine own harsh conversion (which I will be bold to repeat, after these, thus closely for your easier examination) is this, as before :—

——— And as a voice is heard
With emulous attention, when any town is sphered
With siege of such a foe as kills men's minds, and for the town
Makes sound his trumpet ; so the voice from Thetis' issue thrown
Won emulously the ears of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were startled so, they yielded.

In conference of all our translations, I would gladly learn of my more learned

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reader if the two last conversions do anything near express the conceit of Homer, or if they bear any grace worth the signification of his words, and the sense of his illustration; whose intent was not to express the clearness or shrillness of his voice in itself, but the envious terror it wrought in the Trojans—ἀριζήλη φωνὴ not signifying in this place *clara*, or *cognitu facilis vox*, but *emulanda vox;* ἀρίζηλος signifying *quem valdè emulamur, aut valdè æmulandus*, though these interpreters would rather receive it here for ἀρίδηλος, *verso* δ in ζ, *ut sit clarus, illustris*, &c. But how silly a curiosity is it to alter the word upon ignorance of the signification it hath in his place: the word ἀρίζηλος being a compound of ἀρι, which signifieth *valdè*, and ζῆλος, which is *æmulatio:* or of ζηλόω, which signifies *æmulor*. To this effect then (saith Homer, in this simile)—as a voice that works a terror, carrying an envy with it, sounds to a city besieged when the trumpet of a dreadful and mind-destroying enemy summons it, (for so δηΐων θυμοραϊστέων signifies; θυμοραΐστης signifying *animum destruens*, being a compound of ῥαίω, which signifies *destruo*, and θυμὸς, which is *animus*,)—that is, when the parle comes, after the trumpet's sound, uttering the resolution of the dreadful enemy before it. The further application of this simile is left out by mischance.

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

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THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THETIS presenting armour to her son,
He calls a court, with full reflection
Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men
Free-offer'd gifts. All take their breakfast then;
He only fasting, arms, and brings abroad
The Grecian host. And (hearing the abode
Of his near death by Xanthus prophesied)
The horse, for his so bold presage, doth chide.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Taũ gives the anger period,
And great Achilles comes abroad.

THE morn arose, and from the ocean, in
her saffron robe,
Gave light to all; as well to gods, as men
of th' under globe.
Thetis stoop'd home, and found the pros-
trate person of her son
About his friend, still pouring out himself
in passion;
A number more being heavy consorts to
him in his cares.
Amongst them all Thetis appear'd and,
sacred comforters,
Made these short words: "Though we
must grieve, yet bear it thus (my son)
It was no man that prostrated, in this sad
fashion
Thy dearest friend; it was a god that first
laid on his hand,
Whose will is law. The gods' decrees, no
human must withstand.
Do thou embrace this fabric of a god;
whose hand before
Ne'er forged the like; and such as yet, no
human shoulder wore."
Thus, setting down, the precious metal
of the arms was such
That all the room rung with the weight of
every slenderest touch.
Cold tremblings took the Myrmidons;
none durst sustain, all fear'd
T' oppose their eyes; Achilles yet, as soon
as they appear'd
Stern Anger enter'd. From his eyes, as if
the day-star rose,
A radiance terrifying men did all the state
enclose.
At length he took into his hands the rich
gift of the god,
And, much pleased to behold the art that
in the shield he show'd,
He brake forth into this applause: "O
mother, these right well
Shew an immortal finger's touch; man's
hand must never deal
With arms again. Now I will arm; yet,
that no honour make
My friend forgotten, I much fear, lest with
the blows of flies
His brass-inflicted wounds are filed; life
gone, his person lies
All apt to putrefaction." She bade him
doubt no harm
Of those offences, she would care, to keep
the petulant swarm
Of flies, that usually taint the bodies of the
slain,
From his friend's person: though a year,
the earth's top should sustain
His slaughter'd body, it should still rest
sound, and rather hold
A better state than worse, since time that
death first made him cold.
And so bade call a council, to dispose of
new alarms,
Where to the king, that was the pastor of
that flock in arms
He should depose all anger and put on a
fortitude
Fit for his arms. All this his powers with
dreadful strength indued.
She, with her fair hand, still'd into the
nostrils of his friend
Red nectar and ambrosia; with which she
did defend
The corse from putrefaction. He trod
along the shore,
And summon'd all th' heroic Greeks, with
all that spent before
The time in exercise with him, the mas-
ters, pilots too,
Victlers, and all. All, when they saw
Achilles summon so,
Swarm'd to the council, having long left
the laborious wars.
To all these came two halting kings, true
servitors of Mars,

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Tydides and wise Ithacus, both leaning on their spears,
Their wounds still painful; and both these sat first of all the peers.
The last come was the king of men, sore wounded with the lance
Of Coon Antenorides. All set, the first in utterance
Was Thetis' son, who rose and said: "Atrides, had not this
Conferr'd most profit to us both, when both, our enmities
Consumed us so, and for a wench, whom, when I choosed for prise,
In laying Lyrnessus' ruin'd walls amongst our victories.
I would to heaven, as first she set her dainty foot aboard, [javelin gored.
Diana's hand had tumbled off, and with a
For then, th' unmeasurable earth had not so thick been gnawn,
(In death's convulsions) by our friends; since my affects were drawn
To such distemper. To our foe, and to our foe's chief friend,
Our jar brought profit; but the Greeks will never given an end
To thought of what it prejudiced them. Past things yet past our aid;
Fit grief for what wrath ruled in them, must make th' amends repaid
With that necessity of love, that now forbids our ire; [the senseless fire
Which I with free affects obey. 'Tis for
Still to be burning, having stuff; but men must curb rage still,
Being framed with voluntary powers, as well to check the will
As gives it reins. Give you then charge, that for our instant fight
The Greeks may follow me to field, to try if still the night
Will bear out Trojans at our ships. I hope there is some one,
Amongst their chief encouragers, will thank me to be gone,
And bring his heart down to his knees in that submission."
The Greeks rejoiced to hear the heart of Peleus' mighty son
So qualified. And then the king (not rising from his throne
For his late hurt) to get good ear, thus order'd his reply:
"Princes of Greece, your states shall suffer no indignity,
If, being far off, ye stand and hear; nor fits it such as stand [now in hand
At greater distance, to disturb the council
By uproar, in their too much care of hearing. Some, of force,
Must lose some words; for hard it is, in such a great concourse
(Though hearers' ears be ne'er so sharp) to touch at all things spoke;
And in assemblies of such thrust, how can a man provoke
Fit power to hear, or leave to speak? Best auditors may there
Lose fittest words; and the most vocal orator fit ear.
My main end then, to satisfy Pelides with reply, [speech especially
My words shall prosecute; to him my
Shall bear direction. Yet I wish, the court in general
Would give fit ear; my speech shall need attention of all.
Oft have our peers of Greece much blamed my forcing of the prise
Due to Achilles; of which act, not I, but destinies,
And Jove himself, and black Erinnys (that casts false mists still
Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her power and will)
Are authors. What could I do then? The very day and hour
Of our debate, that fury stole in that act on my power.
And more; all things are done by strife; that ancient seed of Jove,
Ate, that hurts all, perfects all: her feet are soft, and move
Not on the earth, they bear her still aloft men's heads, and there
The harmful hurts them. Nor was I alone her prisoner,
Jove, best of men and gods, hath been. Not he himself hath gone
Beyond her fetters: no, she made a woman put them on;
For when Alcmena was to vent the force of Hercules
In well-wall'd Thebes, thus Jove triumph'd: 'Hear, gods and goddesses,
The words my joys urged: In this day, Lucina, bringing pain
To labouring women, shall produce into the light of men
A man that all his neighbour kings shall in his empire hold,
And vaunt that more than manly race whose honour'd veins enfold
My eminent blood.' Saturnia conceived a present sleight,
And urged confirmance of his vaunt t' infringe it; her conceit

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In this sort urged: 'Thou wilt not hold
thy word with this rare man;
Or, if thou wilt, confirm it with the oath
Olympian,
That whosoever falls this day betwixt a
woman's knees,
Of those men's stocks that from thy blood
derive their pedigrees,
Shall all his neighbour towns command.'
Jove, ignorant of fraud,
Took that great oath, which his great ill
gave little cause t' applaud.
Down from Olympus' top she stoop'd, and
quickly reach'd the place
In Argos where the famous wife of Sthene-
lus, whose race
He fetch'd from Jove by Perseus, dwelt.
She was but seven months gone
With issue, yet she brought it forth;
Alcmena's matchless son
Delay'd from light; Saturnia repress'd the
teeming throes
Of his great mother. Up to heaven she
mounts again, and shows,
In glory, her deceit to Jove. 'Bright-
lightening Jove,' said she,
'Now th' Argives have an emperor; a son
derived from thee
Is born to Persean Sthenelus, Eurystheus
his name, [to him.' This came
Noble and worthy of the rule thou sworest
Close to the heart of Jupiter; and Ate,
that had wrought
This anger by Saturnia, by her bright hair
he caught,
Held down her head, and over her made
this infallible vow:
That never to the cope of stars should
reascend that brow,
Being so infortunate to all. Thus, swing-
ing her about,
He cast her from the fiery heaven; who
ever since thrust out
Her fork'd sting in th' affairs of men.
Jove ever since did grieve,
Since his dear issue Hercules did by his
vow achieve
Th' unjust toils of Eurystheus. Thus fares
it now with me,
Since under Hector's violence the Grecian
progeny
Fell so unfitly by my spleen; whose falls
will ever stick
In my grieved thoughts; my weakness yet
(Saturnius making sick
The state my mind held) now recured, th'
amends shall make even weight
With my offence. And therefore rouse
thy spirits to the fight
With all thy forces; all the gifts, propose
thee at thy tent
Last day by royal Ithacus, my officers shal
present.
And, if it like thee, strike no stroke, though
never so on thorns
Thy mind stands to thy friend's revenge,
till my command adorns
Thy tents and coffers with such gifts, as
well may let thee know
How much I wish thee satisfied." He
answer'd: "Let thy vow,
Renown'd Atrides, at thy will be kept, as
justice would,
Or keep thy gifts; 'tis all in thee. The
council now we hold
Is for repairing our main field with all our
fortitude.
My fair shew made brooks no retreat; nor
must delays delude
Our deeds' expectance. Yet undone the
great work is. All eyes
Must see Achilles in first fight depeopling
enemies,
As well as counsel it in court; that every
man set on [upon."
May choose his man to imitate my exercise
Ulysses answer'd: "Do not yet, thou
man made like the gods,
Take fasting men to field. Suppose, that
whatsoever odds
It brings against them with full men, thy
boundless eminence
Can amply answer; yet refrain to tempt a
violence.
The conflict wearing out our men was late,
and held as long,
Wherein, though most Jove stood for Troy,
he yet made our part strong
To bear that most. But 'twas to bear, and
that breeds little heart.
Let wine and bread then add to it; they
help the twofold part,
The soul and body, in a man, both force
and fortitude.
All day men cannot fight and fast, though
never so indued
With minds to fight; for, that supposed,
there lurks yet secretly
Thirst, hunger, in th' oppressed joints,
which no mind can supply.
They take away a marcher's knees. Men's
bodies throughly fed,
Their minds share with them in their
strength; and, all day combated,
One stirs not, till you call off all. Dismiss
them then to meat,
And let Atrides tender here, in sight of all
this seat,

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The gifts he promised. Let him swear
before us all, and rise
To that oath, that he never touch'd in any
wanton wise
The lady he enforced. Besides, that he
remains in mind
As chastely satisfied; not touch'd, or
privily inclined
With future vantages. And last, 'tis fit he
should approve
All these rites at a solemn feast in honour
of your love,
That so you take no mangled law for
merits absolute.
And thus the honours you receive, resolving
the pursuit
Of your friend's quarrel, well will quit your
sorrow for your friend.
And thou, Atrides, in the taste of so severe
an end,
Hereafter may on others hold a juster
government;
Nor will it aught impair a king, to give a
sound content
To any subject soundly wrong'd." "I
joy," replied the king,
"O Laertiades, to hear thy liberal coun-
selling;
In which is all decorum kept, nor any
point lacks touch
That might be thought on to conclude a
reconcilement such
As fits example, and us two. My mind yet
makes me swear,
Not your impulsion; and that mind shall
rest so kind and clear,
That I will not forswear to God. Let then
Achilles stay, [men here I pray
Though never so inflamed for fight, and all
To stay, till from my tents these gifts be
brought here, and the truce
At all parts finish'd before all. And thou
of all I choose,
Divine Ulysses, and command to choose of
all your host
Youths of most honour, to present to him
we honour most,
The gifts we late vow'd, and the dames.
Mean space about our tents
Talthybius shall provide a boar,[1] to crown
these kind events
With thankful sacrifice to Jove, and to the
God of light."
Achilles answer'd: "These affairs will
shew more requisite,
Great king of men, some other time, when
our more free estates
Yield fit cessation from the war, and when
my spleen abates;
But now, to all our shames besides, our
friends by Hector slain
(And Jove to friend) lie unfetch'd off.
Haste, then, and meat your men;
Though I must still say, my command
would lend them fasting forth,
And altogether feast at night. Meat will
be something worth,
When stomachs first have made it way
with venting infamy,
And other sorrows late sustain'd, with
long'd-for wreaks, that lie
Heavy upon them, for right's sake. Before
which load he got
From off my stomach, meat nor drink, I
vow, shall down my throat,
My friend being dead, who digg'd with
wounds, and bored through both his feet,
Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the
tears doth fleet
Of his associates. Meat and drink have
little merit then
To comfort me; but blood, and death,
and deadly groans of men."
The great in counsels yet made good his
former counsels thus:
"O Peleus' son, of all the Greeks by much
most valorous,
Better and mightier than myself, no little
with thy lance
I yield thy worth; in wisdom, yet, no less
I dare advance
My right above thee, since above in years,
and knowing more.
Let then thy mind rest in thy words. We
quickly shall have store
And all satiety of fight, whose steel heaps
store of straw [that doth withdraw
And little corn upon a floor, when Jove,
And join all battles, once begins t' incline
his balances,
In which he weighs the lives of men. The
Greeks you must not press
To mourning with the belly; death hath
nought to do with that
In healthful men that mourn for friends.
His steel we stumble at,
And fall at, every day you see, sufficient
store, and fast.
What hour is it that any breathes? We
must not use more haste,
Than speed holds fit for our revenge: nor
should we mourn too much.
Who dead is, must be buried; men's
patience should be such,
That one day's moan should serve one
man: the dead must end with death,
And life last with what strengthens life.
All those that held their breath

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From death in fight the more should eat, that so they may supply
Their fellows that have stuck in field, and fight incessantly.
Let none expect reply to this, nor stay; for this shall stand
Or fall with some offence to him that looks for new command,
Whoever in dislike holds back. All join then, all things fit
Allow'd for all; set on a charge, at all parts answering it."
This said, he choosed, for noblest youths to bear the presents, these:
The sons of Nestor, and with them renowm'd Meriones,
Phylides, Thoas, Lycomed, and Meges, all which went,
And Menalippus, following Ulysses to the tent
Of Agamemnon. He but spake, and with the word the deed
Had joint effect: the fitness well was answer'd in the speed.
The presents, added to the dame, the General did enforce,
Were twenty caldrons, tripods seven, twelve young and goodly horse;
Seven ladies excellently seen in all Minerva's skill,
The eighth Briseis who had power to ravish ev'ry will;
Twelve talents of the finest gold, all which Ulysses weigh'd
And carried first; and after him, the other youths convey'd
The other presents, tender'd all in face of all the court.
Up rose the king. Talthybius, whose voice had a report
Like to a god, call'd to the rites. There having brought the boar,
Atrides with his knife took say upon the part before,
And lifting up his sacred hands to Jove, to make his vows,
Grave silence strook the complete court; when, casting his high brows
Up to the broad heaven, thus he spake: "Now witness, Jupiter,
First, highest, and thou best of gods; thou Earth that all doest bear;
Thou Sun; ye Furies under earth that every soul torment
Whom impious perjury distains; that nought incontinent
In bed, or any other act to any slenderest touch [and let my plagues be such
Of my light vows, hath wrong'd the dame;
As are inflicted by the gods, in all extremity
Of whomsoever perjured men, if godless perjury
In least degree dishonour me." This said, the bristled throat
Of the submitted sacrifice, with ruthless steel he cut;
Which straight into the hoary sea Talthybius cast, to feed
The sea-born nation. Then stood up the half-celestial seed
Of fair-hair'd Thetis, strengthening thus Atrides' innocence:
"O father Jupiter, from thee descends the confluence
Of all man's ill; for now I see the mighty king of men
At no hand forced away my prise, nor first inflamed my spleen
With any set ill in himself, but thou, the king of gods,
Incensed with Greece, made that the mean to all their periods.
Which now amend we as we may, and give all suffrages
To what wise Ithacus advised; take breakfasts, and address
For instant conflict." Thus he raised the court, and all took away
To several ships. The Myrmidons the presents did convey
T' Achilles' fleet, and in his tents disposed them; doing grace
Of seat and all rites to the dames; the horses put in place
With others of Æacides. When, like Love's golden Queen,
Briseis all in ghastly wounds had dead Patroclus seen,
She fell about him, shrieking out, and with her white hands tore
Her hair, breasts, radiant cheeks, and, drown'd in warm tears, did deplore
His cruel destiny. At length she gat power to express
Her violent passion, and thus spake this like-the-goddesses:
"O good Patroclus, to my life the dearest grace it had,
I, wretched dame, departing hence, enforced, and dying sad,
Left thee alive, when thou hadst cheer'd my poor captivity, [on misery
And now return'd I find thee dead; misery
Ever increasing with my steps. The lord to whom my sire
And dearest mother gave my life in nuptials, his life's fire

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I saw before our city gates extinguish'd; and his fate
Three of my worthy brothers' lives, in one womb generate,
Felt all in that black day of death. And when Achilles' hand
Had slain all these, and rased the town Mynetes did command,
(All cause of never-ending griefs presented) thou took'st all
On thy endeavour to convert to joy as general,
Affirming, he that hurt should heal, and thou wouldst make thy friend,
Brave captain that thou wert, supply my vowed husband's end,
And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongst his Myrmidons,
Our nuptial banquets; for which grace, with these most worthy moans
I never shall be satiate, thou ever being kind, [with one sweet mind."
Ever delightsome, one sweet grace fed still
Thus spake she weeping; and with her, did th' other ladies moan
Patroclus' fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their own.
About Æacides himself the kings of Greece were placed,
Entreating him to food; and he entreated them as fast,
(Still intermixing words and sighs,) if any friend were there
Of all his dearest, they would cease, and offer him no cheer
But his due sorrows; for before the sun had left that sky [th' extremity.
He would not eat, but of that day sustain
Thus all the kings, in resolute grief and fasting, he dismiss'd;
But both th' Atrides, Ithacus, and war's old martialist,*
Idomeneus and his friend, and Phœnix, these remain'd
Endeavouring comfort, but no thought of his vow'd woe restrain'd.
Nor could, till that day's bloody fight had calm'd his blood; he still
Remember'd something of his friend, whose good was all his ill.
Their urging meat the diligent fashion of his friend renew'd
In that excitement: "Thou," said he, "when this speed was pursued
Against the Trojans, evermore apposedst in my tent [sweetly diligent,
A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and
Thou madest all meat sweet. Then the war was tearful to our foe,
But now to me; thy wounds so wound me, and thy overthrow;
For which my ready food I fly, and on thy longings feed.
Nothing could more afflict me; Fame relating the foul deed
Of my dear father's slaughter, blood drawn from my sole son's heart,
No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this foreign part
(For hateful Helen) my true love, my country, sire, and son,
I thus should part with. Scyros* now gives education,
O Neoptolemus, to thee, if living yet; from whence
I hoped, dear friend, thy longer life safely return'd from hence,
And my life quitting thine, had power to ship him home, and show
His young eyes Phthia, subjects, court; my father being now
Dead, or most short-lived, troublous age oppressing him, and fear
Still of my death's news." These sad words, he blew into the ear
Of every visitant with sighs, all echo'd by the peers,
Remembering who they left at home. All whose so humane tears
Jove pitied; and, since they all would in the good of one
Be much revived, he thus bespake Minerva: "Thetis' son,
Now, daughter, thou hast quite forgot. O, is Achilles' care
Extinguish'd in thee? prostrated in most extreme ill-fare,
He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his dead friend; the rest
Are strengthening them with meat, but he lies desperately oppress'd
With heartless fasting. Go thy ways, and to his breast instil [no ill
Red nectar and ambrosia, that fast procure
To his near enterprise." This spur he added to the free,
And, like a harpy, with a voice that shrieks so dreadfully,
And feathers that like needles prick'd, she stoop'd through all the stars,
Amongst the Grecians, all whose tents were now fill'd for the wars;

* Nestor.

* Scyros was an isle in the sea Ægeum, where Achilles himself was brought up, as well as his son.

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Her seres strook through Achilles' tent, and closely she instill'd
Heaven's most-to-be-desired feast to his great breast, and fill'd
His sinews with that sweet supply, for fear unsavoury fast
Should creep into his knees. Herself the skies again enchased.
The host set forth, and pour'd his steel waves far out of the fleet.
And as from air the frosty North-wind blows a cold thick sleet,
That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending;
So thick helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,
Flow'd from the navy's hollow womb: their splendours gave heaven's eye
His beams again: Earth laugh'd to see her face so like the sky;
Arms shined so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast,
She thunder'd, feet of men and horse importuned her so fast.
In midst of all, divine Achilles his fair person arm'd,
His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes so full of fire they warm'd,
Unsuffer'd grief and anger at the Trojans so combined.
His greaves first used, his goodly curets on his bosom shined,
His sword, his shield; that cast a brightness from it like the moon.
And as from sea sailors discern a harmful fire let run
By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flame;
Which being on hills is seen far off; but being alone, none came
To give it quench; at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friends
Driven off with tempests; such a fire, from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance, and in heaven impress'd his fervent blaze.
His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place
On his curl'd head, and like a star it cast a spurry ray, [golden hair did play,
About which a bright thicken'd bush of
Which Vulcan forged him for his plume. Thus complete arm'd, he tried
How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide
Their brave instruction; and so far they were from hindering it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit,
That from the earth the princely captain they took up to air.
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's spear,
Huge, weighty, firm, that not a Greek but he himself alone [mountain Pelion,
Knew how to shake; it grew upon the
From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his sire, and fatal 'twas [surnam'd Pelias.
To great-soul'd men, of Peleus and Pelion
Then from the stable their bright horse, Automedon withdraws
And Alcymus; put poitrils on, and cast upon their jaws
Their bridles, hurling back the reins, and hung them on the seat.
The fair scourge then Automedon takes up, and up doth get
To guide the horse. The fight's seat last, Achilles took behind;
Who look'd so arm'd as if the sun, there fall'n from heaven, had shined,
And terribly thus charged his steeds: "Xanthus and Balius, [take of us,
Seed of the Harpy, in the charge ye under-
Discharge it not as when Patroclus ye left dead in field:
But, when with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield
Our heart satiety, bring us off." Thus, since Achilles spake
As if his awed steeds understood: 'twas Juno's will to make
Vocal the palate of the one; who, shaking his fair head, [almost buried).
(Which in his mane, let fall to earth, he
Thus Xanthus spake: "Ablest Achilles, now, at least, our care
Shall bring thee off; but not far hence the fatal minutes are
Of thy grave ruin. Nor shall we be then to be reproved,
But mightiest Fate, and the great God. Nor was thy best beloved
Spoil'd so of arms by our slow pace, or courage's impair; [the golden hair,
The best of gods, Latona's son, that wears
Gave him his death's wound; though the grace he gave to Hector's hand.
We, like the spirit of the west, that all spirits can command
For power or wing, could run him off; but thou thyself must go,
So Fate ordains; God and a man must give thee overthrow."
This said, the Furies stopp'd his voice. Achilles, far in rage,
Thus answer'd him: "It fits not thee, thus proudly to presage

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My overthrow. I know myself, it is my fate to fall
Thus far from Phthia; yet that Fate shall fail to vent her gall,
Till mine vent thousands." These words used, he fell to horrid deeds;
Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hooved steeds.

COMMENTARIUS.

1 Κάπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, &c. *Aprum præparet mactandum Jovique Solique: he shall prepare a boar for sacrifice to Jove and the Sun.* It is the end of Agamemnon's speech in this book before to Ulysses, and promiseth that sacrifice to Jove and the Sun at the reconciliation of himself and Achilles. Our Commentors (Eustathius and Spondanus, &c.) will by no means allow the word κάπρος here for Homer's, but an unskilfulness in the divulger; and will needs have it ὗς or σῦς, which Spondanus says is altogether here to be understood, as Eustathius' words teach,—for to offer so fierce a beast to Jove as a boar, he says, is absurd, and cites Natalis, lib. i. cap. xvii., where he says Homer in this place makes a tame sow sacrificed to Jove, who was as tamely and simply deceived as the rest. Eustathius' reason for it is, that *sus* is *animal salax;* and since the oath Agamemnon takes at this sacrifice to satisfy Achilles, that he hath not touched Briseis, is concerning a woman, very fitly is a sow here sacrificed. But this seems to Spondanus something ridiculous (as I hope you will easily judge it) and, as I conceive, so is his own opinion to have the original word κάπρον altered, and expounded *suem.* His reason for it he makes nice to utter, saying, he knows what is set down amongst the learned touching the sacrifice of a sow. But because it is (he says) ἀπροσδιόνυσον, *nihil ad rem* (though, as they expound it, it is too much *ad rem,*) he is willing to keep his opinion in silence, unless you will take it for a splayed or gelded sow; as if Agamemnon would innuate that as this sow, being splayed, is free from Venus, so had he never attempted the dishonour of Briseis. And peradventure, says Spondanus, you cannot think of a better exposition; when a worse cannot be conjectured, unless that of Eustathius, as I hope you will clearly grant me when you hear but mine, which is this: The sacrifice is not made by Agamemnon for any resemblance or reference it hath to the lady now to be restored (which since these clerks will needs have it a sow, in behalf of ladies, I disdain) but only to the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles; for a sacred sign whereof, and that their wraths were now absolutely appeased, Agamemnon thought fit a boar (being the most wrathful of all beasts) should be sacrificed to Jove; intimating that in that boar they sacrificed their wraths to Jupiter, and became friends. And thus is the original word preserved, which (together with the sacred sense of our Homer) in a thousand other places suffers most ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary both with finding faults and my labour) till a refreshing come, I will end my poor Comment; holding it not altogether unfit, with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, and make it something probable that their oversight in this trifle is accompanied with a thousand other errors in matter of our divine Homer's depth and gravity; which will not open itself to the curious austerity of belabouring art, but only to the natural and most ingenuous soul of our thrice-sacred Poesy.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

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THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Jove's permission, all the gods descend
To aid on both parts. For the Greeks contend
Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercury. The deities that prefer
The Trojan part are Phœbus, Cyprides,
Phœbe, Latona, and the foe to peace,*
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a mist
Preserves Æneas (daring to resist
Achilles;) by whose hand much scath is done;
Besides the slaughter of old Priam's son
Young Polydor, whose rescue Hector makes;
Him flying, Phœbus to his rescue takes.
The rest, all shunning their importuned fates,
Achilles beats even to the Ilian gates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Upsilon, Strife stirs in heaven;
The day's grace to the Greeks is given.

THE Greeks thus arm'd, and made in-
satiate with desire of fight,
About thee, Peleus' son, the foe, in ground
of greatest height,
Stood opposite, ranged. Then Jove charged
Themis from Olympus' top
To call a court: she every way dispersed,
and summon'd up
All deities; not any flood, besides
Oceanus,
But made appearance; not a nymph (that
arbours odorous,
The heads of floods, and flowery meadows,
make their sweet abodes)
Was absent there; but all at his court, that
is king of gods,
Assembled, and, in lightsome seats of
admirable frame,
Perform'd for Jove by Vulcan, sat. Even
angry Neptune came,
Nor heard the goddess with unwilling ear;
but with the rest
Made free ascension from the sea, and did
his state invest
In midst of all, began the council, and in-
quired of Jove
His reason for that session, and on what
point did move
His high intention for the foes; he thought
the heat of war
Was then near breaking out in flames. To
him the Thunderer:
"Thou know'st this council by the rest of
those fore-purposes
That still inclined me; my cares still must
succour the distress
Of Troy; though in the mouth of Fate,
yet vow I not to stir
One step from off this top of heaven, but
all th' affair refer
To any one. Here I'll hold state, and
freely take the joy
Of either's fate. Help whom ye please;
for 'tis assured that Troy
Not one day's conflict can sustain against
Æacides,
If Heaven oppose not. His mere looks
threw darts enow t' impress
Their powers with trembling; but when
blows, sent from his fiery hand,
(Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend)
shall come and countermand
Their former glories, we have fear, that
though Fate keep their wall,
He'll overturn it. Then descend; and
cease not till ye all
Add all your aids; mix earth and heaven
together with the fight
Achilles urgeth." These his words did
such a war excite,
As no man's power could wrastle down;
the gods with parted hearts
Departed heaven, and made earth war. To
guide the Grecian darts,
Juno and Pallas, with the god that doth
the earth embrace,
And most-for-man's-use Mercury (whom
good wise inwards grace)
Were partially and all employ'd; and with
them halted down
(Proud of his strength) lame Mulciber, his
walkers quite misgrown,
But made him tread exceeding sure. To
aid the Ilian side, [him accompanied
The changeable in arms went, Mars; and
Diana that delights in shafts, and Phœbus
never shorn, [of whom was born
And Aphrodite laughter-pleased, and she

* Mars.

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Still young Apollo, and the flood that runs on golden sands
Bright Xanthus. All these aided Troy; and, till these lent their hands,
The Grecians triumph'd in the aid Æacides did add; [gloriously clad
The Trojans trembling with his sight; so
He overshined the field, and Mars no harmfuller than he,
He bore the iron stream on clear. But when Jove's high decree
Let fall the gods amongst their troops, the field swell'd, and the fight
Grew fierce and horrible. The Dame,* that armies doth excite,
Thunder'd with clamour, sometimes set at dike without the wall,
And sometimes on the bellowing shore. On th' other side, the call
Of Mars to fight was terrible, he cried out like a storm, [would inform
Set on the city's pinnacles; and there he
Sometimes his heartenings, other times where Simois pours on
His silver current at the foot of high Callicolon.
And thus the blest gods both sides urged; they all stood in the mids,
And brake contention to the hosts. And over all their heads
The gods' king in abhorred claps his thunder rattled out.
Beneath them Neptune toss'd the earth; the mountains round about
Bow'd with affright and shook their heads; Jove's hill the earthquake felt,
(Steep Ida) trembling at her roots, and all her fountains spilt,
Their brows all crannied. Troy did nod; the Grecian navy play'd
As on the sea; th' infernal king, that all things frays, was fray'd,
And leapt affrighted from his throne, cried out, lest over him
Neptune should rend in two the earth, and so his house, so dim,
So loathsome, filthy, and abhorr'd of all the gods beside,
Should open both to gods and men. Thus all things shook and cried,
When this black battle of the gods was joining: thus array'd
'Gainst Neptune, Phœbus with wing'd shafts; 'gainst Mars, the blue-eyed maid;
'Gainst Juno, Phœbe, whose white hands bore singing darts of gold,
Her side arm'd with a sheaf of shafts, and (by the birth twofold

* Pallas.

Of bright Latona) sister twin to him that shoots so far.
Against Latona, Hermes stood, grave guard, in peace and war,
Of human beings. 'Gainst the god, whose empire is in fire,
The watery godhead, that great flood, to shew whose power entire
In spoil as th' other, all his stream on lurking whirlpits trod,
Xanthus by gods, by men Scamander, call'd. Thus god 'gainst god
Enter'd the field. Æacides sustain'd a fervent mind
To cope with Hector; past all these, his spirit stood inclined
To glut Mars with the blood of him. And at Æacides [impress
Apollo set Anchises' son; but first he did
A more than natural strength in him, and made him feel th' excess
Infused from heaven; Lycaon's shape gave show to his address,
(Old Priam's son) and thus he spake: "Thou counsellor of Troy,
Where now fly out those threats that late put all our peers in joy
Of thy fight with Æacides? Thy tongue once, steep'd in wine,
Durst vaunt as much." He answer'd him: "But why wouldst thou incline
My powers 'gainst that proud enemy, and 'gainst my present heat?
I mean not now to bid him blows: that fear sounds my retreat,
That heretofore discouraged me, when after he had rased
Lyrnessus, and strong Pedasus, his still breathed fury chased
Our oxen from th' Idæan hill, and set on me; but Jove
Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walk'd above
This centre now but propt by him; Minerva's hand (that held
A light to this her favourite, whose beams shew'd and impell'd
His powers to spoil) had ruin'd me, for these ears heard her cry:
'Kill, kill the seed of Ilion, kill th' Asian Lelegi.'
Mere man then must not fight with him that still hath gods to friend,
Averting death on others' darts, and giving his no end
But with the ends of men. If God like fortune in the fight
Would give my forces, not with ease wing'd victory should light

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On his proud shoulders, nor he 'scape,
though all of brass he boasts
His plight consisteth." He replied: "Pray
thou those gods of hosts,
Whom he implores, as well as he; and his
chance may be thine;
Thou camest of gods like him; the Queen
that reigns in Salamine
Fame sounds thy mother; he derived of
lower Deity,
Old Nereus' daughter bearing him. Bear
then thy heart as high,
And thy unwearied steel as right; nor ut-
terly be beat
With only cruelty of words, not proof
against a threat."
This strengthen'd him, and forth he
rush'd; nor could his strengthening fly
White-wristed Juno, nor his drifts. She
every deity
Of th' Achive faction call'd to her, and
said: "Ye must have care,
Neptune and Pallas, for the frame of this
important war
Ye undertake here. Venus' son, by Phœ-
bus being impell'd
Runs on Achilles; turn him back, or see
our friend upheld
By one of us. Let not the spirit of
Æacides
Be over-dared, but make him know the
mightiest deities
Stand kind to him; and that the gods,
protectors of these towers
That fight against Greece, and were here
before our eminent powers,
Bear no importance. And besides, that all
we stoop from heaven,
To curb this fight, that no impair be to his
person given
By any Trojans, nor their aids, while this
day bears the sun.
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt in
his birth-thread, and spun
By Parcas in that point of time his mother
gave him air,
He must sustain. But if Report perform
not the repair
Of all this to him, by the voice of some
immortal state,
He may be fearful (if some god should set
on him) that Fate
Makes him her minister. The gods, when
they appear to men,
And manifest their proper forms, are pass-
ing dreadful then."
Neptune replied: "Saturnia, at no time
let your care [only humans are,
Exceed your reason; 'tis not fit Where
We must not mix the hands of gods, our
odds is too extreme.
Sit we by, in some place of height, where
we may see to them,
And leave the wars of men to men. But if
we see from thence
Or Mars or Phœbus enter fight, or offer
least offence
To Thetis' son, not giving free way to his
conquering rage,
Then comes the conflict to our cares; we
soon shall disengage
Achilles, and send them to heaven, to settle
their abode
With equals, flying under-strifes." This
said, the black-hair'd god
Led to the tower of Hercules, built circular
and high
By Pallas and the Ilians, for fit security
To Jove's divine son* 'gainst the whale, that
drave him from the shore
To th' ample field. There Neptune sat,
and all the gods that bore
The Greeks good meaning, casting all
thick mantles made of clouds
On their bright shoulders. Th' opposed
gods sat hid in other shrouds
On top of steep Callicolon, about thy
golden sides,
O Phœbus, brandisher of darts, and thine,
whose rage abides
No peace in cities. In this state, these
gods in council sate,
All lingering purposed fight, to try who
first would elevate
His heavenly weapon. High-throned Jove
cried out to set them on,
Said, all the field was full of men, and that
the earth did groan
With feet of proud encounterers, burn'd
with the arms of men
And barbed horse. Two champions for
both the armies then
Met in their midst, prepared for blows;
divine Æacides,
And Venus' son. Æneas first stepp'd
threatening forth the prease,
His high helm nodding, and his breast
barr'd with a shady shield,
And shook his javelin. Thetis' son did his
part to the field.
As when the harmful king of beasts (sore
threaten'd to be slain
By all the country up in arms) at first
makes coy disdain

* Hercules.

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Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led
Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head,
Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs waddled with stripes to learn
Their own power; his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
Secure of killing; so his power then roused up to his will
Matchless Achilles, coming on to meet Anchises' son.
Both near, Achilles thus inquired: "Why stand'st thou thus alone,
Thou son of Venus? calls thy heart to change of blows with me?
Sure Troy's whole kingdom is proposed; some one hath promised thee
The throne of Priam for my life; but Priam's self is wise,
And, for my slaughter, not so mad to make his throne thy prise.
Priam hath sons to second him. Is't then some piece of land, [victorious hand
Past others fit to set and sow, that thy
The Ilians offer for my head? I hope that prise will prove
No easy conquest. Once, I think, my busy javelin drove,
With terror, those thoughts from your spleen. Retain'st thou not the time,
When single on th' Idæan hill I took thee with the crime
Of runaway? thy oxen left? and when thou hadst no face
That I could see; thy knees bereft it, and Lyrnessus was
The mask for that. Then that mask, too, I open'd to the air
(By Jove and Pallas' help), and took the free light from the fair,
Your ladies bearing prisoners; but Jove and th' other gods
Then saft thee. Yet again I hope, they will not add their odds
To save thy wants, as thou presumest. Retire then, aim not at
Troy's throne by me; fly ere thy soul flies; fools are wise too late."
He answer'd him: "Hope not that words can child-like terrify
My stroke-proof breast. I well could speak in this indecency,
And use tart terms; but we know well what stock us both put out,
Too gentle to bear fruits so rude. Our parents ring about
The world's round bosom, and by fame their dignities are blown
To both our knowledges, by sight neither to either known,
Thine to mine eyes, nor mine to thine. Fame sounds thy worthiness
From famous Peleus; the sea-nymph, that hath the lovely tress,
Thetis, thy mother; I myself affirm my sire to be
Great-soul'd Anchises; she that holds the Paphian deity,
My mother. And of these this light is now t' exhale the tears
For their loved issue; thee or me; child-ish, unworthy dares
Are not enough to part our powers; for if thy spirits want
Due excitation, by distrust of that desert I vaunt,
To set up all rests for my life, I'll lineally prove
(Which many will confirm) my race. First, cloud-commanding Jove
Was sire to Dardanus, that built Dardania; for the walls
Of sacred Ilion spread not yet these fields; those fair-built halls
Of divers-languaged men, not raised; all then made populous
The foot of Ida's fountful hill. This Jove-got Dardanus
Begot king Erichthonius, for wealth past all compares [thousand mares,
Of living mortals; in his fens he fed three
All neighing by their tender foals, of which twice-six were bred
By lofty Boreas, their dams loved by him as they fed,
He took the brave form of a horse that shook an azure mane,
And slept with them. These twice-six colts had pace so swift, they ran
Upon the top-ayles of corn-ears, nor bent them any whit;
And when the broad back of the sea their pleasure was to sit,
The superficies of his waves they slid upon, their hoves
Not dipp'd in dank sweat of his brows. Of Erichthonius' loves
Sprang Tros, the king of Troians. Tros three young princes bred,
Ilus, renown'd Assaracus, and heavenly Ganymed
The fairest youth of all that breathed, whom, for his beauty's love,
The gods did ravish to their state, to bear the cup to Jove.

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Ilus begot Laomedon. God-like Laomedon
Got Tithon, Priam, Clytius, Mars-like Hycetaon,
And Lampus. Great Assaracus, Capys begot; and he
Anchises; Prince Anchises, me. King Priam, Hector: we
Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,
But Jove gives virtue; he augments, and he impairs the worth
Of all men; and his will their rule; he, strong'st, all strength affords.
Why then paint we, like dames, the face of conflict with our words?
Both may give language that a ship, driven with a hundred oars,
Would overburthen. A man's tongue is voluble, and pours
Words out of all sorts every way. Such as you speak you hear.
What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will wear
Their tongues out, being once incensed, and strive for strife to part
(Being on their way) they travel so: from words, words may avert;
From virtue, not. It is your steel, divine Æacides,
Must prove my proof, as mine shall yours." Thus amply did he ease
His great heart of his pedigree; and sharply sent away
A dart that caught Achilles' shield, and rung so it did fray
The son of Thetis, his fair hand far-thrusting out his shield,
For fear the long lance had driven through. O fool, to think 'twould yield,
And not to know the god's firm gifts want to yield so soon
To men's poor powers. The eager lance had only conquest won
Of two plates, and the shield had five; two forged of tin, two brass,
One, that was centre-plate, of gold; and that forbade the pass
Of Anchisiades his lance. Then sent Achilles forth
His lance, that through the first fold strook, where brass of little worth
And no great proof of hides was laid; through all which Pelias ran
His iron head, and after it his ashen body
Pass to the earth, and there it stuck, his top on th' other side,
And hung the shield up; which hard down Æneas pluck'd, to hide
His breast from sword blows, shrunk up round, and in his heavy eye
Was much grief shadow'd, much afraid that Pelias stuck so nigh.
Then prompt Achilles rushing in, his sword drew; and the field
Rung with his voice. Æneas now, left and let hang his shield,
And, all-distracted, up he snatch'd a two men's strength of stone,
And either at his shield or casque he set it rudely gone,
Nor cared where, so it strook a place that put on arms for death.
But he (Achilles came so close) had doubtless sunk beneath
His own death, had not Neptune seen and interposed the odds
Of his divine power, uttering this to the Achaian gods:
"I grieve for this great-hearted man; he will be sent to hell,
Even instantly, by Peleus' son, being only moved to deal
By Phœbus' words. What fool is he! Phœbus did never mean,
To add to his great words his guard against the ruin then
Summon'd against him. And what cause hath he to head him on
To others' miseries, he being clear of any trespass done
Against the Grecians? thankful gifts he oft hath given to us.
Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat; for if thus
Achilles end him, Jove will rage; since his escape in fate take date,
Is purposed, lest the progeny of Dardanus
Whom Jove, past all his issue, loved, begot of mortal dames.
All Priam's race he hates; and this must propagate the names
Of Trojans, and their sons' sons' rule, to all posterity."
Saturnia said: "Make free your pleasure; save, or let him die.
Pallas and I have taken many, and most public oaths,
That th' ill day never shall avert her eye, red with our wroths,
From hated Troy; no, not when all in studied fire she flames
The Greek rage, blowing her last coal." This nothing turn'd his aims
From present rescue, but through all the whizzing spears he pass'd,
And came where both were combating; when instantly he cast

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A mist before Achilles' eyes, drew from the earth and shield
His lance, and laid it at his feet ; and then took up and held
Aloft the light Anchises' son, who pass'd, with Neptune's force,
Whole orders of heroes' heads, and many a troop of horse
Leapt over, till the bounds he reach'd of all the fervent broil,
Where all the Caucons' quarters lay. Thus, far freed from the toil,
Neptune had time to use these words : "Æneas, who was he
Of all the gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thee
To urge thy fight with Thetis' son, who in immortal rates
Is better and more dear than thee? Hereafter, lest, past fates,
Hell be thy headlong home, retire, make bold stand never near
Where he advanceth. But his fate once satisfied, then bear
A free and full sail ; no Greek else shall end thee." This reveal'd,
He left him, and dispersed the cloud, that all this act conceal'd
From vex'd Achilles ; who again had clear light from the skies,
And, much disdaining the escape, said : "O ye gods, mine eyes
Discover miracles : my lance submitted, and he gone
At whom I sent it with desire of his confusion !
Æneas sure was loved of heaven. I thought his vaunt from thence
Had flow'd from glory. Let him go, no more experience
Will his mind long for of my hands, he flies them now so clear.
Cheer then the Greeks, and others try." Thus ranged he everywhere
The Grecian orders ; every man (of which the most look'd on
To see their fresh lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon :
"Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze, but man to man apply [unequally
Your several valours. 'Tis a task laid too On me, left to so many men, one man opposed to all.
Not Mars, immortal and a god, not war's she-General,
A field of so much fight could chase, and work it out with blows.
But what a man may execute, that all limbs will expose,
And all their strength to th' utmost nerve (though now I lost some play
By some strange miracle) no more shall burn in vain the day
To any least beam. All this host, I'll ransack, and have hope,
Of all not one again will scape, whoever gives such scope
To his adventure, and so near dares tempt my angry lance."
Thus he excited. Hector then as much strives to advance
The hearts of his men, adding threats, affirming he would stand
In combat with Æacides : "Give fear," said he, "no hand
Of your great hearts, brave Ilians, for Peleus' talking son.
I'll fight with any god with words ; but when their spears put on,
The work runs high, their strength exceeds mortality so far,
And they may make works crown their words ; which holds not in the war
Achilles makes ; his hands have bounds ; this word he shall make good,
And leave another to the field. His worst shall be withstood
With sole objection of myself ; though in his hands he bear
A rage like fire, though fire itself his raging fingers were,
And burning steel flew in his strength." Thus he incited his ;
And they raised lances, and to work with mixed courages ;
And up flew Clamour. But the heat in Hector, Phœbus gave
This temper : "Do not meet," said he, "in any single brave
The man thou threaten'st, but in press ; and in thy strength impeach
His violence ; for, far off, or near, his sword or dart will reach."
The god's voice made a difference in Hector's own conceit
Betwixt his and Achilles' words, and gave such overweight
As weigh'd him back into his strength, and curb'd his flying out.
At all threw fierce Æacides, and gave a horrid shout.
The first, of all he put to dart, was fierce Iphition,
Surnamed Otryntides, whom Nais the water-nymph made son
To town-destroyer Otrynteus. Beneath the snowy hill [his vast
Of Tmolus, in the wealthy town of Ida, at

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Were many able men at arms. He, rushing in, took full
Pelides' lance in his head's midst, that cleft in two his skull.
Achilles knew him one much famed, and thus insulted then:
"Th' art dead, Otryntides, though call'd the terriblest of men.
Thy race runs at Gygæus' lake, there thy inheritance lay,
Near fishy Hyllus and the gulfs of Hermus; but this day
Removes it to the fields of Troy." Thus left he night to seize
His closed eyes, his body laid in course of all the prease,
Which Grecian horse broke with the strakes nail'd to their chariot wheels.
Next (through the temples) the burst eyes, his deadly javelin steels
Of great-in-Troy Antenor's son, renown'd Demoleon,
A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone
Hippodamas; who leapt from horse, and, as he fled before
Æacides his turned back, he made fell Pelias gore,
And forth he puff'd his flying soul: and as a tortured bull,
To Neptune brought for sacrifice, a troop of youngsters pull
Down to the earth, and drag him round about the hallow'd shore,
To please the watery deity with forcing him to roar,
And forth he pours his utmost throat; so bellow'd this slain friend
Of flying Ilion, with the breath that gave his being end.
Then rush'd he on, and in his eye had heavenly Polydore,
Old Priam's son, whom last of all his fruitful princess bore,
And for his youth, being dear to him, the king forbade to fight.
Yet (hot of unexperienced blood, to shew how exquisite
He was of foot, for which of all the fifty sons he held [heat of the field,
The special name) he flew before the first
Even till he flew out breath and soul; which, through the back, the lance
Of swift Achilles put in air, and did his head advance
Out at his navel. On his knees the poor prince crying fell,
And gather'd with his tender hands his entrails, that did swell
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as black as death conceal'd
Their sight, and all the world from him. When Hector had beheld
His brother tumbled so to earth, his entrails still in hand, [could he stand
Dark sorrow overcast his eyes; nor far off
A minute longer, but like fire he brake out of the throng,
Shook his long lance at Thetis' son; and then came he along
To feed th' encounter: "O," said he, "here comes the man that most
Of all the world destroys my mind, the man by whom I lost
My dear Patroclus. Now not long the crooked paths of war
Can yield us any privy scapes. 'Come, keep not off so far,'
He cried to Hector, 'make the pain of thy sure death as short,
As one so desperate of his life hath reason.'"
In no sort
This frighted Hector, who bore close, and said: "Æacides,
Leave threats for children. I have power to thunder calumnies
As well as others, and well know thy strength superior far
To that my nerves hold; but the gods, not nerves, determine war.
And yet, for nerves, there will be found a strength of power in mine
To drive a lance home to thy life. My lance as well as thine
Hath point and sharpness, and 'tis this." Thus brandishing his spear,
He set it flying; which a breath of Pallas back did bear
From Thetis' son to Hector's self, and at his feet it fell.
Achilles used no dart, but close flew in; and thought to deal
With no strokes but of sure dispatch, but, what with all his blood
He labour'd, Phœbus clear'd with ease, as being a god, and stood
For Hector's guard, as Pallas did, Æacides, for thine.
He rapt him from him, and a cloud of much Night cast between
His person and the point opposed. Achilles then exclaim'd:
"O see, yet more gods are at work. Apollo's hand hath framed,
Dog that thou art, thy rescue now; to whom go pay the vows
Thy safety owes him, I shall vent in time those fatal blows

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That yet beat in my heart on-thine, if any god remain [must maintain
My equal fautor. In mean time, my anger
His fire on other Ilians." Then laid he at his feet
Great Demochus, Philetor's son; and Dryope did greet
With like encounter. Dardanus and strong Laogonus,
Wise Bias' sons, he hurl'd from horse; of one victorious
With his close sword, the other's life he conquer'd with his lance.
Then Tros, Alastor's son, made in, and sought to scape their chance
With free submission. Down he fell, and pray'd about his knees
He would not kill him, but take ruth, as one that destinies
Made to that purpose, being a man born in the self same year
That he himself was. O poor fool, to sue to him to bear
A ruthful mind; he well might know, he could not fashion him
In ruth's soft mould; he had no spirit to brook that interim
In his hot fury; he was none of these remorseful men,
Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then.
He gladly would have made a prayer, and still so hugg'd his knee
He could not quit him; till at last his sword was fain to free
His fetter'd knees that made a vent for his white liver's blood
That caused such pitiful affects; of which it pour'd a flood
About his bosom, which it fill'd, even till it drown'd his eyes,
And all sense fail'd him. Forth then flew this prince of tragedies;
Who next stoop'd Mulius even to death with his insatiate spear;
One ear it enter'd, and made good his pass to th' other ear.
Echeclus then, Agenor's son, he strook betwixt the brows;
Whose blood set fire upon his sword, that cool'd it till the throes
Of his then labouring brain let out his soul to fixed fate,
And gave cold entry to black death. Deucalion then had state
In these men's beings, where the nerves about the elbow knit,
Down to his hand his spear's steel pierced, and brought such pain to it
As led death jointly; whom he saw before his fainting eyes; [so that off flies
And in his neck felt, with a stroke, laid on
His head. One of the twice-twelve bones, that all the backbone make,
Let out his marrow; when the head he, helm and all, did take,
And hurl'd amongst the Ilians; the body stretch'd on earth.
Rhigmus of fruitful Thrace next fell: he was the famous birth
Of Pireus; his belly's midsts the lance took, whose stern force
Quite tumbled him from chariot. In turning back the horse,
Their guider Areithous received another lance
That threw him to his lord. No end was put to the mischance
Achilles enter'd. But as fire, fall'n in a flash from heaven,
Inflames the high woods of dry hills, and with a storm is driven
Through all the sylvan deeps, and raves, till down goes everywhere
The smother'd hill; so every way Achilles and his spear
Consumed the champain, the black earth flow'd with the veins he tore.
And look how oxen, yoked and driven about the circular floor
Of some fair barn, tread suddenly the thick sheaves thin of corn,
And all the corn consumed with chaff; so mix'd and overborne,
Beneath Achilles' one-hooved horse, shields, spears, and men lay trod,
His axle-tree and chariot-wheels, all spatter'd with the blood
Hurl'd from the steeds' hooves and the strakes. Thus, to be magnified,
His most inaccessible hands in human blood he dyed.

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

In two parts Troy's host parted ; Thetis' son
One to Scamander, one to Ilion,
Pursues. Twelve lords he takes alive, to end
In sacrifice for vengeance to his friend.
Asteropæus dies by his fierce hand,
And Priam's son, Lycaon. Over land
The flood breaks where Achilles being engaged,
Vulcan preserves him, and with spirit enraged
Sets all the champain and the flood on fire.
Contention then doth all the gods inspire.
Apollo in Agenor's shape doth stay
Achilles' fury, and, by giving way,
Makes him pursue, till the deceit gives leave
That Troy in safety might her friends receive.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Phy at the flood's shore doth express
The labours of Æacides.

And now they reach'd the goodly swelling
channel of the flood,
Gulf-eating Xanthus, whom Jove mix'd
with his immortal brood ;
And there Achilles cleft the host of Ilion ;
one side fell
On Xanthus, th' other on the town ; and
that did he impel
The same way that the last day's rage put
all the Greeks in rout,
When Hector's fury reign'd ; these now
Achilles pour'd about
The scatter'd field. To stay the flight,
Saturnia cast before
Their hasty feet a standing fog ; and then
flight's violence bore
The other half full on the flood. The
silver-gulfed deep
Received them with a mighty cry, the
billows vast and steep
Roar'd at their armours, which the shores
did round about resound ;
This way and that they swum, and shriek'd,
as in the gulfs they drown'd.
And as in fired fields locusts rise, as the
unwearied blaze
Plies still their rising, till in swarms all
rush as in amaze,
For scape into some neighbour flood ; so
th' Achillean stroke
Here drave the foe. The gulfy flood with
men and horse did choke.
Then on the shore the Worthy hid and
left his horrid lance
Amids the tamarisks, and sprite-like did
with his sword advance
Up to the river ; ill affairs took up his
furious brain
For Troy's engagements ; every way he
doubled slain on slain.
A most unmanly noise was made, with
those he put to sword,
Of groans and outcries. The flood blush'd,
to be so much engored
With such base souls. And as small fish
the swift-finn'd dolphin fly,
Filling the deep pits in the ports, on whose
close strength they lie,
And there he swallows them in shoals ; so
here, to rocks and holes
About the flood, the Trojans fled ; and
there most lost their souls :
Even till he tired his slaughterous arm.
Twelve fair young princes then
He chose of all to take alive, to have them
freshly slain
On that most solemn day of wreak, re-
solved on for his friend.
These led he trembling forth the flood, as
fearful of their end
As any hind calves. All their hands he
pinioned behind
With their own girdles worn upon their
rich weeds, and resign'd
Their persons to his Myrmidons to bear to
fleet ; and he
Plunged in the stream again to take more
work of tragedy.
He met, then issuing the flood with all
intent of flight, [in the night
Lycaon, Dardan Priam's son ; whom lately
He had surprised, as in a wood of Priam's
he had cut
The green arms of a wild fig-tree, to make
him spokes to put
In naves of his new chariot. An ill then,
all unthought,
Stole on him in Achilles' shape, who took
him thence, and brought
To well-built Lemnos, selling him to
famous Jason's son :
From whom, a guest then in his house
(Imbrius Eetion),

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Redeem'd at high rate, and sent home t' Arisba, whence he fled,
And saw again his father's court; eleven days banqueted
Amongst his friends; the twelfth God thrust his hapless head again
In t' hands of stern Æacides, who now must send him slain
To Pluto's court, and 'gainst his will. Him, when Achilles knew,
Naked of helmet, shield, sword, lance (all which for ease he threw
To earth, being overcome with sweat, and labour wearying
His flying knees) he storm'd, and said: "O heaven, a wondrous thing
Invades mine eyes; those Ilians, that heretofore I slew,
Rise from the dark dead quick again: this man Fate makes eschew
Her own steel fingers. He was sold in Lemnos, and the deep
Of all seas 'twixt this Troy, and that (that many a man doth keep
From his loved country) bars not him. Come then, he now shall taste
The head of Pelias, and try if steel will down as fast
As other fortunes, or kind earth can apy surer seize
On his sly person, whose strong arms have held down Hercules."
His thoughts thus moved, while he stood firm, to see if he, he spied,
Would offer flight (which first he thought) but when he had descried
He was descried, and flight was vain, fearful, he made more nigh,
With purpose to embrace his knees, and now long'd much to fly
His black fate and abhorred death by coming in. His foe
Observed all this, and up he raised his lance as he would throw;
And then Lycaon close ran in, fell on his breast, and took
Achilles' knees; whose lance, on earth now staid, did overlook
His still-turn'd back, with thirst to glut his sharp point with the blood
That lay so ready. But that thirst Lycaon's thirst withstood
To save his blood; Achilles' knee in his one hand he knit,
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it,
But thus besought: "I kiss thy knees, divine Æacides: [present th' access
Respect me, and my fortunes rue. I now
Of a poor suppliant for thy ruth; and I am one that is
Worthy thy ruth, O Jove's beloved. First hour my miseries
Fell into any hand, 'twas thine. I tasted all my bread
By thy gift since: O since that hour that thy surprisal led
From forth the fair wood my sad feet, far from my loved allies,
To famous Lemnos, where I found an hundred oxen's prize
To make my ransom; for which now I thrice the worth will raise.
This day makes twelve, since I arrived in Ilion, many days
Being spent before in sufferance; and now a cruel fate
Thrusts me again into thy hands. I should haunt Jove with hate,
That with such set malignity gives thee my life again.
There were but two of us for whom Laothoe suffer'd pain,
Laothoe, old Alte's seed; Alte, whose palace stood
In height of upper Pedasus, near Satnius' silver flood.
And ruled the war-like Lelegi. Whose seed (as many more)
King Priam married, and begot the god-like Polydore,
And me accursed. Thou slaughter'dst him; and now thy hand on me
Will prove as mortal. I did think, when here I met with thee,
I could not scape thee; yet give ear, and add thy mind to it:
I told my birth to intimate, though one sire did beget,
Yet one womb brought not into light Hector that slew thy friend,
And me. O do not kill me then, but let the wretched end
Of Polydore excuse my life. For half our being bred [is forfeited."
Brothers to Hector, he (half) paid, no more
Thus sued he humbly; but he heard, with this austere reply:
"Fool, urge not ruth nor price to me, till that solemnity,
Resolved on for Patroclus' death, pay all his rites to fate.
Till his death I did grace to Troy, and many lives did rate
At price of ransom; but none now, of all the brood of Troy,
(Whoever Jove throws to my hands) shall any breath enjoy

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That death can beat out, specially that touch at Priam's race.
Die, die, my friend. What tears are these? what sad looks spoil thy face?
Patroclus died, that far pass'd thee: nay, seest thou not beside,
Myself, even I, a fair young man, and rarely magnified,
And, to my father being a king, a mother have that sits
In rank with goddesses; and yet, when thou hast spent thy spirits,
Death and as violent a fate must overtake even me,
By twilight, morn-light, day, high-noon, whenever destiny
Sets on her man to hurl a lance, or knit out of his string
An arrow that must reach my life." This said, a languishing
Lycaon's heart bent like his knees, yet left him strength t' advance
Both hands for mercy as he kneel'd. His foe yet leaves his lance,
And forth his sword flies, which he hid in furrow of a wound
Driven through the jointure of his neck; flat fell he on the ground,
Stretch'd with death's pangs, and all the earth imbrued with timeless blood.
Then gript Æacides his heel, and to the lofty flood
Flung, swinging, his unpitied corse, to see it swim, and toss
Upon the rough waves, and said: "Go, feed fat the fish with loss
Of thy left blood; they clean will suck thy green wounds; and this saves
Thy mother tears upon thy bed. Deep Xanthus on his waves
Shall hoise thee bravely to a tomb, that in her burly breast
The sea shall open, where great fish may keep thy funeral feast
With thy white fat; and on the waves dance at thy wedding fate,
Clad in black horror, keeping close inaccessible state.
So perish Ilians, till we pluck the brows of Ilion [still upon
Down to her feet, you flying still; I flying
Thus in the rear, and (as my brows were fork'd with rabid horns)*
Toss ye together. This brave flood, that strengthens and adorns
Your city with his silver gulfs, to whom so many bulls
Your zeal hath offer'd; with blind zeal his sacred current gulfs,
With casting chariots and horse; quick to his pray'd-for aid;
Shall nothing profit. Perish then, till cruell'st death hath laid
All at the red feet of Revenge for my slain friend; and all
With whom the absence of my hands made yours a festival."
This speech great Xanthus more enraged, and made his spirit contend
For means to shut up the oped vein against him, and defend
The Trojans in it from his plague. In mean time Peleus' son,
And now with that long lance he hid, for more blood set upon
Asteropæus, the descent of Pelegon, and he
Of broad-stream'd Axius, and the dame, of first nativity
To all the daughters that renown'd Acesamenus' seed,
Bright Peribœa, whom the flood, arm'd thick with lofty reed,
Compress'd. At her grandchild now went, Thetis' great son; whose foe
Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on by Xanthus, anger'd so
For those youths' blood shed in his stream by vengeful Thetis' son
Without all mercy. Both being near, great Thetides begun
With this high question: "Of what race art thou that darest oppose
Thy power to mine thus? cursed wombs they ever did disclose,
That stood my anger." He replied: "What makes thy fury's heat
Talk, and seek pedigrees? far hence lies my innative seat,
In rich Pæonia. My race from broad-stream'd Axius runs;
Axius, that gives earth purest drink, of all the watery sons
Of great Oceanus; and got the famous for his spear,
Pelegonus, that father'd me; and these Pæonians here,
Arm'd with long lances, here I lead; and here th' eleventh fair light
Shines on us since we enter'd Troy. Come now, brave man, let's fight."
Thus spake he, threatening; and to him Pelides made reply
With shaken Pelias; but his foe with two at once let fly,

* The word is κεραίζων, which they translate *cædens*, but properly signifies *dissipans, ut boves infestis cornibus.*

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For both his hands were dexterous. One javelin strook the shield
Of Thetis' son, but strook not through; the gold, God's gift, repell'd
The eager point; the other lance fell lightly on the part
Of his fair right hand's cubit; forth the black blood spun; the dart
Glanced over, fastening on the earth, and there his spleen was spent
That wish'd the body. With which wish Achilles his lance sent,
That quite miss'd, and infix'd itself fast in the steep-up shore;
Even to the midst it enter'd it. Himself then fiercely bore
Upon his enemy with his sword. His foe was tugging hard
To get his lance out; thrice he pluck'd, and thrice sure Pelias barr'd
His wish'd evulsion; the fourth pluck, he bow'd and meant to break
The ashen plant, but, ere that act, Achilles' sword did check
His bent power, and brake out his soul. Full in the navel-stead
He ripp'd his belly up, and out his entrails fell, and dead
His breathless body; whence his arms Achilles drew, and said:
"Lie there, and prove it dangerous to lift up adverse head
Against Jove's sons, although a flood were . ancestor to thee.
Thy vaunts urged him, but I may vaunt a higher pedigree,
From Jove himself. King Peleus was son to Æacus,
Infernal Æacus to Jove, and I to Peleus.
Thunder-voiced Jove far passeth floods, that only murmurs raise
With earth and water as they run with tribute to the seas;
And his seed theirs exceeds as far. A flood, a mighty flood,
Raged near thee now, but with no aid; Jove must not be withstood.
King Achelous yields to him, and great Oceanus,
Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps humorous,
Fetch their beginnings; yet even he fears Jove's flash, and the crack
His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his rack."*

Thus pluck'd he from the shore his lance, and left the waves to wash
The wave-sprung entrails, about which fausens and other fish
Did shoal, to nibble at the fat which his sweet kidneys hid.
This for himself: now to his men, the well-rode Pæons, did
His rage contend; all which cold fear shook into flight, to see
Their captain slain: at whose mazed flight, as much enraged flew he.
And then fell all these, Thrasius, Mydon, Astypylus,
Great Ophelestes, Ænius, Mnesus, Thersilochus.
And on these many more had fall'n, unless the angry flood
Had took the figure of a man, and in a whirlpit stood,
Thus speaking to Æacides: "Past all, power feeds thy will,
Thou great grandchild of Æacus, and past all, th' art in ill,
And gods themselves confederates; and Jove, the best of gods,
All deaths gives thee, all places not. Make my shores periods
To all shore service. In the field let thy field-acts run high,
Not in my waters. My sweet streams choke with mortality
Of men slain by thee. Carcasses so glut me, that I fail [still assail
To pour into the sacred sea my waves; yet
Thy cruel forces. Cease, amaze affects me with thy rage,
Prince of the people." He replied: "Shall thy command assuage,
Gulf-fed Scamander, my free wrath? I'll never leave pursued
Proud Ilion's slaughters, till this hand in her filed walls conclude
Her flying forces, and hath tried in single fight the chance
Of war with Hector; whose event with stark death shall advance
One of our conquests." Thus again he like a Fury flew
Upon the Trojans; when the flood his sad plaint did pursue
To bright Apollo, telling him he was too negligent
Of Jove's high charge; importuning by all means vehement
His help of Troy till latest Even should her black shadows pour
On Earth's broad breast. In all his worst, Achilles yet from shore

* The rack or motion of the clouds, for the clouds.

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Leapt to his midst. Then swell'd his waves, then raged, then boil'd again
Against Achilles. Up flew all, and all the bodies slain
In all his deeps (of which the heaps made bridges to his waves).
He belch'd out, roaring like a bull. The unslain yet he saves
In his black whirlpits vast and deep. A horrid billow stood
About Achilles. On his shield the violence of the flood
Beat so, it drave him back, and took his feet up; his fair palm
Enforced to catch into his stay a broad and lofty elm,
Whose roots he toss'd up with his hold, and tore up all the shore.
With this then he repell'd the waves, and those thick arms it bore
He made a bridge to bear him off; (for all fell in) when he
Forth from the channel threw himself. The rage did terrify
Even his great spirit,* and made him add wings to his swiftest feet,
And tread the land. And yet not there the flood left his retreat,
But thrust his billows after him, and black'd them all at top,
To make him fear, and fly his charge, and set the broad field ope
For Troy to scape in. He sprung out a dart's cast, but came on
Again with a redoubled force. As when the swiftest flown,
And strong'st of all fowls, Jove's black hawk, the huntress, stoops upon
A much loved quarry; so charged he; his arms with horror rung
Against the black waves. Yet again he was so urged, he flung
His body from the flood, and fled; and after him again
The waves flew roaring. As a man that finds a water-vein,
And from some black fount is to bring his streams through plants and groves,
Goes with his mattock, and all checks, set to his course, removes;
When that runs freely, under it the pebbles all give way,
And, where it finds a fall, runs swift; nor can the leader stay
His current then, before himself full paced it murmurs on; [vantage won;
So of Achilles evermore the strong flood
Though most deliver, gods are still above the powers of men.
As oft as th' able god-like man endeavour'd to maintain
His charge on them that kept the flood (and charged as he would try
If all the gods inhabiting the broad unreached sky
Could daunt his spirit) so oft still, the rude waves charged him round,
Ramp'd on his shoulders; from whose depth his strength and spirit would bound
Up to the free air, vex'd in soul. And now the vehement flood
Made faint his knees; so overthwart his waves were, they withstood
All the denied dust, which he wish'd; and now was fain to cry,
Casting his eyes to that broad heaven, that late he long'd to try,
And said: "O Jove, how am I left! No god vouchsafes to free
Me, miserable man. Help now, and after torture me
With any outrage. Would to heaven, Hector, the mightiest
Bred in this region, had imbrued his javelin in my breast,
That strong might fall by strong. Where now weak water's luxury
Must make my death blush, one, heaven-born, shall like a hog-herd die,
Drown'd in a dirty torrent's rage. Yet none of you in heaven
I blame for this, but she alone by whom this life was given
That now must die thus. She would still delude me with her tales,
Affirming Phœbus' shafts should end within the Trojan walls
My cursed beginning." In this strait, Neptune and Pallas flew
To fetch him off. In men's shapes both close to his danger drew,
And, taking both both hands, thus spake the shaker of the world:
"Pelides, do not stir a foot, nor these waves, proudly curl'd
Against thy bold breast, fear a jot; thou hast us two thy friends,
Neptune and Pallas, Jove himself approving th' aid we lend.
'Tis nothing as thou fear'st with fate; she will not see thee drown'd.
This height shall soon down, thine own eyes shall see it set aground.

* Note the continued height and admired expression of Achilles' glory.

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Be ruled then, we'll advise thee well; take not thy hand away [it can lay
From putting all, indifferently, to all that
Upon the Trojans, till the walls of haughty Ilion
Conclude all in a desperate flight. And when thou hast set gone
The soul of Hector, turn to fleet; our hands shall plant a wreath
Of endless glory on thy brows." Thus to the free from death
Both made retreat. He, much impell'd by charge the godheads gave,
The field, that now was overcome with many a boundless wave,
He overcame. On their wild breasts they toss'd the carcasses,
And arms, of many a slaughter'd man. And now the winged knees
Of this great captain bore aloft; against the flood he flies
With full assault; nor could that god make shrink his rescued thighs.
Nor shrunk the flood, but, as his foe grew powerful, he grew mad,
Thrust up a billow to the sky, and crystal Simoïs bade
To his assistance: "Simoïs, ho, brother," out he cried,
"Come, add thy current, and resist this man half deified,
Or Ilion he will pull down straight; the Trojans cannot stand
A minute longer. Come, assist, and instantly command
All fountains in thy rule to rise, all torrents to make in,
And stuff thy billows; with whose height, engender such a din,
With trees torn up and justling stones, as so immane a man
May shrink beneath us; whose power thrives do my power all it can;
He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his form, nor force,
Nor glorious arms shall profit it; all which, and his dead corse,
I vow to roll up in my sands, nay, bury in my mud,
Nay, in the very sinks of Troy, that, pour'd into my flood,
Shall make him drowning work enough; and, being drown'd, I'll set
A fort of such strong filth on him, that Greece shall never get
His bones from it. There, there shall stand Achilles' sepulchre,
And save a burial for his friends." This fury did transfer
His high-ridged billows on the prince, roaring with blood and foam
And carcasses. The crimson stream did snatch into her womb
Surprised Achilles; and her height stood, held up by the hand
Of Jove himself. Then Juno cried, and call'd (to countermand
This watery Deity) the god that holds command in fire,
Afraid lest that gulf-stomach'd flood would satiate his desire
On great Achilles: "Mulciber, my best lov'd son!" she cried,
"Rouse thee, for all the gods conceive this flood thus amplified
Is raised at thee, and shews as if his waves would drown the sky,
And put out all the sphere of fire. Haste, help thy empery.
Light flames deep as his pits. Ourself the West wind and the South
Will call out of the sea, and breathe in either's full-charged mouth
A storm t' enrage thy fires 'gainst Troy; which shall (in one exhaled)
Blow flames of sweat about their brows, and make their armours scald.
Go thou then, and, 'gainst these winds rise, make work on Xanthus' shore,
With setting all his trees on fire, and in his own breast pour
A fervor that shall make it burn; nor let fair words or threats [the heats
Avert thy fury till I speak, and then subdue
Of all thy blazes." Mulciber prepared a mighty fire,
First in the field used; burning up the bodies that the ire
Of great Achilles reft of souls; the quite-drown'd field it dried,
And shrunk the flood up. And as fields, that have been long time cloy'd
With catching weather, when their corn lies on the gavel heap,
Are with a constant north-wind dried, with which for comfort leap
Their hearts that sow'd them; so this field was dried, the bodies burn'd,
And even the flood into a fire as bright as day was turn'd.
Elms, willows, tamarisks, were inflamed; the lote-trees, sea-grass reeds,
And rushes, with the galingale roots, of which abundance breeds
About the sweet flood, all were fired; the gliding fishes flew
Upwards in flames; the grovelling eels crept upright; all which slew

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Wise Vulcan's unresisted spirit. The flood
out of a flame
Cried to him: "Cease, O Mulciber, no
deity can tame
Thy matchless virtue; nor would I, since
thou art thus hot, strive.
Cease then thy strife; let Thetis' son, with
all thy wish'd haste, drive
Even to their gates these Ilians. What
toucheth me their aid,
Or this contention?" Thus in flames the
burning River pray'd.
And as a caldron, underput with store of
fire, and wrought
With boiling of a well-fed brawn, up leaps
hi wave aloft,
Bavins of sere wood urging it, and spend-
ing flames apace,
Till all the caldron be engirt with a con-
suming blaze;
So round this flood burn'd; and so sod
his sweet and tortured streams,
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes
of Vulcan's fiery beams;
Who, then not moved, his mother's ruth
by all his means he craves,
And ask'd, why Vulcan should invade and
so torment his waves
Past other floods? when his offence rose
not to such degree
As that of other gods for Troy; and that
himself would free
Her wrath to it, if she were pleased; and
pray'd her, that her son
Might be reflected; adding this, that he
would ne'er be won
To help keep off the ruinous day, in which
all Troy should burn,
Fired by the Grecians. This vow heard,
she charged her son to turn
His fiery spirits to their homes, and said it
was not fit [Vulcan did remit
A god should suffer so for men. Then
His so unmeasured violence, and back the
pleasant flood
Ran to his channel. Thus these gods she
made friends; th' other stood
At weighty difference; both sides ran to-
gether with a sound,
That earth resounded, and great heaven
about did surrebound.
Jove heard it, sitting on his hill, and
laugh'd to see the gods
Buckle to arms like angry men; and, he
pleased with their odds,
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-
buckler Mars began,
And at Minerva with a lance of brass he
headlong ran,
These vile words ushering his blows:
"Thou dog-fly, what's the cause
Thou makest gods fight thus? thy huge
heart breaks all our peaceful laws
With thy insatiate shamelessness. Re-
member'st thou the hour
When Diomed charged me, and by thee,
and thou with all thy power
Took'st lance thyself, and, in all sights,
rush'd on me with a wound?
Now vengeance falls on thee for all."
This said, the shield fringed round
With fighting adders, borne by Jove, that
not to thunder yields,
He clapt his lance on; and this god, that
with the blood of fields
Pollutes his godhead, that shield pierced,
and hurt the armed Maid.
But back she leapt, and with her strong
hand rapt a huge stone, laid
Above the champain, black and sharp,
that did in old time break
Partitions to men's lands; and that she
dusted in the neck
Of that impetuous challenger. Down to
the earth he sway'd, [was all beray'd
And overlaid seven acres' land. His hair
With dust and blood mix'd; and his arms
rung out. Minerva laugh'd,
And thus insulted: "O thou fool, yet hast
thou not been taught
To know mine eminence? thy strength
opposest thou to mine?
So pay thy mother's furies then, who for
these aids of thine,
(Ever afforded perjured Troy, Greece ever
left) takes spleen,
And vows thee mischief." Thus she turn'd
Her blue eyes, when Love's Queen
The hand of Mars took, and from earth
raised him with thick-drawn breath,
His spirits not yet got up again. But from
the press of death
Kind Aphrodite* was his guide. Which
Juno seeing, exclaim'd:
"Pallas, see, Mars is help'd from field!
Dog-fly, his rude tongue named
Thyself even now; but that his love, that
dog-fly, will not leave [did receive
Her old consort. Upon her, fly." Minerva
This excitation joyfully, and at the Cy-
prian flew, [a blow that overthrew
Strook with her hard hand her soft breast,
Both her and Mars; and there both lay
together in broad field.
When thus she triumph'd: "So lie all,
that any succours yield

* Venus.

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To these false Trojans 'gainst the Greeks; so bold and patient
As Venus, shunning charge of me; and no less impotent
Be all their aids, than hers to Mars. So short work would be made
In our depopulating Troy, this hardiest to invade
Of all earth's cities." At this wish, white-wristed Juno smiled. [point of field,
Next Neptune and Apollo stood upon the
And thus spake Neptune: "Phœbus! come; why at the lance's end
Stand we two thus? 'Twill be a shame, for us to re-ascend
Jove's golden house, being thus in field; and not to fight. Begin;
For 'tis no graceful work for me; thou hast the younger chin,
I older and know more. O fool! what a forgetful heart
Thou bear'st about thee, to stand here, prest to take th' Ilian part,
And fight with me! Forgett'st thou then, what we two, we alone
Of all the gods, have suffer'd here, when proud Laomedon
Enjoy'd our service a whole year, for our agreed reward?
Jove in his sway would have it so; and in that year I rear'd
This broad brave wall about this town, that (being a work of mine)
It might be irexpugnable. This service then was thine,
In Ida, that so many hills and curl'd-head forests crown,
To feed his oxen, crooked-shank'd, and headed like the moon.
But when the much-joy-bringing hours brought term for our reward,
The terrible Laomedon dismiss'd us both, and scared
Our high deservings, not alone to hold our promised fee,
But give us threats too. Hands and feet he swore to fetter thee,
And sell thee as a slave, dismiss'd far hence to foreign isles.
Nay more, he would have both our ears. His vow's breach, and reviles,
Made us part angry with him then; and dost thou gratulate now
Such a king's subjects? or with us not their destruction vow,
Even to their chaste wives and their babes?" He answer'd he might hold
His wisdom little, if with him, a god, for men he would
Maintain contention; wretched men that flourish for a time
Like leaves, eat some of that earth yields, and give earth in their prime
Their whole selves for it. Quickly then, let us fly fight for them,
Nor shew it offer'd. Let themselves bear out their own extreme."
Thus he retired, and fear'd to change blows with his uncle's hands;
His sister therefore chid him much, the goddess that commands
In games of hunting, and thus spake: "Fliest thou, and leavest the field
To Neptune's glory, and no blows? O fool, why dost thou wield
Thy idle bow? no more my ears shall hear thee vaunt in skies
Dares to meet Neptune, but I'll tell thy coward's tongue it lies."
He answer'd nothing; yet Jove's wife could put on no such reins,
But spake thus loosely: "How darest thou, dog, whom no fear contains,
Encounter me? 'twill prove a match of hard condition.
Though the great Lady of the bow and Jove hath set thee down
For lion of thy sex, with gift to slaughter any dame
Thy proud will envies; yet some dames will prove th' hadst better tame
Wild lions upon hills than them. But if this question rests
Yet under judgment in thy thoughts, and that thy mind contests,
I'll make thee know it." Suddenly with her left hand she catch'd
Both Cynthia's palms, lock'd fingers fast, and with her right she snatch'd
From her fair shoulders her gilt bow, and, laughing, laid it on
About her ears, and every way her turnings seized upon,
Till all her arrows scatter'd out, her quiver emptied quite.
And as a dove, that, flying a hawk, takes to some rock her flight,
And in his hollow breasts sits safe, her fate not yet to die;
So fled she mourning, and her bow left there. Then Mercury
His opposite thus undertook: "Latona, at no hand [dangerous to stand
Will I bide combat. 'Tis a work right
At difference with the wives of Jove. Go, therefore, freely vaunt
Amongst the deities, th' hast subdued, and made thy combatant

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Yield with plain power." She answer'd not, but gather'd up the bow
And shafts fall'n from her daughter's side, retiring. Up did go
Diana to Jove's starry hall, her incorrupted veil
Trembling about her, so she shook. Phœbus, lest Troy should fail
Before her fate, flew to her walls; the other deities flew
Up to Olympus, some enraged, some glad. Achilles slew
Both men and horse of Ilion. And as a city fired
Casts up a heat that purples heaven, clamours and shrieks expired
In every corner, toil to all, to many misery,
Which fire th' incensed gods let fall; Achilles so let fly
Rage on the Trojans, toils and shrieks as much by him imposed.
Old Priam in his sacred tower stood, and the flight disclosed
Of his forced people, all in rout, and not a stroke return'd
By fled resistance. His eyes saw in what a fury burn'd
The son of Peleus, and down went weeping from the tower
To all the port-guards, and their chiefs told of his flying power,
Commanding th' opening of the ports, but not to let their hands
Stir from them; for Æacides would pour in with his bands.
"Destruction comes, O shut them strait, when we are in," he pray'd,
"For not our walls I fear will check this violent man." This said,
Off lifted they the bars, the ports haled open, and they gave
Safety her entry with the host; which yet they could not save,
Had not Apollo sallied out, and strook destruction,
Brought by Achilles in their necks, back; when they right upon
The ports bore all, dry, dusty, spent; and on their shoulders rode
Rabid Achilles with his lance, still glory being the goad
That prick'd his fury. Then the Greeks high-ported Ilion
Had seized, had not Apollo stirr'd Antenor's famous son,
Divine Agenor, and cast in an undertaking spirit [to strengthen it,
To his bold bosom, and himself stood by
And keep the heavy hand of death from breaking in. The god
Stood by him, leaning on a beech, and cover'd his abode
With night-like darkness; yet for all the spirit he inspired,
When that great city-razer's force his thoughts strook, he retired,
Stood, and went on; a world of doubts still falling in his way;
When, angry with himself, he said: "Why suffer I this stay
In this so strong need to go on? If, like the rest, I fly,
'Tis his best weapon to give chace, being swift, and I should die
Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too. These two ways
Please not my purpose; I would live. What if I suffer these
Still to be routed, and, my feet affording further length, [sylvan strength
Pass all these fields of Ilion, till Ida's
And steep heights shroud me, and at Even refresh me in the flood,
And turn to Ilion? O my soul, why drown'st thou in the blood
Of these discourses? If this course, that talks of further flight,
I give my feet, his feet more swift have more odds. Get he sight
Of that pass, I pass least; for pace, and length of pace, his thighs
Will stand out all men. Meet him then; my steel hath faculties
Of power to pierce him; his great breast but one soul holds, and that
Death claims his right in, all men say; but he holds special state
In Jove's high bounty; that's past man, that every way will hold;
And that serves all men every way." This last heart made him bold
To stand Achilles, and stirr'd up a mighty mind to blows.
And as a panther, having heard the hounds' trail, doth disclose
Her freckled forehead, and stares forth from out some deep-grown wood
To try what strength dares her abroad; and when her fiery blood
The hounds have kindled, no quench serves of love to live or fear,
Though strook, though wounded, though quite through she feels the mortal spear,
But till the man's close strength she tries, or strows earth with his dart,
She puts her strength out; so it fared with brave Agenor's heart,

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And till Achilles he had proved, no thoughts, no deeds, once stirr'd
His fixed foot. To his broad breast his round shield he preferr'd,
And up his arm went with his aim, his voice out with this cry:
"Thy hope is too great, Peleus' son, this day to show thine eye
Troy's Ilion at thy foot. O fool! the Greeks with much more woes,
More than are suffer'd yet, must buy great Ilion's overthrows.
We are within her many strong, that for our parents' sakes,
Our wives and children, will save Troy; and thou (though he that makes
Thy name so terrible) shalt make a sacrifice to her
With thine own ruins." Thus he threw, nor did his javelin err,
But strook his foe's leg near his knee; the fervent steel did ring
Against his tin greaves, and leapt back; the fire's strong-handed king
Gave virtue of repulse. And then Æacides assail'd
Divine Agenor; but in vain; Apollo's power prevail'd,
And rapt Agenor from his reach; whom quietly he placed
Without the skirmish, casting mists to save from being chaced
His tender'd person; and (he gone) to give his soldiers scape,
The deity turn'd Achilles still, by putting on the shape
Of him he thirsted; evermore he fed his eye, and fled,
And he with all his knees pursued. So cunningly he led,
That still he would be near his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,
Far from the conflict; to the flood maintaining still the scope
Of his attraction. In mean time, the other frighted powers
Came to the city, comforted; when Troy and all her towers
Strooted with fillers; none would stand to see who stay'd without,
Who scaped, and who came short: the ports cleft to receive the rout
That pour'd itself in. Every man was for himself: most fleet,
Most fortunate. Whoever scaped, his head might thank his feet.

THE END OF THE ONE AND TWENTIETH BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALL Trojans housed but Hector; only he
Keeps field, and undergoes th' extremity.
Æacides assaulting, Hector flies,
Minerva stays him, he resists, and dies.
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce,
And to the naval station drags his corse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Hector, in Chi, to death is done,
By power of Peleus' angry son.

THUS, chased like hinds, the Ilians took time to drink and eat,
And to refresh them, getting off the mingled dust and sweat,
And good strong rampires on instead. The Greeks then cast their shields
Aloft their shoulders; and now Fate their near invasion yields
Of those tough walls, her deadly hand compelling Hector's stay
Before Troy at the Scæan ports. Achilles still made way
At Phœbus, who his bright head turn'd, and ask'd: "Why, Peleus' son,
Pursuest thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath never done.
Acknowledge not thine eyes my state? esteems thy mind no more
Thy honour in the chase of Troy, but puts my chase before
Their utter conquest? they are all now housed in Ilion,
While thou hunt'st me. What wishest thou? my blood will never run
On thy proud javelin." "It is thou," replied Æacides,
"That putt'st dishonour thus on me, thou worst of deities.
Thou turn'dst me from the walls, whose ports had never entertain'd
Numbers now enter'd, over whom thy saving hand hath reign'd,
And robb'd my honour; and all is, since all thy actions stand
Past fear of reckoning. But held I the measure in my hand,
It should afford thee dear-bought scapes." Thus with elated spirits,
Steed-like, that at Olympus' games wears garlands for his merits,
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride, [aged Priam spied
Achilles so parts with the god. When
The great Greek come, sphered round with beams, and showing as if the star,
Surnamed Orion's hound, that springs in autumn, and sends far
His radiance through a world of stars, of all whose beams his own
Cast greatest splendour, the midnight that renders them most shown
Then being their foil; and on their points, cure-passing fevers then
Come shaking down into the joints of miserable men;
As this were fall'n to earth, and shot along the field his rays [Æacides,
Now towards Priam, when he saw in great
Out flew his tender voice in shrieks, and with raised hands he smit
His reverend head; then up to heaven he cast them, shewing it
What plagues it sent him; down again then threw them to his son,
To make him shun them. He now stood without steep Ilion,
Thirsting the combat; and to him thus miserably cried
The kind old king: "O Hector, fly this man, this homicide,
That straight will stroy thee. He's too strong, and would to heaven he were
As strong in heaven's love as in mine; vultures and dogs should tear
His prostrate carcass, all my woes quench'd with his bloody spirits.
He has robb'd me of many sons and worthy, and their merits
Sold to far islands. Two of them, ay me, I miss but now,
They are not enter'd, nor stay here. Laothoe, O 'twas thou,
O queen of women, from whose womb they breathed. O did the tents
Detain them only, brass and gold would purchase safe events

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To their sad durance; 'tis within; old Altes, young in fame,
Gave plenty for his daughter's dower; but if they fed the flame
Of this man's fury, woe is me, woe to my wretched queen.
But in our state's woe their two deaths will nought at all be seen,
So thy life quit them. Take the town, retire, dear son, and save
Troy's husbands and her wives, nor give thine own life to the grave
For this man's glory. Pity me, me, wretch, so long alive,
Whom in the door of age Jove keeps; that so he may deprive
My being, in fortune's utmost curse, to see the blackest thread
Of this life's miseries; my sons slain, my daughters ravished,
Their resting chambers sack'd, their babes, torn from them, on their knees
Pleading for mercy, themselves dragg'd to Grecian slaveries,
And all this drawn through my red eyes. Then last of all kneel I,
Alone, all helpless at my gates, before my enemy, [deformity
That ruthless gives me to my dogs, all the
Of age discover'd; and all this thy death, sought wilfully,
Will pour on me. A fair young man at all parts it beseems,
Being bravely slain, to lie all gash'd, and wear the worst extremes
Of war's most cruelty; no wound, of whatsoever ruth,
But is his ornament: but I, a man so far from youth,
White head, white-bearded, wrinkled, pined, all shames must shew the eye.
Live, prevent this then, this most shame of all man's misery."
Thus wept the old king, and tore off his white hair; yet all these
Retired not Hector. Hecuba then fell upon her knees,
Stripp'd naked her bosom, shew'd her breasts, and bade him reverence them,
And pity her. If ever she had quieted his exclaim,
He would cease hers, and take the town, not tempting the rude field
When all had left it: "Think," said she, "I gave thee life to yield
My life recomfort; thy rich wife shall have no rites of thee,
Nor do thee rites; our tears shall pay thy corse no obsequy,
Being ravish'd from us; Grecian dogs, nourish'd with what I nursed."
Thus wept both these, and to his ruth proposed the utmost worst
Of what could chance them; yet he stay'd. And now drew deadly near
Mighty Achilles; yet he still kept deadly station there.
Look how a dragon, when she sees a traveller bent upon
Her breeding den; her bosom fed with fell contagion,
Gathers her forces, sits him firm, and at his nearest pace
Wraps all her cavern in her folds, and thrusts a horrid face
Out at his entry; Hector so, with unextinguish'd spirit,
Stood great Achilles, stirr'd no foot, but at the prominent turret
Bent to his bright shield, and resolved to bear fall'n heaven on it.
Yet all this resolute abode did not so truly fit [galling spur
His free election; but he felt a much more
To the performance, with conceit of what he should incur
Entering, like others, for this cause; to which he thus gave way:
"O me, if I shall take the town, Polydamas will lay
This flight and all this death on me; who counsell'd me to lead
My powers to Troy this last black night, when so I saw make head
Incensed Achilles. I yet stay'd, though, past all doubt, that course
Had much more profited than mine; which, being by so much worse
As comes to all our flight and death, my folly now I fear
Hath bred this scandal, all our town now burns my ominous ear
With whispering: 'Hector's self-conceit hath cast away his host.'
And, this true, this extremity that I rely on most
Is best for me: stay, and retire with this man's life; or die
Here for our city with renowm, since all else fled but I.
And yet one way cuts both these ways: what if I hang my shield
My helm and lance here on these walls, and meet in humble field
Renowm'd Achilles, offering him Helen and all the wealth,
Whatever in his hollow keels bore Alexander's stealth

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For both th' Atrides? For the rest, whatever is possess'd [be confess'd
In all this city, known or hid, by oath shall
Of all our citizens; of which one half the Greeks shall have,
One half themselves. But why, loved soul, would these suggestions save
Thy state still in me? I'll not sue; nor would he grant, but I,
Mine arms cast off, should be assured a woman's death to die.
To men of oak and rock, no words; virgins and youths talk thus,
Virgins and youths that love and woo; there's other war with us;
What blows and conflicts urge, we cry; hates and defiances;
And, with the garlands these trees bear, try which hand Jove will bless."
These thoughts employ'd his stay; and now Achilles comes, now near
His Mars-like presence terribly came brandishing his spear,
His right arm shook it, his bright arms like day came glittering on,
Like fire-light, or the light of heaven shot from the rising sun.
This sight outwrought discourse, cold fear shook Hector from his stand;
No more stay now; all ports were left; he fled in fear the hand
Of that Fear-master; who, hawk-like, air's swiftest passenger,
That holds a timorous dove in chase, and with command doth bear
His fiery onset, the dove hastes, the hawk comes whizzing on,
This way and that he turns and winds, and cuffs the pigeon,
And, till he truss it, his great spirit lays hot charge on his wing;
So urged Achilles Hector's flight; so still fear's point did sting
His troubled spirit, his knees wrought hard, along the wall he flew,
In that fair chariot way that runs, beneath the tower of view,
And Troy's wild fig-tree, till they reach'd where those two mother-springs
Of deep Scamander pour'd abroad their silver murmurings;
One warm and casts out fumes as fire; the other cold as snow,
Or hail dissolved. And when the sun made ardent summer glow,
There water's concrete crystal shined; near which were cisterns made,
All paved and clear, where Trojan wives and their fair daughters had
Laundry for their fine linen weeds, in times of cleanly peace,
Before the Grecians brought their siege. These captains noted these,
One flying, th' other in pursuit; a strong man flew before,
A stronger follow'd him by far, and close up to him bore;
Both did their best, for neither now ran for a sacrifice,
Or for the sacrificer's hide, our runners' usual prize;
These ran for tame-horse Hector's soul. And as two running steeds,
Back'd in some set race for a game, that tries their swiftest speeds,
(A tripod, or a woman, given for some man's funerals)
Such speed made these men, and on foot ran thrice about the walls.*
The gods beheld them, all much moved; and Jove said: "O ill-sight!
A man I love much, I see forced in most unworthy flight
About great Ilion. My heart grieves; he paid so many vows,
With thighs of sacrificed beeves, both on the lofty brows
Of Ida, and in Ilion's height. Consult we, shall we free
His life from death, or give it now t' Achilles' victory?"
Minerva answer'd: "Alter Fate? one long since mark'd for death
Now take from death? do thou; but know, he still shall run beneath
Our other censures." "Be it then," replied the Thunderer,
"My loved Tritonia, at thy will; in this will prefer
Thy free intention, work it all." Then stoop'd she from the sky
To this great combat. Peleus' son pursued incessantly
Still-flying Hector. As a hound that having roused a hart,
Although he tappish ne'er so oft, and every shrubby part
Attempts for strength, and trembles in, the hound doth still pursue
So close that not a foot he fails, but hunts it still at view;
So plied Achilles Hector's steps; as oft as he assay'd
The Dardan ports and towers for strength (to fetch from thence some aid

* Up and down the walls, it is to be understood.

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With winged shafts) so oft forced he
amends of pace, and stept
'Twixt him and all his hopes, and still
upon the field he kept
His utmost turnings to the town. And
yet, as in a dream,
One thinks he gives another chase, when
such a fain'd extreme
Possesseth both, that he in chase the
chaser cannot fly,
Nor can the chaser get to hand his flying
enemy;*
So nor Achilles' chase could reach the
flight of Hector's pace,
Nor Hector's flight enlarge itself of swift
Achilles' chace.
But how chanced this? how, all this
time, could Hector bear the knees
Of fierce Achilles with his own, and keep
off destinies,
If Phœbus, for his last and best, through
all that course had fail'd
To add his succours to his nerves, and, as
his foe assail'd
Near and within him, fed his 'scape?
Achilles yet well knew
His knees would fetch him, and gave
signs to some friends (making shew
Of shooting at him) to forbear, lest they
detracted so [the overthrow
From his full glory, in first wounds, and in
Make his hand last. But when they
reach'd the fourth time the two founts,
Then Jove his golden scoles weigh'd up,
and took the last accounts
Of fate for Hector, putting in for him
and Peleus' son
Two fates of bitter death; of which high
heaven received the one,
The other hell; so low declined the light
of Hector's life.
Then Phœbus left him, when war's Queen
came to resolve the strife
In th' other's knowledge: "Now," said
she, "Jove-loved Æacides,
I hope at last to make renowm perform
a brave access
To all the Grecians; we shall now lay low
this champion's height,
Though never so insatiate was his great
heart of fight.
Nor must he scape our pursuit still,
though at the feet of Jove
Apollo bows into a sphere, soliciting more
love
To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then,
stand firm, myself will haste
And hearten Hector to change blows."
She went, and he stood fast,
Lean'd on his lance, and much was joy'd
that single strokes should try
This fadging conflict. Then came close
the changed deity
To Hector, like Deiphobus in shape and
voice, and said:
"O brother, thou art too much urged to
be thus combated
About our own walls; let us stand, and
force to a retreat
Th' insulting chaser." Hector joy'd at this
so kind deceit,
And said: "O good Deiphobus, thy love
was most before
(Of all my brothers) dear to me, but now
exceeding more
It costs me honour, that, thus urged, thou
comest to part the charge
Of my last fortunes; other friends keep
town, and leave at large
My rack'd endeavours." She replied:
"Good brother, 'tis most true
One after other, king and queen, and all
our friends, did sue,
Even on their knees, to stay me there, such
tremblings shake them all
With this man's terror; but my mind so
grieved to see our wall
Girt with thy chases, that to death I long'd
to urge thy stay.
Come, fight we, thirsty of his blood; no
more let's fear to lay
Cost on our lances, but approve, if,
bloodied with our spoils,
He can bear glory to their fleet, or shut up
all their toils
In his one sufferance on thy lance." With
this deceit she led,
And, both come near, thus Hector spake:
"Thrice I have compassed
This great town, Peleus' son, in flight, with
aversation [all flight is flown,
That out of fate put off my steps; but now
The short course set up, death or life.
Our resolutions yet
Must shun all rudeness; and the gods
before our valour set
For use of victory; and they being wor-
thiest witnesses
Of all vows, since they keep vows best,
before their deities
Let vows of fit respect pass both, when
Conquest hath bestow'd
Her wreath on either. Here I vow no fury
shall be show'd,

* A most ingenious simile, used (as all our Homer besides) by Virgil, but this as a translator merely.

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That is not manly, on thy corse; but, having spoil'd thy arms,
Resign thy person; which swear thou." These fair and temperate terms
Far fled Achilles; his brows bent, and out flew this reply:
"Hector, thou only pestilence in all mortality
To my sere spirits, never set the point 'twixt thee and me
Any conditions; but as far as men and lions fly
All terms of covenant, lambs and wolves; in so far opposite state
(Impossible for love t' atone) stand we, till our souls satiate
The god of soldiers. Do not dream that our disjunction can
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man
Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a soldier,
And they all this include (besides the skill and spirit of war)
Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eats thy heart to eat
Thy foe's heart. This stirs, this supplies in death the killing heat;
And all this need'st thou. No more flight. Pallas Athenia
Will quickly cast thee to my lance. Now, now together draw
All griefs for vengeance, both in me, and all my friends late dead
That bled thee, raging with thy lance." This said, he brandished
His long lance, and away it sung; which Hector giving view,
Stoop'd low, stood firm, foreseeing it best, and quite it overflew,
Fastening on earth. Athenia* drew it, and gave her friend,
Unseen of Hector. Hector then thus spake: "Thou want'st thy end,
God-like Achilles. Now I see, thou hast not learn'd my fate
Of Jove at all, as thy high words would bravely intimate.
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words well serve thee to prepare
Thy blows with threats, that mine might faint with want of spirit to dare.
But my back never turns with breath; it was not born to bear
Burthens of wounds; strike home before; drive at my breast thy spear,

* Pallas.

As mine at thine shall, and try then if heaven's will favour thee
With scape of my lance. O would Jove would take it after me,
And make thy bosom take it all; an easy end would crown
Our difficult wars, were thy soul fled, thou most bane of our town."
Thus flew his dart, touch'd at the midst of his vast shield, and flew
A huge way from it; but his heart wrath enter'd with the view
Of that hard scape, and heavy thoughts strook through him, when he spied
His brother vanish'd, and no lance beside left; out he cried:
"Deiphobus! another lance." Lance nor Deiphobus
Stood near his call. And then his mind saw all things ominous,
And thus suggested: "Woe is me, the gods have call'd, and I
Must meet death here; Deiphobus I well hoped had been by
With his white shield; but our strong walls shield him, and this deceit
Flows from Minerva; now, O now, ill death comes, no more flight,
No more recovery. O Jove, this hath been otherwise;
Thy bright son and thyself have set the Greeks a greater prize
Of Hector's blood than now; of which, even jealous, you had care.
But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet not she shall share
In my renowm; that life is left to every noble spirit,
And that some great deed shall beget that all lives shall inherit."
Thus, forth his sword flew, sharp and broad, and bore a deadly weight,
With which he rush'd in. And look how an eagle from her height
Stoops to the rapture of a lamb, or cuffs a timorous hare; [his mind's fare
So fell in Hector; and at him Achilles;
Was fierce and mighty, his shield cast a sun-like radiance,
Helm nodded, and his four plumes shook, and, when he raised his lance,
Up Hesperus rose 'mongst th' evening stars. His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prise
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all the ways, only one
Appear'd to him, and that was where th' unequal winding bone,

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That joins the shoulders and the neck, had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought, even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him. There he aim'd, and there his javelin tore
Stern passage quite through Hector's neck; yet miss'd it so his throat
It gave him power to change some words; but down to earth it got
His fainting body. Then triumph'd divine Æacides:
"Hector," said he, "thy heart supposed that in my friend's decease
Thy life was safe; my absent arm not cared for. Fool! he left
One at the fleet that better'd him, and he it is that reft
Thy strong knees thus; and now the dogs and fowls in foulest use
Shall tear thee up, thy corse exposed to all the Greeks' abuse."
He, fainting, said: "Let me implore, even by thy knees and soul,
And thy great parents, do not see a cruelty so foul [any rate,
Inflicted on me. Brass and gold receive at
And quit my person, that the peers and ladies of our state
May tomb it, and to sacred fire turn thy profane decrees."
"Dog," he replied, "urge not my ruth, by parents, soul, nor knees.
I would to God that any rage would let me eat thee raw,
Sliced into pieces, so beyond the right of any law
I taste thy merits. And, believe, it flies the force of man
To rescue thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can;
If ten or twenty times so much as friends would rate thy price
Were tender'd here, with vows of more, to buy the cruelties
I here have vow'd; and after that thy father with his gold
Would free thyself; all that should fail to let thy mother hold
Solemnities of death with thee, and do thee such a grace
To mourn thy whole corse on a bed; which piecemeal I'll deface
With fowls and dogs." He, dying, said: "I, knowing thee well, foresaw
Thy now tried tyranny, nor hoped for any other law
Of nature, or of nations; and that fear forced much more
Than death my flight, which never touch'd at Hector's foot before.
A soul of iron informs thee; mark, what vengeance th' equal fates
Will give me of thee for this rage, when in the Scæan gates
Phœbus and Paris meet with thee." Thus death's hand closed his eyes,
His soul flying his fair limbs to hell, mourning his destinies,
To part so with his youth and strength. Thus dead, thus Thetis' son
His prophecy answer'd: "Die thou now; when my short thread is spun,
I'll bear it as the will of Jove." This said, his brazen spear
He drew, and stuck by; then his arms, that all embrued were,
He spoil'd his shoulders of. Then all the Greeks ran in to him,
To see his person, and admired his terror-stirring limb;
Yet none stood by that gave no wound to his so goodly form;
When each to other said: "O Jove, he is not in the storm
He came to fleet in with his fire, he handles now more soft."
"O friends," said stern Æacides, "now that the gods have brought
This man thus down, I'll freely say, he brought more bane to Greece
Than all his aiders. Try we then, thus arm'd at every piece,
And girding all Troy with our host, if now their hearts will leave
Their city clear, her clear stay slain, and all their lives receive,
Or hold yet, Hector being no more. But why use I a word
Of any act but what concerns my friend? dead, undeplored,
Unsepulchred, he lies at fleet, unthought on; never hour
Shall make his dead state, while the quick enjoys me, and this power
To move these movers. Though in hell, men say, that such as die
Oblivion seizeth, yet in hell in me shall Memory
Hold all her forms still of my friend. Now, youths of Greece, to fleet
Bear we this body, pæans sing, and all our navy greet [the period
With endless honour; we have slain Hector,
Of all Troy's glory, to whose worth all vow'd as to a god."

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This said, a work not worthy him he set to ; of both feet
He bored the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
Both to his chariot with a thong of whit-leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchased, and scourged on his horse that freely flew.
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew,
With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and filed.
And there lay Troy's late Gracious, by Jupiter exiled [parents seen ;
To all disgrace, in his own land, and by his
When (like her son's head) all with dust Troy's miserable queen
Distain'd her temples, plucking off her honour'd hair, and tore
Her royal garments, shrieking out. In like kind Priam bore
His sacred person, like a wretch that never saw good day,
Broken with outcries. About both, the people prostrate lay,
Held down with clamour ; all the town veil'd with a cloud of tears.
Ilion, with all his tops on fire, and all the massacres,
Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
Than now fray'd life. And yet the king did all their looks outshow.
The wretched people could not bear his sovereign wretchedness,
Plaguing himself so, thrusting out, and praying all the press
To open him the Dardan ports, that he alone might fetch
His dearest son in ; and (all filed with tumbling) did beseech
Each man by name, thus : "Loved friends, be you content, let me,
Though much ye grieve, be that poor mean to our sad remedy
Now in our wishes ; I will go and pray this impious man,
Author of horrors, making proof if age's reverence can
Excite his pity. His own sire is old like me ; and he
That got him to our griefs, perhaps, may, for my likeness, be
Mean for our ruth to him. Alas, you have no cause of cares,
Compared with me ; I many sons, graced with their freshest years,
Have lost by him, and all their deaths in slaughter of this one
(Afflicted man) are doubled. This will bitterly set gone
My soul to hell. O would to heaven, I could but hold him dead
In these pined arms, then tears on tears might fall, till all were shed
In common fortune. Now amaze their natural course doth stop,
And pricks a mad vein." Thus he mourn'd, and with him all brake ope
Their store of sorrows. The poor Queen amongst the women wept,
Turn'd into anguish : "O my son," she cried out, "why still kept
Patient of horrors is my life, when thine is vanished ?
My days thou glorifiedst ; my nights rung of some honour'd deed
Done by thy virtues : joy to me, profit to all our care.
All made a god of thee, and thou madest them all that they are,
Now under fate, now dead." These two thus vented as they could
Their sorrow's furnace ; Hector's wife not having yet been told
So much as of his stay without. She in her chamber close
Sat at her loom ; a piece of work, graced with a both sides gloss,
Strew'd curiously with varied flowers, her pleasure was ; her care,
To heat a caldron for her lord, to bathe him turn'd from war,
Of which she chief charge gave her maids. Poor dame, she little knew
How much her cares lack'd of his case. But now the clamour flew
Up to her turret ; then she shook, her work fell from her hand,
And up she started, call'd her maids ; she needs must understand
That ominous outcry : "Come," said she; "I hear through all this cry
My mother's voice shriek ; to my throat my heart bounds ; ecstasy
Utterly alters me ; some fate is near the hapless sons [suspicions
Of fading Priam. Would to God my words'
No ear had heard yet : O I fear, and that most heartily,
That, with some stratagem, the son of Peleus hath put by
The wall of Ilion, my lord ; and, trusty of his feet,
Obtain'd the chase of him alone, and now the curious heat

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Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd. It let
him never keep [foot must step,
In guard of others; before all his violent
Or his place forfeited he held." Thus fury-
like she went,
Two women, as she will'd, at hand; and
made her quick ascent
Up to the tower and press of men, her
spirit in uproar. Round
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her
Hector slain, and bound
T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to
the Grecian fleet.
Black night strook through her, under her
trance took away her feet,
And back she shrunk with such a sway that
off her head-tire flew, [Venus threw
Her coronet, caul, ribands, veil that golden
On her white shoulders that high day when
warlike Hector won [Eetion,
Her hand in nuptials in the court of king
And that great dower then given with her.
About her, on their knees,
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell
round, and by degrees
Recover'd her. Then, when again her
respirations found
Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these
thoughts her words did sound:
"O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both
born beneath one fate,
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where
Placus doth elate [Eetion,
His shady forehead, in the court where king
(Hapless) begot unhappy me; which would
he had not done,
To live past thee: thou now art dived to
Pluto's gloomy throne,
Sunk through the coverts of the earth; I,
in a hell of moan,
Left here thy widow; one poor babe born
to unhappy both,
Whom thou leavest helpless as he thee, he
born to all the wroth
Of woe and labour. Lands left him will
others seize upon;
The orphan day of all friends' helps robs
every mother's son.
An orphan all men suffer sad; his eyes
stand still with tears:
Need tries his father's friends, and fails;
of all his favourers,
If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine
he finds in it
Scarce moists his palate; if he chance to
gain the grace to sit,
Surviving fathers' sons repine; use con-
tumelies, strike,
Bid, 'leave us, where's thy father's place?'
He, weeping with dislike,
Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax
is he
Born to these miseries; he that late fed on
his father's knee,
To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare
apposed him; and when sleep
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his
heart even laid in steep
Of all things precious) a soft bed, a careful
nurse's arms,
Took him to guardiance. But now as
huge a world of harms
Lies on his sufferance; now thou want'st
thy father's hand to friend,
O my Astyanax; O my lord, thy hand
that did defend
These gates of Ilion, these long walls by
thy arm measured still
Amply and only. Yet at fleet thy naked
corse must fill
Vile worms, when dogs are satiate; far
from thy parents' care.
Far from those funeral ornaments that thy
mind would prepare
(So sudden being the chance of arms) ever
expecting death.
Which task, though my heart would not
serve t' employ my hands beneath,
I made my women yet perform. Many,
and much in price,
Were those integuments they wrought t'
adorn thy exequies;
Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse
not laid in their attire,
Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these
hands in mischievous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being
consecrate to thee,
They shall be kept for citizens, and their
fair wives, to see."
Thus spake she weeping; all the dames
endeavouring to cheer
Her desert state, fearing their own, wept
with her tear for tear.

THE END OF THE TWO AND TWENTIETH BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES orders justs of exequies
For his Patroclus; and doth sacrifice
Twelve Trojan princes, most loved hounds and horse,
And other offerings, to the honour'd corse.
He institutes, besides, a funeral game;
Where Diomed, for horse-race, wins the fame;
For foot, Ulysses; others otherwise
Strive, and obtain; and end the exequies.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Psi sings the rites of the decease,
Ordain'd by great Æacides.

THUS mourn'd all Troy: but when at fleet and Hellespontus' shore
The Greeks arrived, each to his ship; only the Conqueror
Kept undispersed his Myrmidons, and said: "Loved countrymen,
Disjoin not we chariots and horse; but, bearing hard our rein,
With state of both, march soft, and close, and mourn about the corse;
'Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horse,
When with our friends' kind's woe our hearts have felt delight to do
A virtuous soul right, and then sup." This said, all full of woe
Circled the corse; Achilles led, and thrice, about him close,
All bore their goodly-coated horse. Amongst all Thetis rose,
And stirr'd up a delight in grief, till all their arms with tears,
And all the sands, were wet; so much they loved that Lord of Fears.
Then to the centre fell the prince; and, putting in the breast
Of his slain friend his slaughtering hands, began to all the rest
Words to their tears: "Rejoice," said he, "O my Patroclus, thou
Courted by Dis now: now I pay to thy late overthrow
All my revenges vow'd before. Hector lies slaughter'd here
Dragg'd at my chariot, and our dogs shall all in pieces tear
His hated limbs. Twelve Trojan youths, born of their noblest strains,
I took alive; and, yet enraged, will empty all their veins
Of vital spirits, sacrificed before thy heap of fire."
This said, a work unworthy him he put upon his ire,
And trampled Hector under foot at his friend's feet. The rest
Disarm'd, took horse from chariot, and all to sleep address'd
At his black vessel. Infinite were those that rested there.
Himself yet sleeps not, now his spirits were wrought about the cheer
Fit for so high a funeral. About the steel used then
Oxen in heaps lay bellowing, preparing food for men;
Bleating of sheep and goats fill'd air; numbers of white-tooth'd swine,
Swimming in fat, lay singeing there: the person of the slain
Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Greek kings convey'd
Achilles to the king of men; his rage not yet allay'd
For his Patroclus. Being arrived at Agamemnon's tent,
Himself bade heralds put to fire a caldron, and present
The service of it to the prince, to try if they could win
His pleasure to admit their pains to cleanse the blood soak'd in
About his conquering hands and brows. "Not by the king of heaven,"
He swore. "The laws of friendship damn this false-heart licence given
To men that lose friends. Not a drop shall touch me till I put
Patroclus in the funeral pile; before these curls be cut;

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His tomb erected. 'Tis the last of all care I shall take,
While I consort the careful. Yet, for your entreaties' sake,
And though I loathe food, I will eat. But early in the morn,
Atrides, use your strict command that loads of wood be borne
To our design'd place, all that fits to light home such a one
As is to pass the shades of death, that fire enough set gone
His person quickly from our eyes, and our diverted men
May ply their business." This all ears did freely entertain,
And found observance. Then they supp'd with all things fit, and all
Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend the shores maritimal
Sought for his bed, and found a place, fair, and upon which play'd
The murmuring billows. There his limbs to rest, not sleep, he laid,
Heavily sighing. Round about, silent and not too near,
Stood all his Myrmidons; when straight, so over-labour'd were
His goodly lineaments with chase of Hector, that, beyond
His resolution not to sleep, Sleep cast his sudden bond
Over his sense, and loosed his care. Then of his wretched friend
The soul appear'd; at every part the form did comprehend
His likeness; his fair eyes, his voice, his stature, every weed
His person wore, it fantasied; and stood above his head,
This sad speech uttering: "Dost thou sleep? Æacides, am I
Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memory [love abates.
Ever respectful; but now, dead, thy dying
Inter me quickly, enter me in Pluto's iron gates,
For now the souls (the shades) of men, fled from this being, beat
My spirit from rest, and stay my much-desired receipt
Amongst souls placed beyond the flood. Now every way I err
About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O help then to prefer
My soul yet further: here I mourn, but, had the funeral fire
Consumed my body, never more my spirit should retire
From hell's low region; from thence souls never are retrieved
To talk with friends here; nor shall I; a hateful fate deprived
My being here, that at my birth was fix'd; and to such fate
Even thou, O god-like man, art mark'd; the deadly Ilion gate
Must entertain thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care
That our bones part not; but as life combined in equal fare
Our loving beings, so let death. When from Opunta's towers
My father brought me to your roofs (since, 'gainst my will, my powers
Incensed, and indiscreet at dice, slew fair Amphidamas)
Then Peleus entertain'd me well; then in thy charge I was
By his injunction and thy love; and therein let me still
Receive protection. Both our bones, provide in thy last will,
That one urn may contain; and make that vessel all of gold,
That Thetis gave thee, that rich urn." This said, Sleep ceased to hold
Achilles' temples, and the shade thus he received: "O friend,
What needed these commands? my care, before, meant to commend
My bones to thine, and in that urn. Be sure thy will is done.
A little stay yet, let's delight, with some full passion
Of woe enough, either's affects; embrace we." Opening thus
His greedy arms, he felt no friend; like matter vaporous
The spirit vanish'd under earth, and murmur'd in his stoop.
Achilles started, both his hands he clapp'd, and lifted up,
In this sort wondering: "O ye gods, I see we have a soul
In th' under-dwellings, and a kind of man-resembling idol;
The soul's seat yet, all matter felt, stays with the carcass here.
O friends, hapless Patroclus' soul did all this night appear
Weeping and making moan to me, commanding everything
That I intended towards him; so truly figuring [accident did turn
Himself at all parts, as was strange." This
To much more sorrow, and begat a greediness to mourn

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In all that heard. When mourning thus, the rosy Morn arose,
And Agamemnon through the tents waked all, and did dispose
Both men and mules for carriage of matter for the fire;
Of all which work Meriones, the Cretan sovereign's squire,
Was captain; and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tools they bore
Of all hands, and well-twisted cords. The mules march'd all before.
Up hill, and down hill, overthwarts, and break-neck cliffs they pass'd;
But, when the fountful Ida's tops they scaled with utmost haste,
All fell upon the high-hair'd oaks, and down their curled brows
Fell bustling to the earth; and up went all the boles and boughs
Bound to the mules; and back again they parted the harsh way
Amongst them through the tangling shrubs; and long they thought the day
Till in the plain field all arrived, for all the woodmen bore
Logs on their necks; Meriones would have it so. The shore
At last they reach'd yet, and then down their carriages they cast,
And sat upon them, where the son of Peleus had placed
The ground for his great sepulchre, and for his friend's, in one.
They raised a huge pile, and to arms went every Myrmidon,
Charged by Achilles; chariots and horse were harnessed,
Fighters and charioteers got up, and they the sad march led,
A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst of all was borne
Patroclus' person by his peers. On him were all heads shorn,
Even till they cover'd him with curls. Next to him march'd his friend
Embracing his cold neck, all sad; since now he was to send
His dearest to his endless home. Arrived all where the wood
Was heap'd for funeral, they set down. Apart Achilles stood,
And when enough wood was heap'd on, he cut his golden hair,
Long kept for Sperchius the flood, in hope of safe repair [left hopeless thus,
To Phthia by that river's power; but now
Enraged, and looking on the sea, he cried out: "Sperchius,
In vain my father's piety vow'd, at my implored return
To my loved country, that these curls should on thy shores be shorn,
Besides a sacred hecatomb; and sacrifice beside
Of fifty wethers, at those founts, where men have edified [thy name.
A lofty temple, and perfumed an altar to
There vow'd he all these offerings; but fate prevents thy fame,
His hopes not suffering satisfied. And since I never more
Shall see my loved soil, my friend's hands shall to the Stygian shore
Convey these tresses." Thus he put in his friend's hands the hair;
And this bred fresh desire of moan; and in that sad affair
The sun had set amongst them all, had Thetis' son not spoke
Thus to Atrides: "King of men, thy aid I still invoke,
Since thy command all men still hear: dismiss thy soldiers now,
And let them victual; they have mourn'd sufficient; 'tis we owe
The dead this honour; and with us let all the captains stay."
This heard, Atrides instantly the soldiers sent away;
The funeral officers remain'd, and heap'd on matter still,
Till of an hundred foot about they made the funeral pile,
In whose hot height they cast the corse, and then they pour'd on tears.
Numbers of fat sheep, and like store of crooked-going steers,
They slew before the solemn fire; stripp'd off their hides and dress'd.
Of which Achilles took the fat, and cover'd the deceased
From head to foot; and round about he made the officers pile
The beasts' naked bodies; vessels full of honey and of oil
Pour'd in them, laid upon a bier, and cast into the fire.
Four goodly horse; and of nine hounds, two most in the desire
Of that great prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.
Twelve Trojan princes last stood forth, young, and of toward fame,
All which (set on with wicked spirits) there strook he, there he slew,
And to the iron strength of fire their noble limbs he threw.

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Then breathed his last sighs, and these words: "Again rejoice, my friend,
Even in the joyless depth of hell. Now give I complete end
To all my vows. Alone thy life sustain'd not violence;
Twelve Trojan princes wait on thee, and labour to incense
Thy glorious heap of funeral. Great Hector I'll excuse,
The dogs shall eat him." These high threats perform'd not their abuse;
Jove's daughter, Venus, took the guard of noble Hector's corse,
And kept the dogs off, night and day applying sovereign force
Of rosy balms, that to the dogs were horrible in taste,
And with which she the body fill'd. Renowm'd Apollo cast
A cloud from heaven, lest with the sun the nerves and lineaments
Might dry and putrefy. And now some powers denied consents
To this solemnity; the fire (for all the oily fuel
It had injected) would not burn; and then the loving Cruel
Studied for help, and, standing off, invoked the two fair winds,
Zephyr and Boreas, to afford the rage of both their kinds
To aid his outrage. Precious gifts his earnest zeal did vow,
Pour'd from a golden bowl much wine, and pray'd them both to blow,
That quickly his friend's corse might burn, and that heap's sturdy breast
Embrace consumption. Iris heard: the winds were at a feast,
All in the court of Zephyrus, that boisterous blowing air,
Gather'd together. She that wears the thousand-colour'd hair
Flew thither, standing in the porch. They, seeing her, all arose,
Called to her, every one desired she would awhile repose,
And eat with them. She answer'd: "No, no place of seat is here;
Retreat calls to the Ocean and Æthiopia, where
A hecatomb is offering now to heaven, and there must I [signify
Partake the feast of sacrifice. I come to
That Thetis' son implores your aids (princes of North and West),
With vows of much fair sacrifice, if each will set his breast
Against his heap of funeral, and make it quickly burn;
Patroclus lies there, whose decease all the Achaians mourn."
She said, and parted; and out rush'd, with an unmeasured roar,
Those two winds, tumbling clouds in heaps, ushers to either's blore.
And instantly they reach'd the sea; up flew the waves; the gale
Was strong; reach'd fruitful Troy; and full upon the fire they fall.
The huge heap thunder'd. All night long from his choked breast they blew
A liberal flame up; and all night swift-foot Achilles threw
Wine from a golden bowl on earth, and steep'd the soil in wine,
Still calling on Patroclus' soul. No father could incline
More to a son most dear, nor more mourn at his burned bones,
Than did the great prince to his friend at his combustions,
Still creeping near and near the heap; still sighing, weeping still.
But when the day-star look'd abroad, and promised from his hill
Light, which the saffron morn made good, and sprinkled on the seas,
Then languish'd the great pile; then sunk the flames; and then calm Peace
Turn'd back the rough winds to their homes; the Thracian billow rings
Their high retreat, ruffled with cuffs of their triumphant wings.
Pelides then forsook the pile, and to his tired limb
Choosed place of rest; where laid, sweet sleep fell to his wish on him.
When all the king's guard (waiting then, perceiving will to rise
In that great session) hurried in, and oped again his eyes
With tumult of their troop, and haste. A little then he rear'd [affair referr'd
His troubled person, sitting up, and this
To wish'd commandment of the kings: "Atrides, and the rest
Of our commanders general, vouchsafe me this request
Before your parting: give in charge the quenching with black wine
Of this heap's relics; every brand the yellow fire made shine;
And then let search Patroclus' bones, distinguishing them well;
As well ye may, they kept the midst, the rest at random fell

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About th' extreme part of the pile; men's
bones and horses' mix'd.
Being found, I'll find an urn of gold t' en-
close them, and betwixt
The air and them two kels of fat lay on
them, and to rest
Commit them, till mine own bones seal
our love, my soul deceased.
The sepulchre I have not charged to make
of too much state,
But of a model something mean, that you
of younger fate,
When I am gone, may amplify with such
a breadth and height
As fits your judgments and our worths."
This charge received his weight
In all observance: first they quench'd
with sable wine the heap,
As far as it had fed the flame. The ash
fell wondrous deep,
In which his consorts, that his life re-
ligiously loved,
Search'd, weeping, for his bones; which
found, they conscionably proved
His will made to Æacides, and what his
love did add.
A golden vessel, double fat, contain'd
them; all which, clad
In veils of linen, pure and rich, were
solemnly convey'd
T' Achilles' tent. The platform then about
the pile they laid [earth, and then
Of his fit sepulchre, and raised a heap of
Offer'd departure. But the prince retain'd
there still his men,
Employing them to fetch from fleet rich
tripods for his games,
Caldrons, horse, mules, broad-headed
beeves, bright steel, and brighter dames.
The best at horse-race he ordain'd a
lady for his prize,
Generally praiseful, fair and young, and
skill'd in housewiferies
Of all kinds fitting; and withal a trivet,
that inclosed
Twenty-two measures' room, with ears.
The next prize he proposed
Was (that which then had high respect) a
mare of six years old,
Unhandled, horsed with a mule, and ready
to have foal'd.
The third game was a caldron, new, fair,
bright, and could for size
Contain two measures. For the fourth,
two talents' quantities
Of finest gold. The fifth game was a great
new standing bowl,
To set down both ways. These brought in,
Achilles then stood up,
And said: "Atrides and my lords, chief
horsemen of our host,
These games expect ye. If myself should
interpose my most
For our horse-race, I make no doubt but
I should take again
These gifts proposed. Ye all know well,
of how divine a strain
My horse are, and how eminent. Of Nep-
tune's gift they are
To Peleus, and of his to me. Myself then
will not share
In gifts given others, nor my steeds breathe
any spirit to shake
Their airy pasterns; so they mourn for
their kind guider's sake,
Late lost; that used with humorous oil to
slick their lofty manes,
Clear water having cleansed them first,
and, his bane being their banes,
Those lofty manes now strew the earth,
their heads held shaken down.
You then that trust in chariots, and hope
with horse to crown
Your conquering temples, gird yourselves;
now, fame and prize stretch for,
All that have spirits." This fired all; the
first competitor
Was king Eumelus, whom the art of horse-
manship did grace,
Son to Admetus. Next to him rose Diomed
to the race,
That under reins ruled Trojan horse, of
late forced from the son [fusion
Of lord Anchises, himself freed of near con-
By Phœbus. Next to him set forth the
yellow-headed king
Of Lacedæmon, Jove's high seed; and,
in his managing,
Podargus and swift Æthe trod, steeds to
the King of men;
Æthe given by Echepolus, the Anchisi-
aden,
As bribe to free him from the war resolved
for Ilion;
So Delicacy feasted him, whom Jove be-
stow'd upon
A mighty wealth; his dwelling was in
broad Sicyone.
Old Nestor's son, Antilochus, was fourth
for chivalry
In this contention; his fair horse were of
the Pylian breed,
And his old father, coming near, inform'd
him (for good speed)
With good race notes, in which himself
could good instruction give:
"Antilochus, though young thou art,
yet thy grave virtues live

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Beloved of Neptune and of Jove: their spirits have taught thee all
The art of horsemanship, for which the less thy merits fall
In need of doctrine. Well thy skill can wield a chariot
In all fit turnings, yet thy horse their slow feet handle not
As fits thy manage, which makes me cast doubts of thy success.
I well know all these are not seen in art of this address
More than thyself; their horses yet superior are to thine
For their parts; thine want speed to make discharge of a design
To please an artist. But go on, shew but thy art and heart
At all points, and set them against their horses' heart and art;
Good judges will not see thee lose. A carpenter's desert
Stands more in cunning than in power. A pilot doth avert
His vessel from the rock, and wrack, toss'd with the churlish winds,
By skill, not strength: so sorts it here; one charioteer that finds
Want of another's power in horse must in his own skill set
An overplus of that to that; and so the proof will get
Skill, that still rests within a man, more grace than power without.
He that in horse and chariots trusts, is often hurl'd about
This way and that, unhandsomely, all heaven wide of his end.
He, better skill'd, that rules worse horse, will all observance bend
Right on the scope still of a race, bear near, know when to rein,
When give rein, as his foe before (well noted in his vein
Of manage and his steeds' estate) presents occasion.
I'll give thee instance now, as plain as if thou saw'st it done:
Here stands a dry stub of some tree,* a cubit from the ground,
(Suppose the stub of oak or larch, for either are so sound
That neither rots with wet) two stones, white (mark you), white for view,
Parted on either side the stub; and these lay where they drew
The way into a strait; the race betwixt both lying clear.
Imagine them some monument of one long since tomb'd there,
Or that they had been lists of race for men of former years,
As now the lists Achilles sets may serve for charioteers
Many years hence. When near to these the race grows, then as right
Drive on them as thy eye can judge; then lay thy bridle's weight
Most of thy left side; thy right horse then switching, all thy throat
(Spent in encouragements) give him, and all the rein let float
About his shoulders; thy near horse will yet be he that gave
Thy skill the prize, and him rein so his head may touch the nave
Of thy left wheel; but then take care thou runn'st not on the stone
(With wrack of horse and chariot) which so thou bear'st upon.
Shipwrack within the haven avoid, by all means; that will breed
Others delight, and thee a shame. Be wise then, and take heed,
My loved son, get but to be first at turning in the course;
He lives not that can cote thee then, not if he back'd the horse
The gods bred, and Adrastus owed. Divine Arion's speed
Could not outpace thee, or the horse Laomedon did breed,
Whose race is famous, and fed here." Thus sat Neleides,
When all that could be said was said.* And then Meriones
Set fifthly forth his fair-maned horse. All leapt to chariot;
And every man then for the start cast in his proper lot.
Achilles drew; Antilochus the lot set foremost forth;
Eumelus next; Atrides third; Meriones the fourth;
The fifth and last was Diomed, far first in excellence.
All stood in order, and the lists Achilles fix'd far thence
In plain field; and a seat ordain'd fast by, in which he set
Renowmed Phœnix, that in grace of Peleus was so great,

* A comment might well be bestowed upon his speech of Nestor.

* Nestor's aged love of speech was here briefly noted.

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To see the race, and give a truth of all
their passages.
All start together, scourged, and cried, and
gave their business
Study and order. Through the field they
held a winged pace.
Beneath the bosom of their steeds a dust
so dimm'd the race,
It stood above their heads in clouds, or
like to storms amazed.
Manes flew like ensigns with the wind.
The chariots sometime grazed,
And sometimes jump'd up to the air; yet
still sat fast the men,
Their spirits even panting in their breasts
with fervour to obtain.
But when they turn'd to fleet again, then
all men's skills were tried,
Then stretch'd the pasterns of their steeds.
Eumelus' horse in pride
Still bore their sovereign. After them
came Diomed's coursers close, [repose
Still apt to leap their chariot, and ready to
Upon the shoulders of their king their
heads; his back even burn'd
With fire that from their nostrils flew; and
then their lord had turn'd
The race for him, or given it doubt, if
Phœbus had not smit
The scourge out of his hands, and tears of
helpless wrath with it
From forth his eyes, to see his horse for
want of scourge made slow,
And th' others, by Apollo's help, with much
more swiftness go.
Apollo's spite Pallas discern'd, and flew
to Tydeus' son,
His scourge reach'd, and his horse made
fresh. Then took her angry run
At king Eumelus, brake his gears; his
mares on both sides flew,
His draught-tree fell to earth, and him the
toss'd-up chariot threw
Down to the earth, his elbows torn, his
forehead, all his face
Strook at the centre, his speech lost. And
then the turned race
Fell to Tydides; before all his conquering
horse he drave,
And first he glitter'd in the race; divine
Athenia gave
Strength to his horse, and fame to him.
Next him drave Sparta's king.
Antilochus his father's horse then urged
with all his sting
Of scourge and voice: "Run low," said
he, "stretch out your limbs, and fly;
With Diomed's horse I bid not strive, nor
with himself strive I;
Athenia wings his horse, and him re-
nowms; Atrides' steeds
Are they ye must not fail but reach; and
soon, lest soon succeeds
The blot of all your fames, to yield in
swiftness to a mare,
To female Æthe. What's the cause, ye
best that ever were,
That thus ye fail us? Be assured, that
Nestor's love ye lose
For ever, if ye fail his son: through both
your both sides goes
His hot steel, if ye suffer me to bring the
last prize home.
Haste, overtake them instantly; we needs
must overcome.
This harsh way next us, this my mind will
take, this I despise
For peril, this I'll creep through: hard
the way to honour lies,
And that take I, and that shall yield."
His horse by all this knew
He was not pleased, and fear'd his voice,
and for a while they flew.
But straight more clear appear'd the strait
Antilochus foresaw,
It was a gasp the earth gave, forced by
humours cold and raw,
Pour'd out of Winter's watery breast, met
there, and cleaving deep
All that near passage to the lists. This
Nestor's son would keep,
And left the roadway, being about.
Atrides fear'd,* and cried:
"Antilochus, thy course is mad; contain
thy horse, we ride
A way most dangerous; turn head, betime
take larger field,
We shall be splitted." Nestor's son with
much more scourge impell'd
His horse for this, as if not heard; and
got as far before
As any youth can cast a quoit. Atrides
would no more;
He back again, for fear himself, his goodly
chariot,
And horse together, strew'd the dust, in
being so dusty hot
Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at
parting, passing sore:
"Antilochus," said he, "a worse than
thee earth never bore.
Farewell, we never thought thee wise that
were wise; but not so
Without oaths shall the wreath, be sure,
crown thy mad temples. Go."

* Menelaus in fear to follow Antilochus, who ye may see played upon him.

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Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus stirring up his steeds :
" Leave me not last thus, nor stand vex'd. Let these fail in the speeds
Of feet and knees, not you. Shall these, these old jades, past the flower
Of youth that you have, pass you?" This the horse fear'd, and more power
Put to their knees, straight getting ground. Both flew, and so the rest.
All came in smokes, like spirits. The Greeks, (set to see who did best,
Without the race, aloft) now made a new discovery, [meneus' eye
Other than that they made at first. Ido-
Distinguish'd all, he knew the voice of Diomed, seeing a horse
Of special mark, of colour bay, and was the first in course,
His forehead putting forth a star, round like the moon, and white.
Up stood the Cretan, uttering this : " Is it alone my sight,
Princes and captains, that discerns another lead the race
With other horse than led of late? Eumelus made most pace
With his fleet mares, and he began the flexure as we thought ;
Now all the field I search, and find nowhere his view ; hath nought
Befall'n amiss to him? Perhaps he hath not with success
Perform'd his flexure ; his reins lost, or seat, or with the tress
His chariot fail'd him, and his mares have outray'd with affright.
Stand up, try you your eyes, for mine hold with the second sight ;
This seems to me th' Ætolian king, the Tydean Diomed."
" To you it seems so," rusticly Ajax Oileus said,
" Your words are suited to your eyes. Those mares lead still that led,
Eumelus owes them, and he still holds reins and place that did,
Not fall'n as you hoped : you must prate before us all, though last
In judgment of all : y' are too old, your tongue goes still too fast,
You must not talk so. Here are those that better thee, and look
For first place in the censure." This Idomeneus took
In much disdain, and thus replied : " Thou best, in speeches worst,
Barbarous-languaged ; others here might have reproved me first,
Not thou, unfitt'st of all. I hold a tripod with thee here,
Or caldron, and our General make our equal arbiter,
Those horse are first, that when thou pay'st thou then may'st know." This fired
Oiliades more, and more than words this quarrel had inspired,
Had not Achilles rose, and used this pacifying speech :
" No more : away with words in war : it toucheth both with breach
Of that which fits ye : your deserts should others reprehend
That give such foul terms : sit ye still, the men themselves will end
The strife betwixt you instantly, and either's own load bear
On his own shoulders. Then to both the first horse will appear,
And which is second." These words used, Tydides was at hand,
His horse ran high, glanced on the way, and up they toss'd the sand
Thick on their coachman ; on their pace their chariot deck'd with gold
Swiftly attended, no wheel seen, nor wheel's print in the mould
Impress'd behind them. These horse flew a flight, not ran a race.
Arrived, amids the lists they stood, sweat trickling down apace
Their high manes and their prominent breasts ; and down jump'd Diomed,
Laid up his scourge aloft the seat, and straight his prize was led
Home to his tent. Rough Sthenelus laid quick hand on the dame,
And handled trivet, and sent both home by his men. Next came
Antilochus, that won with wiles, not swiftness of his horse,
Precedence of the gold-lock'd king, who yet maintain'd the course
So close, that not the king's own horse gat more before the wheel
Of his rich chariot, that might still the insecution feel
With the extreme hairs of his tail (and that sufficient close
Held to his leader, no great space it let him interpose
Consider'd in so great a field). Then Nestor's wily son
Gat of the king ; now at his heels, though at the breach he won
A quoit's cast of him, which the king again at th' instant gain'd. [maned,
Æthe Agamemnonides, that was so richly

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Gat strength still as she spent; which words her worth had proved with deeds,
Had more ground been allow'd the race; and coted far his steeds,
No question leaving for the prize. And now Meriones
A dart's cast came behind the king, his horse of speed much less,
Himself less skill'd t' importune them, and give a chariot wing.
Admetus' son was last, whose plight Achilles pitying
Thus spake: "Best man comes last; yet right must see his prize not least,
The second his deserts must bear, and Diomed the best."
He said, and all allow'd; and sure the mare had been his own,
Had not Antilochus stood forth, and in his answer shown
Good reason for his interest: "Achilles," he replied,
"I should be angry with you much to see this ratified.
Ought you to take from me my right, because his horse had wrong,
Himself being good? He should have used, as good men do, his tongue
In prayer to their powers that bless good (not trusting to his own),
Not to have been in this good last. His chariot overthrown
O'erthrew not me: who's last? who's first? men's goodness without these
Is not our question. If his good you pity yet, and please
Princely to grace it; your tents hold a goodly deal of gold,
Brass, horse, sheep, women; out of these your bounty may be bold,
To take a much more worthy prize than my poor merit seeks,
And give it here before my face, and all these; that the Greeks
May glorify your liberal hands. This prize I will not yield. [a tried field.
Who bears this, whatsoever man, he bears
His hand and mine must change some blows." Achilles laugh'd, and said:
"If thy will be, Antilochus, I'll see Eumelus paid
Out of my tents. I'll give him th' arms, which late I conquer'd in
Asteropæus, forged of brass, and waved about with tin;
'Twill be a present worthy him." This said, Automedon
He sent for them. He went and brought; and to Admetus' son
Achilles gave them. He, well pleased, received them. Then arose
Wrong'd Menelaus, much incensed with young Antilochus.
He bent to speak, a herald took his sceptre and gave charge
Of silence to the other Greeks; then did the king enlarge
The spleen he prison'd, uttering this:*
"Antilochus, till now
We grant thee wise; but in this act what wisdom utter'st thou?
Thou hast disgraced my virtue, wrong'd my horse, preferring thine,
Much their inferiors. But go to, Princes, nor his nor mine
Judge of with favour, him nor me; lest any Grecian use
This scandal: 'Menelaus won, with Nestor's son's abuse,
The prize in question, his horse worst; himself yet wan the best
By power and greatness.' Yet, because I would not thus contest
To make parts taking, I'll be judge; and I suppose none here
Will blame my judgment, I'll do right: Antilochus, come near;
Come, noble gentleman, 'tis your place; swear by th' earth-circling god,
(Standing before your chariot and horse, and that self rod
With which you scourged them in your hand) if both with will and wile
You did not cross my chariot." He thus did reconcile
Grace with his disgrace, and with wit restored him to his wit:
"Now† crave I patience: O king, whatever was unfit,
Ascribe to much more youth in me than you: you, more in age
And more in excellence, know well, the outrays that engage
All young men's actions; sharper wits, but duller wisdoms, still
From us flow than from you; for which, curb, with your wisdom, will.
The prize I thought mine, I yield yours, and, if you please, a prize
Of greater value to my tent I'll send for, and suffice
Your will at full, and instantly; for, in this point of time, [top to climb,
I rather wish to be enjoin'd your favour's

* Note Menelaus' ridiculous speech for conclusion of his character.
† Antilochus his ironical reply.

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Than to be falling all my time from height of such a grace,*
O Jove-loved king, and of the gods receive a curse in place."
This said, he fetch'd the prize to him; and it rejoiced him so,
That as corn-ears shine with the dew, yet having time to grow,
When fields set all their bristles up;† in such a ruff wert thou,
O Menelaus, answering thus: "Antilochus, I now,
Though I were angry, yield to thee, because I see th' hadst wit,
When I thought not; thy youth hath got the mastery of thy spirit.
And yet, for all this, 'tis more safe not to abuse at all
Great men, than, venturing, trust to wit to take up what may fall;
For no man in our host beside had easily calm'd my spleen,
Stirr'd with like tempest. But thyself hast a sustainer been
Of much affliction in my cause; so thy good father too,
And so thy brother; at thy suit, I therefore let all go,
Give thee the game here, though mine own, that all these may discern
King Menelaus bears a mind at no part proud or stern."
The king thus calm'd, Antilochus received, and gave the steed
To loved Noemon to lead thence; and then received beside
The caldron. Next, Meriones, for fourth game, was to have
Two talents' gold. The fifth, unwon, renowm'd Achilles gave
To reverend Nestor, being a bowl to set on either end;
Which through the press he carried him: "Receive," said he, "old friend,
This gift as funeral monument of my dear friend deceased,
Whom never you must see again; I make it his bequest
To you as, without any strife, obtaining it from all.
Your shoulders must not undergo the churlish whoorlbat's fall;
Wrastling is past you, strife in darts, the foot's celerity;
Harsh age in his years fetters you, and honour sets you free."
Thus gave he it. He took, and joy'd; but, ere he thank'd, he said:
"Now sure, my honourable son, in all points thou hast play'd
The comely orator; no more must I contend with nerves;
Feet fail, and hands; arms want that strength, that this and that swinge serves
Under your shoulders. Would to heaven, I were so young-chinn'd now,
And strength threw such a many of bones, to celebrate this show,
As when the Epians brought to fire, actively honouring thus,
King Amaryncea's funerals in fair Buprasius.
His sons put prizes down for him; where not a man match'd me
Of all the Epians, or the sons of great-soul'd Ætolie,
No, nor the Pylians themselves, my countrymen. I beat
Great Clytomedeus, Enops' son, at buffets. At the feat
Of wrastling, I laid under me one that against me rose,
Ancæus, call'd Pleuronius. I made Iphiclus lose
The foot-game to me. At the spear, I conquer'd Polydore,
And strong Phyleus. Actor's sons, of all men, only bore
The palm at horse-race, conquering with lashing on more horse,
And envying my victory, because, before their course,
All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins; one was
A most sure guide, a most sure guide; the other gave the pass
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now young men must wage
These works, and my joints undergo the sad defects of age;
Though then I was another man. At that time I excell'd
Amongst th' heroes.* But forth now; let th' other rites be held
For thy deceased friend; this thy gift in all kind part I take,
And much it joys my heart, that still, for my true kindness' sake,
You give me memory. You perceive, in what fit grace I stand
Amongst the Grecians; and to theirs you set your graceful hand.

* Ironicè.
† This simile likewise is merely ironical.

* His desire of praise pants still.

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The gods give ample recompense of grace again to thee,
For this and all thy favours." Thus, back through the thrust drave he,
When he had stay'd out all the praise of old Neleides.*
And now for buffets, that rough game, he order'd passages;
Proposing a laborious mule, of six years old, untamed,
And fierce in handling, brought, and bound, in that place where they gamed;
And, to the conquer'd, a round cup. Both which he thus proclaims:
"Atrides and all friends of Greece, two men, for these two games,
I bid stand forth. Who best can strike, with high contracted fists,
(Apollo giving him the wreath) know all about these lists,
Shall win a mule, patient of toil; the vanquish'd, this round cup."
This utter'd; Panopeus' son, Epeus, straight stood up,
A tall huge man, that to the nail knew that rude sport of hand,
And, seizing the tough mule, thus spake:
"Now let some other stand
Forth for the cup; this mule is mine, at cuffs I boast me best.
Is't not enough I am no soldier? who is worthiest
At all works? none; not possible. At this yet this I say,
And will perform this: who stands forth, I'll burst him, I will bray
His bones as in a mortar:† fetch surgeons enow to take
His corse from under me." This speech did all men silent make.
At last stood forth Euryalus, a man god-like, and son
To king Mecisteus, the grandchild of honour'd Talaon.
He was so strong that, coming once to Thebes, when Œdipus
Had like rites solemnized for him, he went victorious
From all the Thebans. This rare man Tydides would prepare,
Put on his girdle, ox-hide cords, fair-wrought; and spent much care
That he might conquer, hearten'd him, and taught him tricks. Both dress'd
Fit for th' affair, both forth were brought; then breast opposed to breast,
Fists against fists rose, and, they join'd, rattling of jaws was there,
Gnashing of teeth, and heavy blows dash'd blood out everywhere.
At length Epeus spied clear way, rush'd in, and such a blow
Drave underneath the other's ear, that his neat limbs did strow
The knock'd earth, no more legs had he; but as a huge fish laid
Near to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a North flaw fraid,
Shoots back, and in the black deep hides; so, sent against the ground,
Was foil'd Euryalus, his strength, so hid in more profound [competitor;
Deeps of Epeus, who took up th' intranced
About whom rush'd a crowd of friends, that through the clusters bore
His faltering knees; he spitting up thick clods of blood, his head
Totter'd of one side, his sense gone; when, to a by-place led,
Thither they brought him the round cup. Pelides then set forth
Prize for a wrastling; to the best a trivet, that was worth
Twelve oxen, great and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t' obtain
A woman excellent in works; her beauty, and her gain,
Prized at four oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaim'd: "Arise,
You wrastlers, that will prove for these." Out stepp'd the ample size
Of mighty Ajax, huge in strength; to him Laertes' son,
The crafty one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremony done
Of making ready, forth they stepp'd, catch elbows with strong hands,
And as the beams of some high house crack with a storm, yet stands
The house, being built by well-skill'd men; so crack'd their back-bones, wrinch'd
With horrid twitches; in their sides, arms, shoulders, all bepinch'd,
Ran thick the wales, red with the blood, ready to start out. Both
Long'd for the conquest and the prize; yet shew'd no play, being loth
To lose both. Nor could Ithacus stir Ajax; nor could he
Hale down Ulysses, being more strong than with mere strength to be

* Another note of Nestor's humour, not so much being to be plainly observed in all these Iliads as in this book.

† Note the sharpness of wit in our Homer; if where you look not for it you can find it.

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Hurl'd from all vantage of his sleight. Tired then with tugging play,
Great Ajax Telamonius said: "Thou wisest man, or lay
My face up, or let me lay thine; let Jove take care for these." [Laertiades
This said, he hoist him up to air; when
His wiles forgat not, Ajax' thigh he strook behind, and flat
He on his back fell; on his breast Ulysses. Wonder'd at
Was this of all; all stood amazed. Then the much-suffering man, [monian
Divine Ulysses, at next close the Tela-
A little raised from earth, not quite, but with his knee implied
Lock'd legs; and down fell both on earth, close by each other's side,
Both filed with dust; but starting up, the third close they had made,
Had not Achilles' self stood up, restraining them, and bade:
"No more tug one another thus, nor moil yourselves; receive
Prize equal; conquest crowns ye both; the lists to others leave."
They heard, and yielded willingly, brush'd off the dust, and on
Put other vests. Pelides then, to those that swiftest run, [comparison,
Proposed another prize; a bowl, beyond
Both for the size and workmanship, past all the bowls of earth.
It held six measures; silver all; but had his special worth
For workmanship, receiving form from those ingenious men
Of Sidon. The Phœnicians made choice, and brought it then
Along the green sea, giving it to Thoas; by degrees
It came t' Eunæus, Jason's son, who young Priamides,
Lycaon, of Achilles' friend bought with it; and this, here
Achilles made best game for him that best his feet could bear.
For second he proposed an ox, a huge one, and a fat;
And half a talent gold for last. These thus he set them at:
"Rise, you that will assay for these." Forth stepp'd Oiliades;
Ulysses answer'd; and the third was, one esteem'd past these
For footmanship, Antilochus. All rank'd, Achilles show'd
The race-scope. From the start they glid. Oiliades bestow'd
His feet the swiftest; close to him flew god-like Ithacus.
And as a lady at her loom, being young and beauteous,
Her silk-shuttle close to her breast, with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand, lifts quick and oft, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thread, which she unwinds with ever at her breast
Gracing her fair hand; so close still, and with such interest
In all men's likings, Ithacus unwound, and spent the race
By him before; took out his steps with putting in their place
Promptly and gracefully his own; sprinkled the dust before,
And clouded with his breath his head. So facilely he bore
His royal person, that he strook shouts from the Greeks, with thirst
That he should conquer, though he flew: "Yet come, come, O come first,"
Ever they cried to him. And this even his wise breast did move
To more desire of victory; it made him pray, and prove,
Minerva's aid, his fautress still: "O goddess, hear," said he,
"And to my feet stoop with thy help, now happy fautress be."
She was, and light made all his limbs: and now, both near their crown,
Minerva tripp'd up Ajax' heels, and headlong he fell down [gently left
Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negli-
Since they were slain there; and by this, Minerva's friend bereft
Oiliades of that rich bowl, and left his lips, nose, eyes,
Ruthfully smear'd. The fat ox yet he seized for second prize,
Held by the horn, spit out the tail, and thus spake all besmear'd:
"O villanous chance! this Ithacus so highly is endear'd
To his Minerva, that her hand is ever in his deeds.
She, like his mother, nestles him; for from her it proceeds,
I know, that I am used thus." This all in light laughter cast;
Amongst whom quick Antilochus laugh'd out his coming last
Thus wittily: "Know, all my friends, that all times past, and now,
The gods most honour most-lived men. Oiliades ye know

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More old than I; but Ithacus is of the foremost race,
First generation of men. Give the old man his grace,
They count him of the green-hair'd eld; they may; or in his flower;
For not our greatest flourisher can equal him in power
Of foot-strife, but Æacides." Thus soothed he Thetis' son,
Who thus accepted it: "Well, youth, your praises shall not run
With unrewarded feet on mine; your half a talent's prize
I'll make a whole one: take you, sir." He took, and joy'd. Then flies
Another game forth. Thetis' son set in the lists a lance,
A shield, and helmet, being th' arms Sarpedon did advance
Against Patroclus, and he prised. And thus he named th' address:
"Stand forth, two the most excellent, arm'd, and before all these
Give mutual onset to the touch and wound of either's flesh.
Who first shall wound, through other's arms his blood appearing fresh,
Shall win this sword, silver'd, and hatch'd; the blade is right of Thrace;
Asteropæus yielded it. These arms shall part their grace
With either's valour; and the men I'll liberally feast
At my pavilion." To this game the first man that address'd [Diomed.
Was Ajax Telamonius; to him king
Both, in opposed parts of the press, full arm'd, both entered
The lists amids the multitude, put looks on so austere,
And join'd so roughly, that amaze surprised the Greeks in fear
Of either's mischief. Thrice they threw their fierce darts, and closed thrice.
Then Ajax strook through Diomed's shield, but did no prejudice;
His curets saft him. Diomed's dart still over shoulders flew,
Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough Ajax grew
So violent, that the Greeks cried: "Hold, no more. Let them no more.
Give equal prize to either." Yet the sword, proposed before
For him did best, Achilles gave to Diomed. Then a stone,
In fashion of a sphere, he show'd; of no invention,
But natural, only melted through with iron. 'Twas the bowl
That king Eetion used to hurl; but he bereft of soul
By great Achilles, to the fleet, with store of other prise,
He brought it, and proposed it now both for the exercise
And prize itself. He stood, and said: "Rise you that will approve
Your arms' strengths now in this brave strife. His vigour that can move
This furthest, needs no game but this; for reach he ne'er so far
With large fields of his own in Greece (and so needs for his car,
His plough, or other tools of thrift, much iron) I'll able this
For five revolved years; no need shall use his messages
To any town to furnish him, this only bowl shall yield
Iron enough for all affairs." This said to try this field,
First Polypœtes issued; next Leonteus; third
Great Ajax; huge Epeus fourth; yet he was first that stirr'd
That mine of iron. Up it went, and up he toss'd it so,
That laughter took up all the field. The next man that did throw
Was Leonteus; Ajax third, who gave it such a hand,
That far past both their marks it flew. But now 'twas to be mann'd [strays
By Polypœtes; and, as far as at an ox that
A herdsman can swing out his goad, so far did he outraise
The stone past all men; all the field rose in a shout to see't;
About him flock'd his friends, and bore the royal game to fleet.
For archery he then set forth ten axes edged two ways,
And ten of one edge. On the shore, far-off, he caused to raise
A ship-mast; to whose top they tied a fearful dove by th' foot,
At which all shot, the game put thus: He that the dove could shoot,
Nor touch the string that fasten'd her, the two-edged tools should bear
All to the fleet. Who touch'd the string, and miss'd the dove, should share
The one-edged axes. This proposed; king Teucer's force arose,
And with him rose Meriones. And now lots must dispose

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Their shooting first; both which let fall
into a helm of brass,
First Teucer's came, and first he shot, and
his cross fortune was
To shoot the string, the dove untouch'd;
Apollo did envy
His skill, since not to him he vow'd, being
god of archery,
A first-fall'n lamb. The bitter shaft yet
cut in two the cord,
That down fell, and the dove aloft up to
the welkin soar'd.
The Greeks gave shouts. Meriones first
made a hearty vow
To sacrifice a first-fall'n lamb to him that
rules the bow,
And then fell to his aim, his shaft being
ready nock'd before.
He spied her in the clouds that here, there,
everywhere did soar,
Yet at her height he reach'd her side,
strook her quite through, and down
The shaft fell at his feet; the dove the
mast again did crown,
There hung the head, and all her plumes
were ruffled, she stark dead,
And there, far off from him, she fell. The
people wondered,
And stood astonish'd; th' archer pleased.
Æacides then shews
A long lance, and a caldron new, engrail'd
with twenty hues,
Prized at on ox. These games were shew'd
for men at darts; and then
Up rose the General of all; up rose the
king of men;
Up rose late-crown'd Meriones. Achilles
seeing the king
Do him this grace, prevents more deed;
his royal offering
Thus interrupting: "King of men, we
well conceive how far
Thy worth superior is to all, how much
most singular
Thy power is, and thy skill in darts;
accept then this poor prize
Without contention, and (your will pleased
with what I advise)
Afford Meriones the lance." The king
was nothing slow
To that fit grace. Achilles then the brass
lance did bestow
On good Meriones. The king his present
would not save,
But to renowm'd Talthybius the goodly
caldron gave.

THE END OF THE THREE AND TWENTIETH BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

JOVE, entertaining care of Hector's corse,
Sends Thetis to her son for his remorse;
And fit dismission of it. Iris then
He sends to Priam; willing him to gain
His son for ransom. He, by Hermes led,
Gets through Achilles' guards; sleeps deep and dead
Cast on them by his guide: when, with access
And humble suit made to Æacides,
He gains the body; which to Troy he bears,
And buries it with feasts, buried in tears.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Omega sings the Exequies,
And Hector's redemptory prise.

THE games perform'd; the soldiers wholly dispersed to fleet,
Supper and sleep their only care. Constant Achilles yet
Wept for his friend; nor sleep itself, that all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him; this way and that he turn'd, and did renew
His friend's dear memory, his grace in managing his strength,
And his strength's greatness, how life rack'd into their utmost length
Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance.
Each thought of which turn'd to a tear. Sometimes he would advance,
In tumbling on the shore, his side; sometimes his face; then turn
Flat on his bosom; start upright. Although he saw the morn
Shew sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not, till at last
Rage varied his distraction; horse, chariot, in haste
He call'd for; and, those join'd, the corse was to his chariot tied,
And thrice about the sepulchre he made his fury ride,
Dragging the person. All this past; in his pavilion
Rest seized him, but with Hector's corse his rage had never done,
Still suffering it t' oppress the dust. Apollo yet, even dead,
Pitied the prince, and would not see inhumane tyranny fed
With more pollution of his limbs; and therefore cover'd round
His person with his golden shield, that rude dogs might not wound
His manly lineaments, which threat Achilles cruelly
Had used in fury. But now Heaven let fall a general eye
Of pity on him; the blest gods persuaded Mercury,
Their good observer, to his stealth; and every deity
Stood pleased with it; Juno except, green Neptune, and the Maid
Graced with the blue eyes, all their hearts stood hatefully appaid
Long since; and held it, as at first, to Priam, Ilion,
And all his subjects, for the rape of his licentious son,
Proud Paris, that despised these dames in their divine access
Made to his cottage, and praised her that his sad wantonness
So costly nourish'd. The twelfth morn now shined on the delay
Of Hector's rescue, and then spake the deity of the Day
Thus to th' immortals: "Shameless gods, authors of ill ye are
To suffer ill. Hath Hector's life at all times show'd his care
Of all your rites, in burning thighs of beeves and goats to you,
And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not even now,
Even dead, to keep him; that his wife, his mother, and his son,
Father, and subjects, may be moved to those deeds he hath done,
Seeing you preserve him that served you, and sending to their hands
His person for the rites of fire? Achilles, that withstands

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All help to others, you can help; one that hath neither heart
Nor soul within him that will move or yield to any part [and mere wild,
That fits a man; but lion-like, uplandish,
Slave to his pride, and all his nerves being naturally compiled
Of eminent strength, stalks out and preys upon a silly sheep.
And so fares this man: that fit ruth that now should draw so deep
In all the world, being lost in him; and shame (a quality
Of so much weight, that both it helps and hurts excessively*
Men in their manners) is not known, nor hath the power to be,
In this man's being. Other men a greater loss than he
Have undergone; a son, suppose, or brother of one womb; [in his tomb
Yet, after dues of woes and tears, they bury
All their deplorings. Fates have given to all that are true men
True manly patience; but this man so soothes his bloody vein
That no blood serves it; he must have divine-soul'd Hector bound
To his proud chariot, and danced in a most barbarous round
About his loved friend's sepulchre; when he is slain. 'Tis vile, [now awhile
And draws no profit after it. But let him
Mark but our angers; he is spent; let all his strength take heed
It tempts not our wraths; he begets, in this outrageous deed,
The dull earth with his fury's hate." White-wristed Juno said,
Being much incensed, "This doom is one that thou wouldst have obey'd,
Thou bearer of the silver bow, that we in equal care
And honour should hold Hector's worth, with him that claims a share
In our deservings. Hector suck'd a mortal woman's breast,
Æacides a goddess's; ourself had interest
Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state,
And to the humane Peleus we gave his bridal mate,
Because he had th' immortals' love. To celebrate the feast
Of their high nuptials, every god was glad to be a guest;
And thou fedd'st of his father's cates, touching thy harp in grace
Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face, [with Priam's son;
In his perfection, blusheth not to match
O thou that to betray and shame art still companion."
Jove thus received her: "Never give these broad terms to a god.
Those two men shall not be compared; and yet, of all that trod
The well-paved Ilion, none so dear to all the deities [most of prize
As Hector was; at least to me; for offerings
His hands would never pretermit. Our altars ever stood [and every good
Furnish'd with banquets fitting us, odours
Smoked in our temples; and for this, foreseeing it, his fate
We mark'd with honour, which must stand. But, to give stealth estate
In his deliverance, shun we that; nor must we favour one [Thetis' son,
To shame another. Privily, with wrong to
We must not work out Hector's right. There is a ransom due,
And open course, by laws of arms; in which must humbly sue [any god would stay,
The friends of Hector. Which just mean if
And use the other, 'twould not serve; for Thetis night and day [Iris hither, I
Is guardian to him. But would one call
Would give directions that for gifts the Trojan king should buy [shall resign."
His Hector's body, which the son of Thetis
This said, his will was done; the Dame that doth in vapours shine,
Dewy and thin, footed with storms, jump'd to the sable seas
'Twixt Samos and sharp Imber's cliffs; the lake groan'd with the press
Of her rough feet, and, plummet-like, put in an ox's horn
That bears death to the raw-fed fish, she dived, and found forlorn
Thetis lamenting her son's fate, who was in Troy to have,
Far from his country, his death served. Close to her Iris stood,
And said: "Rise, Thetis: prudent Jove, whose counsels thirst not blood,
Calls for thee." Thetis answer'd her with asking: "What's the cause
The great god calls? My sad powers fear'd to break th' immortal laws,
In going filed with griefs to heaven. But he sets snares for none
With colour'd counsels: not a word of him but shall be done."

* Shame a quality that hurts and helps men exceedingly.

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She said, and took a sable veil; a blacker never wore
A heavenly shoulder and gave way. Swift Iris swum before.
About both roll'd the brackish waves. They took their banks, and flew
Up to Olympus; where they found Saturnius (far-of-view)
Sphered with heaven's ever-being states. Minerva rose, and gave
Her place to Thetis near to Jove; and Juno did receive
Her entry with a cup of gold, in which she drank to her,
Graced her with comfort, and the cup to her hand did refer.
She drank, resigning it; and then the sire of men and gods
Thus entertain'd her: "Comest thou up to these our blest abodes,
Fair goddess Thetis, yet art sad; and that in so high kind
As passeth suffrance? This I know, and tried thee, and now find
Thy will by mine ruled, which is rule to all worlds' government.
Besides this trial yet, this cause sent down for thy ascent,
Nine days' contention hath been held amongst th' Immortals here
For Hector's person and thy son; and some advices were
To have our good spy Mercury steal from thy son the corse;
But that reproach I kept far off, to keep in future force
Thy former love and reverence. Haste then, and tell thy son
The gods are angry; and myself take that wrong he hath done
To Hector in worst part of all: the rather since he still
Detains his person. Charge him then, if he respect my will
For any reason, to resign slain Hector. I will send [commend
Iris to Priam to redeem his son, and re-
Fit ransom to Achilles' grace, in which right he may joy
And end his vain grief." To this charge bright Thetis did employ
Instant endeavour. From heaven's tops she reach'd Achilles' tent,
Found him still sighing, and some friends with all their complement
Soothing his humour; other some with all contention
Dressing his dinner, all their pains and skills consumed upon
A huge wool-bearer, slaughter'd there. His reverend mother then
Came near, took kindly his fair hand, and ask'd him: "Dear son, when
Will sorrow leave thee? How long time wilt thou thus eat thy heart,
Fed with no other food, nor rest? 'twere good thou wouldst divert
Thy friend's love to some lady, cheer thy spirits with such kind parts
As she can quit thy grace withal. The joy of thy deserts
I shall not long have; death is near, and thy all-conquering fate,
Whose haste thou must not haste with grief, but understand the state
Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I
Am sent from Jove t' advertise thee, that every deity
Is angry with thee, himself most, that rage thus reigns in thee
Still to keep Hector. Quit him then, and for fit ransom, free
His injured person." He replied: "Let him come that shall give
The ransom, and the person take. Jove's pleasure must deprive
Men of all pleasures." This good speech, and many more, the son
And mother used, in ear of all the naval station.
And now to holy Ilion Saturnius Iris sent:
"Go, swift-foot Iris, bid Troy's king bear fit gifts, and content
Achilles for his son's release; but let him greet alone
The Grecian navy; not a man, excepting such a one
As may his horse and chariot guide, a herald, or one old,
Attending him; and let him take his Hector. Be he bold,
Discouraged nor with death nor fear; wise Mercury shall guide
His passage till the prince be near; and, he gone, let him ride
Resolved even in Achilles' tent. He shall not touch the state
Of his high person, nor admit the deadliest desperate
Of all about him; for, though fierce, he is not yet unwise,
Nor inconsiderate, nor a man past awe of deities,
But passing free and curious to do a suppliant grace."
This said, the Rainbow to her feet tied whirl-winds, and the place

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Reach'd instantly. The heavy court Clamour and Mourning fill'd;
The sons all set about the sire; and there stood Grief, and still'd
Tears on their garments. In the midst the old king sate, his weed
All wrinkled, head and neck dust-filed; the princesses his seed,
The princesses his sons' fair wives, all mourning by; the thought
Of friends so many, and so good (being turn'd so soon to nought
By Grecian hands) consumed their youth, rain'd beauty from their eyes.
Iris came near the king; her sight shook all his faculties,
And therefore spake she soft, and said: "Be glad, Dardanides;
Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I ambassadress.
Jove greets thee; who, in care, as much as he is distant, deigns
Eye to thy sorrows, pitying thee. My ambassy contains
This charge to thee from him: he wills thou shouldst redeem thy son,
Bear gifts t' Achilles, cheer him so; but visit him alone,
None but some herald let attend, thy mules and chariot
To manage for thee. Fear, nor death let daunt thee; Jove hath got
Hermes to guide thee, who as near to Thetis' son as needs
Shall guard thee; and being once with him, nor his, nor others', deeds
Stand touch'd with, he will all contain; nor is he mad, nor vain,
Nor impious, but with all his nerves studious to entertain
One that submits with all fit grace." Thus vanish'd she like wind.
He mules and chariot calls; his sons bids see them join'd, and bind
A trunk behind it; he himself down to his wardrobe goes, [odoriferous,
Built all of cedar, highly roof'd, and
That much stuff, worth the sight, contain'd.
To him he call'd his queen,
Thus greeting her: "Come, hapless dame; an angel I have seen,
Sent down from Jove, that bade me free our dear son from the fleet
With ransom pleasing to our foe. What holds thy judgment meet?
My strength and spirit lays high charge on all my being to bear
The Greeks' worst, venturing through their host." The queen cried out to hear
His venturous purpose, and replied: "O whither now is fled
The late discretion that renown'd thy grave and knowing head
In foreign and thine own ruled realms, that thus thou darest assay [horrible decay
Sight of that man, in whose brow sticks the
Of sons so many, and so strong? thy heart is iron I think.
If this stern man, whose thirst of blood makes cruelty his drink,
Take, or but see thee thou art dead. He nothing pities woe,
Nor honours age. Without his sight, we have enough to do
To mourn with thought of him. Keep we our palace, weep we here,
Our son is past our helps. Those throes, that my deliverers were
Of his unhappy lineaments, told me they should be torn
With black-foot dogs. Almighty fate, that black hour he was born,
Spun in his springing thread that end; far from his parents' reach,
This bloody fellow then ordain'd to be their mean, this wretch,
Whose stony liver would to heaven I might devour, my teeth
My son's revengers made. Cursed Greek, he gave him not his death
Doing an ill work; he alone fought for his country, he [and cursed policy
Fled not, nor fear'd, but stood his worst;
Was his undoing." He replied: "Whatever was his end [means to defend
Is not our question, we must now use all
His end from scandal; from which act dissuade not my just will,
Nor let me nourish in my house a bird presaging ill [any earthly spirit
To my good actions; 'tis in vain. Had
Given this suggestion; if our priests, or soothsayers, challenging merit
Of prophets, I might hold it false, and be the rather moved
To keep my palace; but these ears and these self eyes approved
It was a goddess. I will go; for not a word she spake
I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make [Achilles; come,
Quick riddance of me at the fleet, kill me,
When getting to thee, I shall find a happy dying room
On Hector's bosom, when enough thirst of my tears finds there
Quench to his fervour." This resolved, the works most fair and dear

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Of his rich screens he brought abroad ; twelve veils wrought curiously ;
Twelve plain gowns ; and as many suits of wealthy tapestry ;
As many mantles ; horsemen's coats ; ten talents of fine gold ;
Two tripods ; caldrons four ; a bowl, whose value he did hold
Beyond all price, presented by th' ambassadors of Thrace.
The old king nothing held too dear, to rescue from disgrace
His gracious Hector. Forth he came. At entry of his court
The Trojan citizens so press'd, that this opprobrious sort
Of check he used ; "Hence, cast aways ; away, ye impious crew ;
Are not your griefs enough at home? what come ye here to view?
Care ye for my griefs? would ye see how miserable I am?
Is't not enough, imagine ye? ye might know, ere ye came,
What such a son's loss weigh'd with me. But know this for your pains,
Your houses have the weaker doors ; the Greeks will find their gains
The easier for his loss, be sure. But O Troy, ere I see
Thy ruin, let the doors of hell receive and ruin me."
Thus with his sceptre set he on the crowding citizens,
Who gave back, seeing him so urge. And now he entertains
His sons as roughly, Helenus, Paris, Hippothous,
Pammon, divine Agathones, renowm'd Deiphobus, [least in arms,
Agavus, and Antiphonus, and last, not
The strong Polites ; these nine sons the violence of his harms
Help'd him to vent in these sharp terms : "Haste, you infamous brood,
And get my chariot. Would to heaven that all the abject blood
In all your veins had Hector scused : O me, accursed man,
All my good sons are gone ; my light the shades Cimmerian
Have swallow'd from me. I have lost Mestor, surnamed the fair ;
Troilus, that ready knight at arms, that made his field repair
Ever so prompt and joyfully ; and Hector, amongst men
Esteem'd a god, not from a mortal's seed, but of th' eternal strain,
He seem'd to all eyes. These are gone ; you that survive are base,
Liars and common free-booters ; all faulty, not a grace,
But in your heels, in all your parts ; dancing companions
Ye all are excellent. Hence, ye brats : love ye to hear my moans?
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly, fly,
That I may perfect this dear work." This all did terrify ;
And straight his mule-drawn chariot came, to which they fast did bind
The trunk with gifts. And then came forth, with an afflicted mind,
Old Hecuba. In her right hand a bowl of gold she bore
With sweet wine crown'd, stood near, and said : "Receive this, and implore,
(With sacrificing it to Jove) thy safe return. I see
Thy mind likes still to go, though mine dislikes it utterly.
Pray to the black-cloud-gathering god, Idæan Jove, that views
All Troy, and all her miseries, that he will deign to use
His most-loved bird to ratify thy hopes ; that, her broad wing
Spread on thy right hand, thou mayst know thy zealous offering
Accepted, and thy safe return confirm'd ; but if he fail,
Fail thy intent, though never so it labours to prevail."
"This I refuse not," he replied, "for no faith is so great
In Jove's high favour, but it must with held-up hands intreat."
This said, the chambermaid, that held the ewer and basin by,
He bade pour water on his hands ; when, looking to the sky,
He took the bowl, did sacrifice, and thus implored : "O Jove,
From Ida using thy commands, in all deserts above [in the sight
All other gods, vouchsafe me safe ; and pity
Of great Achilles ; and, for trust to that wish'd grace, excite
Thy swift-wing'd messenger, most strong, most of air's region loved,
To soar on my right hand ; which sight may firmly see approved
Thy former summons, and my speed." He pray'd, and heaven's king heard,
And instantly cast from his fist air's all-commanding bird,

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The black-wing'd huntress, perfectest of all fowls, which gods call
Percnos, the eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptial
Of any mighty man hath doors, such breadth cast either wing;
Which now she used, and spread them wide on right hand of the king.
All saw it, and rejoiced, and up to chariot he arose,
Drave forth, the portal and the porch resounding as he goes.
His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd as if he went to die;
And bringing him past town to field, all left him; and the eye
Of Jupiter was then his guard, who pitied him, and used
These words to Hermes: "Mercury, thy help hath been profused
Ever with most grace in consorts of travellers distress'd,
Now consort Priam to the fleet; but so, that not the least
Suspicion of him be attain'd, till at Achilles' tent
Thy convoy hath arrived him safe." This charge incontinent
He put in practice. To his feet his feather'd shoes he tied,
Immortal, and made all of gold, with which he used to ride
The rough sea and th' unmeasured earth, and equall'd in his pace
The puffs of wind. Then took he up his rod, that hath the grace
To shut what eyes he lists with sleep, and open them again
In strongest trances. This he held, flew forth, and did attain
To Troy and Hellespontus' strait. Then like a fair young prince,
First-down-chinn'd, and of such a grace as makes his looks convince
Contending eyes to view him, forth he went to meet the king.
He, having pass'd the mighty tomb of Ilus, watering
His mules in Xanthus, the dark Even fell on the earth; and then
Idæus (guider of the mules) discern'd this grace of men, [Dardanides,
And spake afraid to Priamus: "Beware,
Our states ask counsel; I discern the dangerous access
Of some man near us; now I fear we perish. Is it best
To fly, or kiss his knees and ask his ruth of men distress'd?"
Confusion strook the king, cold fear extremely quench'd his veins,
Upright upon his languishing head his hair stood, and the chains
Of strong amaze bound all his powers. To both which then came near
The prince-turn'd Deity, took his hand, and thus bespake the peer:
"To what place, father, drivest thou out through solitary night,
When others sleep? give not the Greeks sufficient cause of fright
To these late travels, being so near, and such vow'd enemies?
Of all which, if with all this load any should cast his eyes
On thy adventures, what would then thy mind esteem thy state,
Thyself old, and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate
At any value; as for me, be sure I mind no harm
To thy grave person, but against the hurt of others arm.
Mine own loved father did not get a greater love in me
To his good, than thou dost to thine." He answer'd: "The degree
Of danger in my course, fair son, is nothing less than that
Thou urgest; but some god's fair hand puts in for my safe state,
That sends so sweet a guardian in this so stern a time
Of night, and danger, as thyself, that all grace in his prime
Of body and of beauty shew'st; all answer'd with a mind [blessed kind
So knowing, that it cannot be but of some
Thou art descended." "Not untrue," said Hermes, "thy conceit
In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of such weight
As I conceive thy carriage be, and that thy care conveys
Thy goods of most price to more guard? or go ye all your ways
Frighted from holy Ilion? so excellent a son
As thou hadst (being your special strength) fall'n to destruction,
Whom no Greek better'd for his fight?" "O, what art thou," said he,
"Most worthy youth, of what race born, that thus recount'st to me
My wretched son's death with such truth?" "Now, father," he replied,
"You tempt me far, in wondering how the death was signified

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Of your divine son to a man so mere a stranger here
As you hold me; but I am one that oft have seen him bear
His person like a god in field; and when in heaps he slew
The Greeks, all routed to their fleet, his so victorious view
Made me admire, not feel his hand; because Æacides,
Incensed, admitted not our fight, myself being of access
To his high person, serving him, and both to Ilion
In one ship sail'd. Besides, by birth I breathe a Myrmidon,
Polyctor, call'd the rich, my sire, declined with age like you.
Six sons he hath, and me a seventh; and all those six live now
In Phthia, since, all casting lots, my chance did only fall
To follow hither. Now for walk I left my General.
To-morrow all the sun-burn'd Greeks will circle Troy with arms,
The princes rage to be withheld so idly, your alarms
Not given half hot enough, they think, and can contain no more."
He answer'd: "If you serve the prince, let me be bold t'implore
This grace of thee, and tell me true: lies Hector here at fleet,
Or have the dogs his flesh?" He said: "Nor dogs nor fowl have yet
Touch'd at his person; still he lies at fleet, and in the tent
Of our great Captain, who indeed is much too negligent
Of his fit usage. But, though now twelve days have spent their heat
On his cold body, neither worms with any taint have eat,
Nor putrefaction perish'd it; yet ever, when the Morn
Lifts her divine light from the sea, unmercifully borne
About Patroclus' sepulchre, it bears his friend's disdain, [outrage reign
Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further
In his distemper: you would muse to see how deep a dew
Even steeps the body, all the blood wash'd off, no slenderest shew
Of gore or quitture; but his wounds all closed, though many were
Open'd about him. Such a love the blest immortals bear,
Even dead, to thy dear son, because his life shew'd love to them."
He joyful answer'd: "O my son, it is a grace supreme
In any man to serve the gods. And I must needs say this;
For no cause, having season fit, my Hector's hands would miss
Advancement to the gods with gifts, and therefore do not they
Miss his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
Thy graces to receive this cup, and keep it for my love,
Nor leave me till the gods and thee have made my prayers approve
Achilles' pity, by thy guide brought to his princely tent."
Hermes replied: "You tempt me now, old king, to a consent
Far from me, though youth aptly errs. I secretly receive
Gifts that I cannot broadly vouch? take graces that will give
My lord dishonour? or what he knows not, or will esteem
Perhaps unfit? such briberies perhaps at first may seem
Sweet and secure; but futurely they still prove sour, and breed
Both fear and danger. I could wish thy grave affairs did need
My guide to Argos, either shipp'd, or lackeying by thy side,
And would be studious in thy guard; so nothing could be tried
But care in me to keep thee safe, for that I could excuse,
And vouch to all men." These words past, he put the deeds in use
For which Jove sent him; up he leapt to Priam's chariot;
Took scourge and reins, and blew in strength to his free steeds, and got
The naval towers and deep dike straight. The guards were all at meat;
Those he enslumber'd, oped the ports, and in he safely let
Old Priam with his wealthy prize. Forthwith they reach'd the tent
Of great Achilles, large and high, and in his most ascent
A shaggy roof of seedy reeds mown from the meads; a hall
Of state they made their king in it, and strengthen'd it withal
Thick with fir rafters; whose approach was let in by a door [men evermore
That had but one bar, but so big that three

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Raised it to shut, three fresh take down; which yet Æacides
Would shut and ope himself. And this with far more ease
Hermes set ope, entering the king; then leapt from horse, and said:
"Now know, old king, that Mercury, a god, hath given this aid
To thy endeavour, sent by Jove; and now away must I,
For men would envy thy estate to see a deity
Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace Achilles' knee,
And by his sire, son, mother, pray his ruth and grace to thee."
This said, he high Olympus reach'd: the king then left his coach
To grave Idæus, and went on, made his resolved approach,
And enter'd in a goodly room, where with his princes sate
Jove-loved Achilles, at their feast; two only kept the state
Of his attendance, Alcimus, and lord Automedon,
At Priam's entry. A great time Achilles gazed upon
His wonder'd-at approach, nor eat; the rest did nothing see,
While close he came up, with his hands fast holding the bent knee
Of Hector's conqueror, and kiss'd that large man-slaughtering hand
That much blood from his sons had drawn. And as in some strange land,
And great man's house, a man is driven (with that abhorr'd dismay
That follows wilful bloodshed still, his fortune being to slay
One whose blood cries aloud for his) to plead protection,
In such a miserable plight as fright the lookers-on;
In such a stupefied estate Achille sat to see
So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,
Old Priam's entry. All his friends one on another stared
To see his strange looks, seeing no cause. Thus Priam then prepared
His son's redemption: "See in me, O god-like Thetis' son, [being outrun
Thy aged father; and perhaps even now
With some of my woes, neighbour foes (thou absent) taking time
To do him mischief; no mean left to terrify the crime
Of his oppression; yet he hears thy graces still survive,
And joys to hear it, hoping still to see thee safe arrive
From ruin'd Troy; but I, cursed man, of all my race shall live
To see none living. Fifty sons the deities did give
My hopes to live in; all alive when near our trembling shore
The Greek ships harbour'd, and one womb nineteen of those sons bore.
Now Mars a number of their knees hath strengthless left; and he
That was, of all, my only joy, and Troy's sole guard, by thee,
Late fighting for his country, slain; whose tender'd person now
I come to ransom. Infinite is that I offer you,
Myself conferring it, exposed alone to all your odds,
Only imploring right of arms. Achilles, fear the gods,
Pity an old man like thy sire; different in only this,
That I am wretcheder, and bear that weight of miseries
That never man did, my cursed lips enforced to kiss that hand
That slew my children." This moved tears; his father's name did stand,
(Mention'd by Priam) in much help to his compassion;
And moved Æacides so much, he could not look upon
The weeping father. With his hand he gently put away
His grave face: calm remission now did mutually display
Her power in either's heaviness. Old Priam, to record
His son's death and his deathsman see, his tears and bosom pour'd
Before Achilles; at his feet he laid his reverend head.
Achilles' thoughts, now with his sire, now with his friend, were fed.
Betwixt both, sorrow fill'd the tent. But now Æacides
(Satiate at all parts with the ruth of their calamities)
Start up, and up he raised the king. His milk-white head and beard
With pity he beheld, and said: "Poor man, thy mind is scared
With much affliction. How durst thy person thus alone [many a worthy son,
Venture on his sight, that hath slain so

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And so dear to thee? thy old heart is made of iron : sit,
And settle we our woes, though huge, for nothing profits it.
Cold mourning wastes but our lives' heats. The gods have destinate
That wretched mortals must live sad ; 'tis the immortal state
Of Deity that lives secure. Two tuns of gifts there lie
In Jove's gate, one of good, one ill, that our mortality
Maintain, spoil, order ; which when Jove doth mix to any man,
One while he frolics, one while mourns. If of his mournful can
A man drinks only, only wrongs he doth expose him to ;
Sad hunger in th' abundant earth doth toss him to and fro,
Respected nor of gods nor men. The mix'd cup Peleus drank
Even from his birth ; heaven blest his life ; he lived not that could thank
The gods for such rare benefits as set forth his estate.
He reign'd among his Myrmidons, most rich, most fortunate,
And, though a mortal, had his bed deck'd with a deathless dame.
And yet, with all this good, one ill God mix'd, that takes all name
From all that goodness ; his name now, whose preservation here
Men count the crown of their most good, not bless'd with power to bear
One blossom but myself, and I shaken as soon as blown ;
Nor shall I live to cheer his age, and give nutrition
To him that nourish'd me. Far off my rest is set in Troy, [that did enjoy,
To leave thee restless and thy seed ; thyself
As we have heard, a happy life ; what Lesbos doth contain,
In times past being a bless'd man's seat, what the unmeasured main
Of Hellespontus, Phrygia, holds, are all said to adorn
Thy empire, wealth and sons enow ; but, when the gods did turn
Thy blest state to partake with bane, war and the bloods of men
Circled thy city, never clear. Sit down and suffer then ;
Mourn not inevitable things ; thy tears can spring no deeds
To help thee, nor recall thy son ; impatience ever breeds
Ill upon ill, makes worst things worse, and therefore sit." He said :
"Give me no seat, great seed of Jove, when yet unransomed
Hector lies riteless in thy tents, but deign with utmost speed
His resignation, that these eyes may see his person freed,
And thy grace satisfied with gifts. Accept what I have brought,
And turn to Phthia ; 'tis enough thy conquering hand hath fought
Till Hector falter'd under it, and Hector's father stood
With free humanity safe." He frown'd and said : "Give not my blood
Fresh cause of fury : I know well I must resign thy son, [besides is done
Jove by my mother utter'd it ; and what
I know as amply ; and thyself, old Priam, I know too.
Some god hath brought thee ; for no man durst use a thought to go
On such a service. I have guards, and I have gates to stay
Easy accesses ; do not then presume thy will can sway,
Like Jove's will, and incense again my quench'd blood, lest nor thou
Nor Jove get the command of me." This made the old king bow,
And down he sat in fear. The prince leapt like a lion forth,
Automedon and Alcimus attending ; all the worth
Brought for the body they took down and brought in, and with it
Idæus, herald to the king; a coat embroider'd yet,
And two rich cloaks, they left to hide the person. Thetis' son
Call'd out his women, to anoint and quickly overrun
The corse with water, lifting it in private to the coach,
Lest Priam saw, and his cold blood embraced a fiery touch
Of anger at the turpitude profaning it, and blew
Again his wrath's fire to his death. This done, his women threw
The coat and cloak on ; but the corse Achilles' own hand laid
Upon a bed, and with his friends to chariot it convey'd,
For which forced grace, abhorring so from his free mind, he wept,
Cried out for anger, and thus pray'd : "O friend, do not except

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Against this favour to our foe, if in the deep thou hear,
And that I give him to his sire; he gave fair ransom; dear
In my observance is Jove's will; and whatsoever part [convert
Of all these gifts by any mean I fitly may
To thy renown here, and will there, it shall be pour'd upon
Thy honour'd sepulchre." This said, he went, and what was done
Told Priam, saying: "Father, now thy will's fit rites are paid,
Thy son is given up; in the morn thine eyes shall see him laid
Deck'd in thy chariot on his bed; in mean space let us eat.
The rich-hair'd Niobe found thoughts that made her take her meat,
Though twelve dear children she saw slain, six daughters, six young sons.
The sons incensed Apollo slew; the maids' confusions
Diana wrought, since Niobe her merits durst compare
With great Latona's, arguing that she did only bear
Two children, and herself had twelve; for which those only two
Slew all her twelve. Nine days they lay steep'd in their blood, her woe
Found no friend to afford them fire, Saturnius had turn'd
Humanes to stones. The tenth day yet, the good celestials burn'd
The trunks themselves, and Niobe, when she was tired with tears,
Fell to her food, and now with rocks and wild hills mix'd she bears
In Sipylus the gods' wraths still, in that place where 'tis said
The Goddess Fairies use to dance about the funeral bed
Of Achelous, where, though turn'd with cold grief to a stone,
Heaven gives her heat enough to feel what plague comparison
With his powers made by earth deserves. Affect not then too far
Without grief, like a god, being man, but for a man's life care,
And take fit food; thou shalt have time beside to mourn thy son;
He shall be tearful, thou being full; not here, but Ilion
Shall find thee weeping-rooms enow." He said, and so arose,
And caused a silver-fleeced sheep kill'd; his friends' skills did dispose
The flaying, cutting of it up, and cookly spitted it,
Roasted, and drew it artfully. Automedon, as fit
Was for the reverend sewer's place; and all the brown joints served
On wicker vessel to the board; Achilles' own hands kerved;
And close they fell to. Hunger stanch'd; talk, and observing time,
Was used of all hands. Priam sat amazed to see the prime
Of Thetis' son, accomplish'd so with stature, looks, and grace,
In which the fashion of a god he thought had changed his place.
Achilles fell to him as fast, admired as much his years
Told in his grave and good aspect; his speech even charm'd his ears,
So order'd, so material. With this food feasted too,
Old Priam spake thus: "Now, Jove's seed, command that I may go,
And add to this feast grace of rest. These lids ne'er closed mine eyes,
Since under thy hands fled the soul of my dear son; sighs, cries,
And woes, all use from food and sleep have taken; the base courts
Of my sad palace made my beds, where all the abject sorts
Of sorrow I have varied, tumbled in dust, and hid;
No bit, no drop, of sustenance touch'd." Then did Achilles bid
His men and women see his bed laid down, and covered
With purple blankets, and on them an arras coverlid,
Waistcoats of silk plush laying by. The women straight took lights,
And two beds made with utmost speed, and all the other rites
Their lord named used, who pleasantly the king in hand thus bore:
"Good father, you must sleep without; lest any counsellor
Make his access in depth of night, as oft their industry
Brings them t' impart our war-affairs; of whom should any eye
Discern your presence, his next steps to Agamemnon fly, [go to, signify,
And then shall I lose all these gifts. But
And that with truth, how many days you mean to keep the state
Of Hector's funerals; because so long would I rebate

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Mine own edge set to sack your town, and all our host contain
From interruption of your rites." He answer'd: "If you mean
To suffer such rites to my son, you shall perform a part
Of most grace to me. But you know with how dismay'd a heart
Our host took Troy; and how much fear will therefore apprehend
Their spirits to make out again, so far as we must send
For wood to raise our heap of death; unless I may assure
That this your high grace will stand good, and make their pass secure;
Which if you seriously confirm, nine days I mean to mourn;
The tenth keep funeral and feast; th' eleventh raise and adorn
My son's fit sepulchre; the twelfth, if we must needs, we'll fight."
"Be it," replied Æacides, "do Hector all this right;
I'll hold war back those whole twelve days; of which, to free all fear,
Take this my right hand." This confirm'd, the old king rested there;
His herald lodged by him; and both in forepart of the tent;
Achilles in an inmost room of wondrous ornament,
Whose side bright-cheek'd Briseis warm'd. Soft sleep tamed gods and men,
All but most-useful Mercury; sleep could not lay one chain
On his quick temples, taking care for getting off again
Engaged Priam undiscern'd of those that [did maintain
The sacred watch. Above his head he stood with this demand:
"O father, sleep'st thou so secure, still lying in the hand
Of so much ill, and being dismiss'd by great Æacides?
'Tis true thou hast redeem'd the dead; but for thy life's release,
Should Agamemnon hear thee here, three times the price now paid
Thy sons' hands must repay for thee." This said, the king, afraid,
Start from his sleep, Idæus call'd, and, for both, Mercury
The horse and mules, before loosed, join'd so soft and curiously
That no ear heard, and through the host drave; but when they drew
To gulfy Xanthus' bright-waved stream, up to Olympus flew
Industrious Mercury. And now the saffron morning rose,
Spreading her white robe over all the world; when, full of woes,
They scourged on with the corse to Troy, from whence no eye had seen,
Before Cassandra, their return. She, like love's golden Queen,
Ascending Pergamus, discern'd her father's person nigh,
His herald, and her brother's corse; and then she cast this cry
Round about Troy: "O Troians, if ever ye did greet [ye out and meet
Hector return'd from fight alive, now look
His ransom'd person. Then his worth was all your city's joy,
Now do it honour." Out all rush'd; woman nor man in Troy
Was left; a most unmeasured cry took up their voices. Close
To Scæa's ports they met the corse; and to it headlong goes
The reverend mother, the dear wife; upon it strow their hair,
And lie entranced. Round about the people broke the air
In lamentations; and all day had stay'd the people there,
If Priam had not cried: "Give way, give me but leave to bear
The body home, and mourn your fills." Then cleft the press, and gave
Way to the chariot. To the court herald Idæus drave,
Where on a rich bed they bestow'd the honour'd person, round
Girt it with singers that the woe with skilful voices crown'd.
A woful elegy they sung, wept singing, and the dames
Sigh'd as they sung. Andromache the downright prose exclaims
Began to all; she on the neck of slaughter'd Hector fell,
And cried out: "O my husband! thou in youth badest youth farewell,
Left'st me a widow, thy sole son an infant; ourselves cursed
In our birth made him right our child; for all my care that nursed
His infancy will never give life to his youth, ere that
Troy from her top will be destroy'd; thou guardian of our state,
Thou even of all her strength the strength, thou, that in care wert past
Her careful mothers of their babes, being gone, how can she last?

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Soon will the swoln fleet fill her womb with all their servitude,
Myself with them, and thou with me, dear son, in labours rude
Shalt be employ'd, sternly survey'd by cruel conquerors;
Or, rage not suffering life so long, some one, whose hate abhors
Thy presence (putting him in mind of his sire slain by thine,
His brother, son, or friend) shall work thy ruin before mine,
Toss'd from some tower, for many Greeks have eat earth from the hand
Of thy strong father; in sad fight his spirit was too much mann'd,
And therefore mourn his people; we, thy parents, my dear lord,
For that thou makest endure a woe, black, and to be abhorr'd.
Of all yet thou hast left me worst, not dying in thy bed,
And reaching me thy last-raised hand, in nothing counselled,
Nothing commanded by that power thou hadst of me to do [will end my woe,
Some deed for thy sake. O for these never
Never my tears cease." Thus wept she, and all the ladies closed
Her passion with a general shriek. Then Hecuba disposed
Her thoughts in like words: "O my son, of all mine much most dear,
Dear while thou livedst too even to gods, and after death they were
Careful to save thee. Being best, thou most wert envied;
My other sons Achilles sold; but thee he left not dead.
Imber and Samos, the false ports of Lemnos entertain'd
Their persons; thine, no port but death. Nor there in rest remain'd
Thy violated corse; the tomb of his great friend was sphered
With thy dragg'd person; yet from death he was not therefore rear'd.
But, all his rage used, so the gods have tender'd thy dead state,
Thou liest as living, sweet and fresh, as he that felt the fate
Of Phœbus' holy shafts." These words the queen used for her moan,
And, next her, Helen held that state of speech and passion:
"O Hector, all my brothers more were not so loved of me
As thy most virtues. Not my lord I held so dear as thee,
That brought me hither; before which I would I had been brought
To ruin; for what breeds that wish (which is the mischief wrought
By my access) yet never found one harsh taunt, one word's ill,
From thy sweet carriage. Twenty years do now their circles fill
Since my arrival; all which time thou didst not only bear
Thyself without check, but all else, that my lord's brothers were,
Their sisters' lords, sisters themselves, the queen my mother-in-law,
(The king being never but most mild) when thy man's spirit saw
Sour and reproachful, it would still reprove their bitterness
With sweet words, and thy gentle soul. And therefore thy decease
I truly mourn for; and myself curse as the wretched cause;
All broad Troy yielding me not one, that any human laws
Of pity or forgiveness moved t' entreat me humanly,
But only thee; all else abhorr'd me for my destiny."
These words made even the commons mourn; to whom the king said: "Friends,
Now fetch wood for our funeral fire; nor fear the foe intends
Ambush, or any violence; Achilles gave his word,
At my dismission, that twelve days he would keep sheathed his sword,
And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules, in chariots straight they put,
Went forth, and an unmeasured pile of sylvan matter cut;
Nine days employ'd in carriage, but when the tenth morn shined
On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be-divined
Forth to be burn'd. Troy swum in tears. Upon the pile's most height
They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burn'd, all night.
But when th' eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers shine,
The people flock'd about the pile, and first with blackish wine
Quench'd all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones
Gather'd into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.

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Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digg'd a pit,
Graved it, ramm'd up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it
A sepulchre. But, while that work and all the funeral rites
Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, days and nights,
For fear of false surprise before they had imposed the crown
To these solemnities. The tomb advanced once, all the town
In Jove-nursed Priam's Court partook a passing sumptuous feast.
And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave up his soul to rest.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

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Thus far the Ilian ruins I have laid
Open to English eyes. In which, repaid
With thine own value, go, unvalued book,
Live, and be loved. If any envious look
Hurt thy clear fame, learn that no state more high
Attends on virtue than pined envy's eye.
Would thou wert worth it that the best doth wound,
Which this age feeds, and which the last shall bound.

Thus, with labour enough, though with more comfort in the merits of my divine Author, I have brought my Translation of his Iliads to an end. If, either therein, or in the harsh utterance or matter of my Comment before, I have, for haste, scattered with my burthen (less than fifteen weeks being the whole time that the last twelve Books' translation stood me in) I desire my present will (and I doubt not hability, if God give life, to reform and perfect all hereafter,) may be ingenuously accepted for the absolute work. The rather, considering the most learned, with all their helps and time, have been so often, and unanswerably, miserably taken halting. In the mean time, that most assistful and unspeakable Spirit, by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruittul horn of his blessings through these goodness-thirsting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloodless is whatsoever mortality soweth.

But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his work with a prayer to be taken out of these Mæanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of ethnic and profane writers (being quite contrary to himself at the beginning) I thrice humbly beseech the most dear and divine mercy (ever most incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures) I may ever be enabled, by resting wondering in his right comfortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of his Almighty apparance in the other.

And with this salutation of Poesy given by our Spondanus in his Preface to these Iliads ("*All hail saint-sacred Poesy, that, under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of honey doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly; wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should ever come near my life that could make me forsake thee.*") I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learned of the most learned Simplicius:—

"*Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ tu nos ornasti; et ut tu nobis præstò sis ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, et regamus. et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento sis ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut (quod apud Homerum est) norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. Amen.*"

FINIS.

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HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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"*Homer's Odysses.* Translated According to the Greeke. By George Chapman. Imprinted at London by Rich. Field, for Nathaniell Butter. [1616.]

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THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council sit, to call
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,
And order their high pleasures thus:
Grey Pallas to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way addrest;
And did her heavenly limbs invest
In Mentas' likeness, that did reign
King of the Taphians, in the main
Whose rough waves near Leucadia run,
Advising wise Ulysses' son
To seek his father, and address
His course to young Tantalides,
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shew'd she was Heaven's martial Maid,
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

ANOTHER.

Αλφα. The Deities sit;
The Man retired;
Th' Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.

THE man,* O Muse, inform, that many a way
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay;
That wander'd wondrous far, when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shiver'd down;
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
He saw and knew; at sea felt many woes,
Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrows
Himself and friends in their retreat for home.
But so their fates he could not overcome,
Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
They perish'd by their own impieties,
That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,
Tell us, as others, deified seed of Jove.
Now all the rest that austere Death outstrove
At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and war;
Only Ulysses is denied access
To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,
The reverend nymph Calypso, did detain
Him in her caves, past all the race of men
Enflamed to make him her loved lord and spouse.
And when the Gods had destined that his house,
Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
Should be his haven, Contention still extends
Her envy to him, even amongst his friends.
All Gods took pity on him; only he
That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
Divine Ulysses ever did envy,
And made the fix'd port of his birth to fly.
But he himself solemnized a retreat
To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,
(In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
And underneath his golden orient,
The first and last of men,) t'enjoy their feast
Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs addrest;
At which he sat, given over to delight.
The other Gods in heaven's supremest height
Were all in council met; to whom began
The mighty Father both of God and man

* The information or fashion of an absolute man; and necessary (or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according with the most sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet πολύτροπον given him in the first verse: πολύτροπος signifying, *Homo cujus ingenium velut per multas et varias vias vertitur in verum.*

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Discourse, inducing matter that inclined
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
Faultful Ægisthus,* who to death was done
By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
His memory to the Immortals then
Moved Jove thus deeply: "O how falsely men
Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill!
When, by the bane their own bad lives instil
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread
To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.
Which we foretold him would so hardly set
To his murtherous purpose, sending Mercury
That slaughter'd Argus, our considerate spy,
To give him this charge: 'Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life
With ransom of thine own, imposed on thee
By his Orestes, when in him shall be
Atrides' self renew'd; and but the prime
Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'
These words of Hermes wrought not into facts
Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he despised,
And to that good his ill is sacrificed."
Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,
Answer'd: "O Sire! supreme of Deities,
Ægisthus pass'd his fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and convert
May all the pains such impious men inflict
On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict
Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,
Thus never meriting, should suffer thus,
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
Is piety to him, giving him a fate
More suffering than the most unfortunate,
So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil,
Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,
In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive
Her birth from Atlas,* who of all alive
The motion and the fashion doth command
With his wise mind, whose forces understand
The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.
His daughter 'tis, who holds this† homeless-driven
Still mourning with her; evermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
And make so languishingly, and possest‡
With so remiss a mind her loved guest,
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he, though in affection overcome,
In judgment yet more longs to shew his hopes,
His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,

* These notes following I am forced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver. Ἀμύμονος translated in this place *inculpabilis*, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood; which is quite contrary. As ἀντίθεος is to be expounded in some place *Divinus*, or *Deo similis*, but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so ὀλοόφρων, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mente perniciosus*; ', *qui universa mente gerit*.

* In this place is Atlas given the epithet ὀλοόφρων, which signifies *qui universa mente agitat*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.

† Δύσηνος is here turned by others, *infelix*, in the general collection; when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to express Ulysses' desert errors, παρὰ τὸ στῆναι, *ut sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat*.

‡ This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole Odysseys. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are μαλακοῖς λόγοις: μαλακὸς signifying, *qui languidè, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit*; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.

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And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
Thy loved heart be converted on his thrall,
Austere Olympius. Did not ever he,
In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
And Grecians' fleet make in thy offerings swim?
O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"
The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,
Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory?*
As if I ever could cast from my care
Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
All men in wisdom, and so oft hath given
To all th' Immortals throned in ample heaven
So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
His only eye; a Cyclop, that excell'd
All other Cyclops, with whose burthen swell'd
The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
Of Phorcys' seed, a great God of the seas.
She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,
And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill
Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
In life for more death. But use we our powers,
And round about us cast these cares of ours,
All to discover how we may prefer
His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make forbear
His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."
To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid:
"Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee,
To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
And that you speak as you referr'd to me
Prescription for the means, in this sort be
Their sacred order: Let us now address
With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
She should not stay our loved Ulysses still,
But suffer his return; and then will I
To Ithaca, to make his son apply
His sire's inquest the more; infusing force
Into his soul, to summon the concourse
Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves,
From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
The spirit-advanced Prince, to the pious end
Of seeking his lost father, if he may
Receive report from Fame where rests his stay;
And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth."
This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
Form'd all of gold, and all eternified;
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
Her ravish'd substance swift as gust of wind.
Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,
Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men,
Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.
Down from Olympus' tops she headlong dived,
And swift as thought in Ithaca arrived,
Close at Ulysses' gates; in whose first court
She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,
Lean'd on her iron lance; her form imprest
With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest.

* Ἔρκος ὀδόντων, viz. *vallum* or *clustrum dentium*, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivory. The teeth being that rampire, or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet, teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.

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There found she those proud wooers, that were then
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they play'd,
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd,
With porous sponges cleansing tables, served
With much rich feast; of which to all they kerved.
God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
Grieved much in mind; and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent sire;
How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse; and to himself converting
The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.
In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,
Unbidden entry; up rose, and addrest
His pace right to her, angry that a guest
Should stand so long at gate; and, coming near,
Her right hand took; took in his own her spear,
And thus saluted: "Grace to your repair,
Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.
Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
That caused your coming." This said, first he went,
And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,
Steep, and of state; the javelin of the Dame
He set against a pillar vast and high,
Amidst a large and bright-kept armoury,
Which was, besides, with woods of lances graced
Of his grave father's. In a throne he placed
The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread
A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread;
A footstool staying her feet; and by her chair
Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,
To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
Far from the prease of wooers; lest at meat
The noise they still made might offend his guest,
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
Even to his combat with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble form in their affairs.
And these he set far from them, much the rather
To question freely of his absent father.
A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,
On which a reverend officer set bread,
And other servitors all sorts of meat
(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
Served with observance in. And then the sewer
Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran.
Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them; and round
Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.
Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves placed;
The heralds water gave; the maids in haste
Served bread from baskets. When, of all prepared
And set before them, the bold wooers shared,
Their pages plying their cups past the rest.
But lusty wooers must do more than feast;
For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,
They call'd for songs and dances; those, they said,
Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight
A harp, carved full of artificial sleight,
Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,
Who, till he much was urged, on terms did stand,
But, after, play'd and sung with all his art.
Telemachus to Pallas then (apart,
His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
In this sort said: "My guest, exceeding dear,
Will you not sit incensed with what I say?
These are the cares these men take; feast and play.
Which easily they may use, because they eat,
Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat;

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And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
In some far region, with th' incessancy
Of showers pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
Or in the seas wash'd naked. Who, if he wore
Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
And these might here in Ithaca set eye
On him return'd, they all would wish to be
Either past other in celerity
Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed
In golden garments. But his virtues feed
The fate of ill death; nor is left to me
The least hope of his life's recovery,
No, not if any of the mortal race
Should tell me his return; the cheerful face
Of his return'd day never will appear.
But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
Who, and from whence you are? what city's birth?
What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
And with what mariners arrived you here?
I cannot think you a foot passenger.
Recount then to me all, to teach me well
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now first that you thus see us here,
Or that in former passages you were
My father's guest? For many men have been
Guests to my father. Studious of men
His sociable nature ever was."
On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
This kind reply: "I'll answer passing true
All thou hast ask'd: My birth his honour drew
From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
Is Mentas, the commanding islander
Of all the Taphians studious in the art
Of navigation; having touch'd this part
With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
Course through the dark seas t' other-languaged men;
And Temesis sustains the city's name
For which my ship is bound, made known by fame
For rich in brass, which my occasions need;
And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
Which their use wants, yet makes my vessel's freight,
That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd.
Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
At either's house still interchanging feasts.
I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
Laertes, the old hero, these of me,
From the beginning. He, men say, no more
Visits the city, but will needs deplore
His son's believed loss in a private field;
One old maid only at his hands to yield
Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which, though he creeps, he takes
Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines,
Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.
But now I come to be thy father's guest;
I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.
And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour)
I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic power,
(Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen
At all times what shall after chance to men)
What I conceive, for this time, will be true:
The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from you.
Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
In any seas, as you did late conceive,
But, with the broad sea sieged, is kept alive
Within an isle by rude and upland men,
That in his spite his passage home detain.
Yet long it shall not be before he tread
His country's dear earth, though solicited,
And held from his return, with iron chains;
For he hath wit to forge a world of trains,
And will, of all, be sure to make good one
For his return, so much relied upon.
But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
So much* a son, as to be said the seed
Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much
Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch;
For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meet at this hour, before he did apply
His powers for Troy, when other Grecian states
In hollow ships were his associates.

* Τόσος παῖς, *Tantus filius.* Pallas thus enforcing her question, to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness.

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But, since that time, mine eyes could never see
Renowm'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."
The wise Telemachus again replied :
"You shall withal I know be satisfied.
My mother certain says I am his son ;
I know not ; nor was ever simply known
By any child the sure truth of his sire.
But would my veins had took in living fire
From some man happy, rather than one wise,
Whom age might see seized of what youth made prise.
But he whoever of the mortal race
Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.
This, since you ask, I answer." She, again :
"The Gods sure did not make the future strain
Both of thy race and days obscure to thee,
Since thou wert borne so of Penelope.
The style may by thy after acts be won,
Of so great sire the high undoubted son.
Say truth in this then : what's this feasting here ?
What all this rout? Is all this nuptial cheer ?
Or else some friendly banquet made by thee ?
For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
Past measure contumeliously this crew
Fare through thy house ; which should th' ingenuous view
Of any good or wise man come and find,
(Impiety seeing play'd in every kind)
He could not but through every vein be moved."
Again Telemachus : "My guest much loved,
Since you demand and sift these sights so far,
I grant 'twere fit a house so regular,
Rich, and so faultless once in government,
Should still, at all parts, the same form present
That gave it glory while her lord was here.
But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,
Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace
My father most of all the mortal race.
For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,
Amongst his fellow-captains slaughtered
By common enemies, or in the hands
Of his kind friends had ended his commands,
After he had egregiously bestow'd
His power and order in a war so vow'd,
And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,
That to all ages he might leave his son
Immortal honour ; but now Harpies have
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.
Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,
And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
The Gods have given me other cause of moan.
For look how many optimates remain
In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
Rule in the rough brows of this island here ;
So many now my mother and this house
At all parts make defamed and ruinous.
And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
Nor will despatch their importunities,
Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
All my free house yields ; and the little rest
Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
To bring ere long to some untimely end."
This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd : "O," said she,
"Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
That on these shameless suitors he might lay
His wreakful hands. Should he now come, and stay
In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ;
When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,
To whom he travell'd through the watery dreads,
For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
That death, but touch'd, caused ; which he would not give,
Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live
Would plague such death with death ; and yet their fear
Was to my father's bosom not so dear
As was thy father's love ; (for what he sought
My loving father found him to a thought.)
If such as then Ulysses might but meet
With these proud wooers, all were at his feet

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But instant dead men, and their nuptials
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
But these things in the Gods' knees are reposed,
If his return shall see with wreak inclosed,
These in his house, or he return no more.
And therefore I advise thee to explore
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;
To which end give me fit attention:
'To-morrow into solemn counsel call
The Greek heroes, and declare to all
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
Command to towns of their nativities
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind
Stands to her second nuptials so inclined,
Return she to her royal father's towers,
Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dowers
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
So dear a daughter of so great a race.
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built sail,
With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t' inquire
Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.
To Pylos first be thy addression then,
To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,
To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last
Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy;
And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year.
If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home,
And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;
And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou mayst deprive
Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
By open force, or projects enginous.
Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more.
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
Divine Orestes, after he had slain
Ægisthus murthering by a treacherous train
His famous father? Be then, my most loved,
Valiant and manly, every way approved
As great as he. I see thy person fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
All given thee so to use and manage here
That even past death they may their memories bear.
In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
That much expect me. Be observant then
Of my advice, and careful to maintain
In equal acts thy royal father's reign."
Telemachus replied: "You ope, fair guest,
A friend's heart in your speech, as well exprest
As might a father serve t' inform his son;
All which sure place have in my memory won.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
That, having bathed, and dignified your stay
With some more honour, you may yet beside
Delight your mind by being gratified
With some rich present taken in your way,
That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
As free friends use to guests of such degree."
"Detain me not," said she, "so much inclined
To haste my voyage. What thy loved mind
Commands to give, at my return this way,
Bestow on me, that I directly may
Convey it home; which, more of price to me,
The more it asks my recompense to thee."
This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew,
Like to a mounting lark; and did endue
His mind with strength and boldness, and much more
Made him his father long for than before;
And weighing better who his guest might be,
He stood amazed, and thought a Deity
Was there descended; to whose will he framed
His powers at all parts, and went so inflamed
Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
To hear a Poet sing the sad retreat
The Greeks perform'd from Troy; which was from thence
Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence.

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When which divine song was perceived to bear
That mournful subject by the listening ear
Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,
Who from an upper room had given it heed,
Down she descended by a winding stair,
Not solely, but the state in her repair
Two maids of honour made. And when this queen
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be seen
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof,
Entering the hall graced with a goodly roof,
She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied
About her beauties; on her either side,
Her honour'd women. When, to tears moved, thus
She chid the sacred singer: "Phemius,
You know a number more of these great deeds
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds,
And proper subjects, of a Poet's song,
And those due pleasures that to men belong)
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat:
Sing one of those also these, that round your seat
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine;
But cease this song, that through these ears of mine
Conveys deserved occasion to my heart
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert
In me unmeasured is, past all these men;
So endless is the memory I retain;
And so desertful is that memory,
Of such a man as hath a dignity
So broad, it spreads itself through all the pride
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen replied
Inspired Telemachus: "Why thus envies
My mother him that fits societies*
With so much harmony, to let him please
His own mind in his will to honour these?
For these ingenuous and first sort of men,†
That do immediately from Jove retain
Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
Inspired with choice of what their songs impel,
Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs.
Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh Muse
Men still most celebrate, that sings most news.
And therefore in his note your ears employ:
For not Ulysses only lost in Troy
The day of his return, but numbers more
The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.
Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
Your web, and distaff; and your maids command
To ply their fit work. Words to men are due,
And those reproving counsels you pursue,
And most to me of all men; since I bear
The rule of all things that are managed here."
She went amazed away, and in her heart
Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart
To her loved son so lately, turn'd again
Up to her chamber, and no more would reign
In manly counsels. To her women she
Applied her sway; and to the wooers he
Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd
Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd
And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,
Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
Rude tumult up through all the shady house,
Disposed to sleep because their widow was)
Telemachus this new-given spirit did pass
On their old insolence: "Ho! you that are
My mother's wooers! much too high ye bear
Your petulant spirits; sit; and, while ye may
Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
Because my mother hath disliked his song,

* Ἐριήρος ἀοιδός. *Cantor, cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.*

† Ἀνδράσιν ἀλφηστῆσιν. Ἀλφηστῆσιν is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato *in Ione* witnesseth); the word deduced from ἄλφα, which is taken for him *qui primas teneat aliquâ in re*, and will ἀλφηστῆσιν then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosis*, than which no exposition goes further.

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To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing
Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,*
I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
That I may clearly banish your resort,
With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine.
Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
And for your humours' more sufficed fill,
To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still,
On other findings, spoil; but here I call
Th' eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wreaks,
By Jove's high bounty, these your present cheeks
To what I give in charge shall add more reins
To my revenge hereafter; and the pains
Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."
At this all bit their lips, and did admire
His words sent from him with such phrase and fire;
Which so much moved them that Antinous,
Eupitheus' son, cried out: "Telemachus!
The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
Of elocution, and this great conceit
Of self-ability. We all may pray,
That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."
"Be not offended," he replied, "if I†
Shall say, I would assume this empery,
If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings:
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.
Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne;
A man may quickly gain possession
Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize
Set of his virtues; but the dignities
That deck a king, there are enough beside
In this circumfluous isle that want no pride
To think them worthy of, as young as I,
And old as you are. An ascent so high
My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held
Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.
But of these turrets I will take on me
To be the absolute king; and reign as free,
As did my father over all his hand
Left here in this house, slaves to my command."
Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
To this made this reply: "Telemachus!
The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
Of deity run for; but the faculties
This house is seised of, and the turrets here,
Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
The least part off of all thou dost possess,
As long as this land is no wilderness,
Nor ruled by out-laws. But give these their pass,
And tell me, best of princes, who he was
That guested here so late? from whence? and what?
In any region boasted he his state?
His race? his country? Brought he any news
Of thy returning father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him made he fit repair?
How suddenly he rush'd into the air,
Nor would sustain to stay and make him known!
His port shew'd no debauch'd companion."
He answer'd: "The return of my loved sire
Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire
From any place a flattering messenger
With news of his survival, he should bear
No least belief off from my desperate love.
Which if a sacred prophet should approve,

* Ἠῶθεν, *prima luce.*

† Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections, I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further annotation which is this: *Prudenter Telemachus joco furorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliit. Nam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocosè illa etiam ab Antinoo adversum se pronunciata. Et primum ironicè se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Ulysse, cum id alii possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores: hoc unum ait se moliri, ut propriarum ædium et bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.*

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Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
It should not move me. For my late fair guest,
He was of old my father's, touching here
From sea-girt Taphos; and for name doth bear
Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus;
And governs all the Taphians studious
Of Navigation." This he said, but knew
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
To dances and attraction of the song;
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,
The sable Even descended, and did steep
The lids of all men in desire of sleep.
Telemachus, into a room built high
Of his illustrious court, and to the eye
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended,
And in his mind much weighty thought contended.
Before him Euryclea (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaid's due,
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
Bore two bright torches; who did so much please
Laertes in her prime, that, for the price
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and love's equal flame,
To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,
Yet never durst he mix with her in bed,
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
Two torches bore, and was obsequious
Past all his other maids; and did apply
Her service to him from his infancy.
His well-built chamber reach'd, she oped the door,
He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
Put off, and to the diligent old maid
Gave all; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed,
That round about was rich embroidered.
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
The door together with a silver ring,
And by a string a bar to it did pull.
He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool
Woven in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
About the task that Pallas had design'd.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS to court doth call
The wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house; and, taking then
From wise Minerva ship and men,
And all things fit for him beside,
That Eurycléa could provide
For sea-rites till he found his sire,
He hoists sail; when Heaven stoops his fire.

ANOTHER.

Βῦτα. The old Maid's store
The voyage cheers.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.

Now when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd the Morn,
Ulysses' loved son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readiness: who, when he trod
The open earth, to men shew'd like a God.
The heralds then he straight charged to consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court.
They summon'd; th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap placed,
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear:
Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepared,
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
(That all men's wants supplies) State's painted face.
His entering presence all men did admire;
Who took seat in the high throne of his sire,
To which the grave peers gave him reverend way.
Amongst whom, an Egyptian herοë
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all; who had a loved son
That with divine Ulysses did ascend
His hollow fleet to Troy; to serve which end,
He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-arms,
And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
Whose entrails open'd his abhorred grave,
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
His latest supper, being latest slain;
His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
This crooked-grown, this wise Egyptian,
Had three sons more; of which one riotous
A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus;
The other two took both his own wish'd course.
Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
But left the old man mindful still of moan;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:
"Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say:
Since our divine Ulysses' parting day
Never was council call'd, nor session,
And now by whom is this thus undergone?
Whom did necessity so much compel,
Of young or old? Hath any one heard tell
Of any coming army, that he thus now
May openly take boldness to avow,
First having heard it? Or will any here
Some motion for the public good prefer?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, methinks, it must be some good man's hand
That's put to it, that either hath direct
Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes;
And that Jove grant, whate'er he undertakes."
Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
The good hope and opinion men did bear

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Of his young actions) no longer sat,
But long'd t' approve what this man pointed at,
And make his first proof in a cause so good;
And in the council's chief place up he stood;
When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
And learn'd in counsels) felt his heart on fire
To hear him speak, and put into his hand
The sceptre that his father did command;
Then, to the old Egyptian turn'd, he spoke:
"Father, not far he is that undertook
To call this Council; whom you soon shall know.
Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show,
Am he that author'd this assembly here.
Nor have I heard of any army near,
Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
Nor for the public good can aught relate,
Only mine own affairs all this procure,
That in my house a double ill endure;
One, having lost a father so renown'd,
Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd;
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusions,
Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will; nor dares their blood's bold rage
Go to Icarius', her father's court,
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
He may endow his daughter with a dower,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's power
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behaved,
May have fit grace, and see her honour saved.
But these, in none but my house, all their lives
Resolve to spend; slaughtering my sheep and beeves,
And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
My generous wine consuming as they list.
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war;
Whom my powers are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immartial. But, had I the power,
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so ruinous.
Reverence the censures that all good men give
That dwell about you; and for fear to live
Exposed to heaven's wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which, powers have to restrain
Or gather councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil; and let me only waste
In that most wretched grief I have embraced
For my lost father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage, yet, if he,
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take
Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice; but, to see abused
Those goods that do none ill but being ill-used,
Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see
Consumed by you, than lose my life and all;
For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
While I live; and so long I may complain
About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
Griefs on my bosom, that can only speak,
And are denied the instant power of wreak."
This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,
And tears still'd from him; which moved all the crew:
The court strook silent, not a man did dare
To give a word that might offend his ear.
Antinous only, in this sort replied:
"High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you shamed us in this speech of yours!
Will you brand us for an offence not ours?
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause.
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,

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Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.
All she made hope, and promised every man:
Sent for us ever, left love's shew in nought,
But in her heart conceal'd another thought.
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
She with a web charged, hard to overcome,
And thus bespake us: 'Youths, that seek my bed,
Since my divine spouse rests among the dead,
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most,
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate
Of bitter death shall take into his state
Laertes the heroë, it shall deck
His royal corse; since I should suffer check
In ill report of every common dame,
If one so rich should shew in death his shame.'
This speech she used; and this did soon persuade
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
So hugely long, undoing still in night*
(By torches) all she did by day's broad light,
That three years her deceit dived past our view,
And made us think that all she feign'd was true.
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers;
One of her women, that knew all, disclosed
The secret to us, that she still unloosed
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.
And then no further she could force her sleight,
But, of neccssity, her work gave end.
And thus, by me, doth every other friend,
Professing love to her, reply to thee;
That even thyself, and all Greeks else may see,
That we offend not in our stay, but she.
To free thy house then, send her to her sire,
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one settled will.
Nor let her vex with her illusions still
Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit,
Because wise Pallas hath given wiles to it
So full of art, and made her understand
All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.
But (for her working mind) we read of none
Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her:
Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were
To hold comparison in no degree,
For solid brain, with wise Penelope.
And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
No prophet's skill with all the wit she owes;
For all this time thy goods and victuals go
To utter ruin; and shall ever so,
While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose.
Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
Thy longings even for necessary food;
For we will never go where lies our good,
Nor any other where, till this delay
She puts on all she quits with th' endless stay
Of some one of us; that to all the rest
May give free farewell with his nuptial feast."
The wise young prince replied: "Antinous!
I may by no means turn out of my house
Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me.
Besides, if quick or dead my father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt;
And 'twill go hard, by means being so run out,
To tender to Icarius again,
If he again my mother must maintain
In her retreat, the dower she brought with her.
And then a double ill it will confer,
Both from my father and from God on me,
When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee,
My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
With imprecations, and all men dispraise
My part in her exposure. Never then
Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen
Swell at my courses, once more I command
Your absence from my house. Some other's hand
Charge with your banquets; on your own goods eat,
And either other mutually intreat,
At either of your houses, with your feast.
But if ye still esteem more sweet and best

* *Telam Penelopes retexere.* Proverbium.

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Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
Gnaw (vermin-like) things sacred, no laws give
To your devouring ;* it remains that I
Invoke each ever-living Deity,
And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
Power of like pains for pleasures so past rate,
From thenceforth look, where ye have revell'd so
Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo."
Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose threat,
Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
That, mounted on the winds, together still
Their strokes extended ; but arriving now
Amidst the Council, over every brow
Shook their thick wings, and, threatening death's cold fears,
Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager seres ;
Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew,
Above both court and city : with whose view,
And study what events they might foretell,
The Council into admiration fell.
The old heroe, Halitherses, then,
The son of Nestor, that of all old men,
His peers in that court, only could foresee
By flight of fowls man's fixed destiny,
Twixt them and their amaze, this interposed :
"Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclosed.
The wooers most are touch'd in this ostent,
To whom are dangers great and imminent ;
For now not long more shall Ulysses bear
Lack of his most loved ; but fills some place near,
Addressing to these wooers fate and death,
And many more this mischief menaceth
Of us inhabiting this famous isle.
Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,
How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.
Let these men rest secure, and revel still ;
Though they might find it safer, if with us
They would in time prevent what threats them thus ;
Since not without sure trial I foretell
These coming storms, but know their issue well.

For to Ulysses all things have event,
As I foretold him, when for Ilion went
The whole Greek fleet together, and with them
Th' abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.
I told him, that, when much ill he had past,
And all his men were lost, he should at last,
The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown ;
All which effects are to perfection grown."
Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
Opposed this man's presage, and answer'd thus :
"Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home ;
Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
In these superior far to thee am I.
A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly
That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.
Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;
And would thy fates to thee had destined so,
Since so thy so much prophecy had spared
Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward
Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us
Within the anger of Telemachus.
But this I will presage, which shall be true ;
If any spark of anger chance t' ensue
Thy much old art in these deep auguries,
In this young man incensed by thy lies,
Even to himself his anger shall confer
The greater anguish, and thine own ends err
From all their objects ; and, besides, thine age
Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.
But I will soon give end to all our fear,
Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
In my suit to the young prince for us all,
To send his mother to her father's house,
That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
And such a dower bestow, as may befit
One loved, to leave her friends and follow it.
Before which course be, I believe that none
Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
We no man fear, no not Telemachus,
Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we
For any threats of austere prophecy,

* The word is κείρετε, κείρω signifying, *insatiabili quâdam edacitate voro.*

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Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.
And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain;
For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,
Nor ever be disposed by competence,
Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits,
Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.
Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
To any other, be she never so
Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe."
He answer'd him: "Eurymachus, and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in general;
I see your brave resolves, and will no more
Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,
What friendly premonitions have been spent
On your forbearance, and their vain event.
Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
To fit me with a vessel free of sail,
And twenty men, that may divide to me
My ready passage through the yielding sea.
For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore
I now am bound, in purpose to explore
My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame
Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name,
With his return and life may glad mine ear,
Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.
If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
Retired to my loved country I will rear
A sepulchre to him, and celebrate
Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state;
And then my mother to a spouse dispose."
This said, he sat; and to the rest arose
Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His complete family, and whom he will'd
To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd.
All things conserving safe, till his retreat.
Who (tender of his charge, and seeing so set
In slight care of their king, his subjects there,
Suffering his son so much contempt to bear)
Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began:
"No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
Benevolent, or mild, or humane be,
Nor in his mind form acts of piety,
But ever feed on blood; and facts unjust
Commit, even to the full swinge of his lust;
Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.
All whom he govern'd, and became to them,
Rather than one that wore a diadem,
A most indulgent father. But, for all
That can touch me, within no envy fall
These insolent wooers, that in violent kind
Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind,
And with the hazard of their heads devour
Ulysses' house; since his returning hour
They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
Your free states nothing; who, strook dumb, afford
These wooers not so much wreak as a word,
Though few, and you with only number might
Extinguish to them the profaned light."
Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied:
"Mentor! the railer, made a fool with pride,
What language givest thou, that would quiet us
With putting us in storm, exciting thus
The rout against us? who, though more than we,
Should find it is no easy victory
To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts,
No not if Ithacus himself such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him; for, where she alive
Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.
He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then
Disperse these people; and let these two men,
Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast
From the beginning to have govern'd most
In friendship of the father, to the son
Confirm the course he now affects to run.

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But my mind says, that, if he would but use
A little patience, he should here hear news
Of all things that his wish would understand,
But no good hope for of the course in hand."
This said, the Council rose; when every peer
And all the people in dispersion were
To houses of their own; the wooers yet
Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.
Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepared to shore, and, in the aged seas
His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray:
"Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday
Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
Along the dark seas for mine absent sire;
Which all the Greeks oppose; amongst whom most
Those that are proud still at another's cost,
Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
My mother's wooers, my repulse maintain."
Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advised him thus:
"Those wooers well might know, Telemachus,
Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty
Of mind and body that thy father graced;
And if, like him, there be in thee enchaced
Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,
Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or given up, for their opposite spleen.
But, if Ulysses nor Penelope
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents, many that are worse,
And most-few better. Those then that the nurse
Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
But thou shew'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise,
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish wooers, they bewray
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they
Are neither wise nor just; and so must needs
Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more
Fly thee a step; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and soothe each wooer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main;
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very narrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.
I from the people straight will press for you
Free voluntaries; and, for ships, enow
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old built; all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth please;
Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the seas."
This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas; whose voice heard,
No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see
Amidst his hall th' insulting wooers flea
Goats and roast swine. 'Mongst whom Antinous
Careless, discovering in Telemachus
His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,
And said: "High-spoken, with the mind so mann'd!
Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
With these low trifles, nor our loving merits
In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.

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The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee;
Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land
Thy hasty fleet on heavenly Pylos' sand,
And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."
He answer'd: "Men, whom pride doth so inspire,
Are not fit consorts for an humble guest;
Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast.
Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
Oped in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
And, while I was a child, made me partake?
My now more growth more grown my mind doth make,
And, hearing speak more judging men than you,
Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now.
I now will try if I can bring ye home
An ill Fate to consort you; if it come
From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
But thither I resolve, and know that there
I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay,
Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way;
Which shews in your sights best; since me ye know
Incapable of ship, or men to row."
This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away
From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day
Spent through the house with banquets; some with jests,
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began:
"Telemachus will kill us every man.
From Sparta, or the very Pylian sand,
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it strangely! Or he means
To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence
Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls
Will make a general shipwrack of our souls."
Another said: "Alas, who knows but he
Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
May perish like him, far from aid of friends?
And so he makes us work; for all the ends
Left of his goods here we shall share; the house
Left to his mother and her chosen spouse."
Thus they; while he a room ascended, high
And large, built by his father, where did lie
Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were
Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there
Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall;
Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withal
Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again
From labours fatal to him to sustain.
The doors of plank were, their close exquisite
Kept with a double key, and day and night
A woman lock'd within; and that was she
Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race,
Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
With gray Minerva; her the prince did call,
And said: "Nurse! draw me the most sweet of all
The wine thou keep'st; next that which for my sire
Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire.
Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
Then into well-sew'd sacks, of fine ground meal
Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
But thou thyself, let this design be known.
All this see got together; I it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
Ascend her high room and for sleep prepare.
Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,
And ask'd with tears: "Why is your mind applied,
Dear son, to this course? whither will you go?
So far off leave us, and beloved so,
So only? and the sole hope of your race?
Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
Of his kind country, in a land unknown
Is dead; and, you from your loved country gone,

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The wooers will with some deceit assay
To your destruction, making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your own y'are strong,
Make sure abode. It fits not you so young
To suffer so much by the aged seas,
And err in such a wayless wilderness."
"Be cheer'd, loved nurse," said he, "for, not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's ears
With word of this, before from heaven appears
Th' eleventh or twelfth light, or herself shall please
To ask of me, or hears me put to seas;
Lest her fair body with her woe be wore."
To this the great oath of the Gods she swore;
Which having sworn, and of it every due
Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew,
And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.
In mean-time he, with cunning to conceal
All thought of this from others, himself bore
In broad house, with the wooers, as before.
Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,
And like Telemachus trod through the town,
Commanding all his men in th' even to be
Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she
Noemon, famed for aged Phronius' son,
About his ship; who all things to be done
Assured her freely should. The sun then set,
And sable shadows slid through every street,
When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did bring
All arms, and choice of every needful thing
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then
Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,
Nobly appointed, thick about her came,
Whose every breast she did with spirit enflame.
Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.
Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each wooer; which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod
As all were drinking, and each hand his load
(The cup) let fall. All start up, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
Telemachus (in body, voice, and all
Resembling Mentor) from his native nest;
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show.
"Come then," said she, "no more let us defer
Our honour'd action." Then she took on her
A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap;
And he her most haste took out step by step.
Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
The soldiers that their fashion'd long hair wore;
To whom the prince said: "Come, my friends, let's bring
Our voyage's provision; every thing
Is heap'd together in our court; and none,
No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
Knows our intention." This express'd, he led;
The soldiers close together followed;
And all together brought aboard their store.
Aboard the prince went; Pallas still before
Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
Put from the shore. His soldiers then he bade
See all their arms fit; which they heard, and had.
A beechen mast, then in the hollow base
They put and hoisted, fix'd it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreathed halsers hoise
Their white sails; which gray Pallas now employs

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With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
Against the ship sides, that now ran and plow'd
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
Their arms about the ship; and sacrifice
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities
They offer'd up. Of all yet throned above,
They most observed the grey-eyed seed of Jove;
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long their voyage did dispose.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, and Heaven's wise* Dame
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor; who his either guest
Received at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore;
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets, and the state
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.
This book these three† of greatest place
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,
With sacrifice he makes it known,
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd
A chariot of him; who ordain'd
Pisistratus, his son, his guide
To Sparta; and when starry-eyed
The ample heaven began to be,
All house-rites to afford them free,
In Pheris, Diocles did please;
His surname Ortilochides.

ANOTHER.

Γάμμα. Ulysses' son
With Nestor lies,
To Sparta gone;
Thence Pallas flies.

THE sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heaven bright ascent did make,
To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
As on the ever-treaders upon death.
And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown;
For, on the marine shore, the people there
To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear,
Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
Nine seats of state they made to his high name;
And every seat set with five hundred men,
And each five hundred was to furnish then
With nine black oxen every sacred seat.
These of the entrails only pleased to eat,
And to the God enflamed the fleshy thighs.
By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,
And he she led, within the haven bore,
Strook sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.
She first, he after. Then said Pallas:
"Now
No more befits thee the least bashful brow;
T' embolden which this act is put on thee,
To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
And learn in what clime he abides so close,
Or in the power of what Fate doth repose.
Come then, go right to Nestor; let us see,
If in his bosom any counsel be,
That may inform us. Pray him not to trace
The common courtship and to speak in grace
Of the demander, but to tell the truth;
Which will delight him, and commend thy youth
For such prevention; for he loves no lies,
Nor will report them, being truly wise."
He answer'd: "Mentor! how, alas, shall I
Present myself? how greet his gravity?
My youth by no means that ripe form affords,
That can digest my mind's instinct in words
Wise, and beseeming th' ears of one so sage.
Youth of most hope blush to use words with age."
She said: "Thy mind will some conceit impress,
And something God will prompt thy towardness;
For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do."
This said, she swiftly went before, and he
Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.
When soon they reach'd the Pylian throngs and seats,
Where Nestor with his sons sat; and the meats,

* Pallas.
† viz. Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.

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That for the feast served; round about them were
Adherents dressing all their sacred cheer,
Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians saw
These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw
About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
They both would sit; their entry first assay'd
By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace
Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
Along the sea sands; kerved, and reach'd to them
Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream
Of spritely wine into a golden bowl;
Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
He gave, and thus spake: "Ere you eat, fair guest,
Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
Your travel hither makes ye partners now;
When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
May likewise use these rites of piety;
For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuse
First in this cup's disposure, since his years
Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."
Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine;
And since a wise and just man did design
The golden bowl first to her free receit,
Even to the Goddess it did add delight;
Who thus invoked: "Hear thou, whose vast embrace
Enspheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
To us that ask it in performing this:
To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his,
Vouchsafe all honour; and, next them, bestow
On all these Pylians, that have offer'd now
This most renowmed hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
The work perform'd, for whose effect we came,
Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."
Thus pray'd she; and herself herself obey'd,
In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
And now, to pray, and do as she had done,
She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.
The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and served t' each guest,
They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said:
"Now life's desire is served, as far as fare,
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
Fair guests, what are ye? and for what coast tries
Your ship the moist deeps? For fit merchandize,
Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize?
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
The ill of others in their good conferring?"
The wise Prince now his boldness did begin;
For Pallas' self had harden'd him within;
By this device of travel to explore
His absent father; which two girlonds wore;
His good by manage of his spirits; and then
To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.
"O Nestor! still in whom Neleus lives!
And all the glory of the Greeks survives,
You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
Where Neius, the renowmed mountain, rears
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves.
The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
Of my most-suffering father, I may hear
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear
The name (being join'd in fight with you alone)
To even with earth the height of Ilion.
Of all men else, that any name did bear,
And fought for Troy, the several ends we hear;
But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown,
The certain fame thereof being told by none;

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If on the continent by enemies slain,
Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
That you would please, out of your own clear view,
T' assure his sad end ; or say, if your ear
Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
You then by all your bounties I implore,
(If ever to you deed or word hath stood,
By my good father promised, render'd good
Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
The Grecian sufferance) that in nought applied
To my respect or pity you will glose,
But unclothed truth to my desires disclose."
"O my much-loved," said he, "since you renew
Remembrance of the miseries that grew
Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece
Of all our woes there, either in the men
Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
About the country, or in us that fought
About the city, where to death were brought
All our chief men, as many as were there.
There Mars-like Ajax lies ; Achilles there ;
There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend ;*
There my dear son Antilochus took end,
Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
A number more that ills felt infinite ;
Of which to reckon all, what mortal man,
If five or six years you should stay here, can
Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
Affected with unsufferable pain,
Before you heard it. Nine years sieged we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past end.
Yet still they toil'd us ; nor would yet Jove send
Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
But no man lived, that would in public set
His wisdom by Ulysses' policy,
(As thought his equal) so excessively
He stood superior all ways. If you be
His son indeed, mine eyes even ravish me
To admiration. And in all consent
Your speech puts on his speech's ornament.
Nor would one say, that one so young could use
(Unless his son) a rhetoric so profuse.
And while we lived together, he and I
Never in speech maintain'd diversity ;
Nor set in council but, by one soul led,
With spirit and prudent counsel furnished
The Greeks at all hours ; that with fairest course,
What best became them they might put in force.
But when Troy's high towers we had levell'd thus,
We put to sea, and God divided us.
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise ;
For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise ;
And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate,
Whose mighty Father can do fearful things.
By whose help she betwixt the brother kings
Let fall contention ; who in council met
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
And all the Greeks call'd, that came charged with wine.
Yet then the kings would utter their design,
And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego
Her high wrath to them. Fool, that did not know
She would not so be won ; for not with ease
Th' eternal Gods are turn'd from what they please.
So they, divided, on foul language stood.
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood
Two ways affecting. And that night's sleep too,
We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;
When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
Morn came, we launch'd ; and in our ships did stow
Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men
The people's guide, Atrides did contain ;

* Patroclus.

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And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
And Tenedos we reach'd; where, for time's sake,
We did divine rites to the Gods: but Jove,
Inexorable still, bore yet no love
To our return, but did again excite
A second sad contention, that turn'd quite
A great part of us back to sea again;
Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,
Your matchless father, who, to gratify
The great Atrides, back to him did fly.
But I fled all, with all that follow'd me;
Because I knew God studied misery,
To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
Martial Tydides. I the men he led
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice
A tedious voyage; if we sail should hoise
Above rough Chius (left on our left hand)
To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land
Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear
Our cloudy business; who gave us sign
And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
The sea cut for Eubœa; that with speed
Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
Till to Geræstus we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad sea since we safe had wrought)
At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice.
The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course;
Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,
Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
Nor know one saved by Fate, or overcome.
Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.

The expert spear-men, every Myrmidon,
Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd
Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold;
Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed;
And safe Idomenæus his men led
To his home, Crete, who fled the armed field,
Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.
Atrides you have both heard, though ye be
His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death;
Who miserably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
In blood of that deceitful parricide,
His wreakful sword. And thou my friend (as he
For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee
Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see,
Thou art in all hope; make it good to th' end,
That after-times as much may thee commend."
He answer'd: "O thou greatest grace of Greece,
Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,
And him the Greeks will give a master-praise,
Verse finding him to last all after-days.
And would to God the Gods would favour me
With his performance, that my injury,
Done by my mother's wooers, being so foul,
I might revenge upon their every soul;
Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
Such things as past the power of utterance are.
But Heaven's great Powers have graced my destiny
With no such honour. Both my sire and I
Are born to suffer everlastingly."
"Because you name those wooers, friend," said he,
"Report says, many such, in spite of thee,
Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit
The ills thou namest. But say; proceedeth it
From will in thee to bear so foul a foil,
Or from thy subjects' hate, that wish thy spoil?
And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely
(Against thy rule) on some grave augury?
What know they, but at length thy father may
Come, and with violence their violence pay?

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Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?
But if Minerva now did so esteem
Thee, as thy father in times past; whom, past
All measure, she with glorious favours graced
Amongst the Trojans, where we suffer'd so;
(O! I did never see, in such clear show,
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim)
If so, I say, she would be pleased to love,
And that her mind's care thou so much couldst move,
As did thy father, every man of these
Would lose in death their seeking marriages."
"O father," answer'd he, "you make amaze
Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase
You raise expression; but 'twill never be,
That I shall move in any Deity
So blest an honour. Not by any means,
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of fools) or every Deity
Should will it; for 'tis past my destiny."
The burning-eyed Dame answer'd:
"What a speech
Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach
Fit question of thy words before they fly!
God easily* can (when to a mortal eye
He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy;
And does the more still. For thy cared-for sire,
I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my sufferance of a world of woes,
Far off; and then my glad eyes might disclose
The day of my return, than straight retire,
And perish standing by my household fire;
As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
By false Ægisthus, and his falser wife.
For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call
Their most-loved man, extend his vital breath
Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorred Death."
"Mentor!" said he, "let's dwell no more on this,
Although in us the sorrow pious is.
No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath
My erring father; whom a present death
The deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech
That tends to other purpose; and beseech
Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
Past shore in all experience, and knows
The sleights and wisdoms, to whose heights aspire
Others, as well as my commended sire,
Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
Ages of men; and doth in sight to me
Shew like th' Immortals. Nestor! the renown
Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,
How the most great in empire, Atreus' son,
Sustain'd the act of his destruction.
Where then was Menelaus? How was it
That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit
A match for him, could his death so enforce?
Was he not then in Argos? or his course
With men so left, to let a coward breathe
Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"
"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he:
"Right well was this event conceived by thee.
If Menelaus in his brother's house
Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
Arrived from Troy, he had not lived, nor dead
Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head;
But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
Had given him any tear, so foul his fact
Shew'd even to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd
To every sinew's sufferance, while he*
In Argos' uplands lived, from those works free,
And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhorr'd
A fact so infamous. The heavenly dame
A good mind had, but was in blood to blame.
There was a Poet,† to whose care the King
His Queen committed; and in every thing,
When he from Troy went, charged him to apply
Himself in all guard to her dignity.

* *Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.*

* Ægisthus. † ἀοιδὸς ἀνὴρ.

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But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her affects,
That she resolved to leave her fit respects,
Into a desert isle her guardian led,
There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
On sacred altars offer'd many thighs;
Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
Garments and gold, that he the vast events
Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
As neither fell into his hope nor thought.
At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I,
Both holding her untouch'd. And, that his eye
Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
To sacred Sunium (of Miverva's town
The goodly promontory) with his shafts severe
Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
And she the full speed of her sail applied.
He was a man that nations of men
Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas;
His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
And thus was Menelaus held from home,
Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
And all his exequies to execute.
But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to reach*
Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
The steep mount of the Malians: and there,
With open voice, offended Jupiter,
Proclaim'd the voyage, his repugnant mind,
And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
That nourish'd billows, heighten'd like to hills;
And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd; upon a part of Crete
Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet
Rough Iardanus, and where the Cydons live.
There is a rock on which the sea doth drive,
Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret;
And hither sent the South a horrid drift
Of waves against the top, that was the left
Of that torn cliff; as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great sea's rage did stand.
The men here driven scaped hard the ships' sore shocks,
The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.
When he (there victling well, and store of gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
And t' other languaged men was forced to roam.
Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
Atrides' subjects; and did seven years lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate,
Divine Orestes home from Athens came;
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath:
Death evermore is the reward of death.
Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.
The self-same day upon him stole the king.
(Good at a martial shout) and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted fleet could bear.
But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose
I wish and charge thee; who but late arrived
From such a shore and men, as to have lived

* Οἰνοπα πόντον: οἴνοψ *cujus facies vinum repræsentat.*

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In a return from them he never thought ;
And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
Within a sea so vast, that in a year
Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now
To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
Both horse and chariot ; and thy guides shall be
My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies ;
Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise."
This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,
When Pallas spake : "O father, all good right
Bear thy directions. But divide we now
The sacrifices' tongues, mix wine, and vow
To Neptune, and the other ever blest,
That, having sacrificed, we may to rest.
The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date ;
At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."
She said ; they heard ; the herald water gave ;
The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
Their equal shares, beginning from the cup
Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,
The fire they gave them, sacrificed, and rose,
Wine, and divine rites used, to each dispose ;
Minerva and Telemachus desired
They might to ship be, with his leave, retired.
He, moved with that, provoked thus their abodes :
"Now Jove forbid, and all the long-lived Gods,
Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;
As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet
Nor covering in my house ; that warm nor sweet
A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keep
For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,
The dear son of the man Ulysses lay
All night a ship-board here, while my days shine ;
Or in my court whiles any son of mine
Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."
"My much-loved father," said Minerva, "well
All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
This night with thee thy son Telemachus ;
For more convenient is the course for us,
That he may follow to thy house and rest,
And I may board our black-sail ; that addrest
At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
All with my presence ; since of all men there
I boast myself the senior, th' others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers
In fresh similitude of form and years.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
Her silver forehead, I intend my way
Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
Take you him home ; whom in the morn dismiss,
With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course."
This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl
Men call the ossifrage ; when every soul
Amaze invaded ; even th' old man admired,
The youth's hand took, and said : "O most desired,
My hope says thy proof will no coward show,
Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now
So young attend thee, and become thy guides ;
Nor any of the heaven-housed States besides,

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But Tritogenia's self, the seed of Jove,
The great in prey, that did in honour move
So much about thy father, amongst all
The Grecian army. Fairest Queen, let fall
On me like favours: give me good renown;
Which, as on me, on my loved wife let down,
And all my children. I will burn to thee
An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free,
To no man's hand yet humbled. Him will I,
His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity."
Thus pray'd he, and she heard; and home he led
His sons, and all his heaps of kindered;
Who entering his court royal, every one
He marshall'd in his several seat and throne.
And every one, so kindly come, he gave
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to have
Before this 'leventh year landed him from Troy;
Which now the butleress had leave t' employ.
Who therefore pierced it, and did give it vent.
Of this the old duke did a cup present
To every guest; made his maid many a prayer
That wears the shield fringed with his nurse's hair,
And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine
And food sufficed, sleep all eyes did decline;
And all for home went; but his court alone
Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.
A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art,
Within a portico that rung like brass,
He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was
Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
That lived, of all his sons, unwed till then.
Himself lay in a by-room, far above,
His bed made by his barren wife, his love.
The rosy-finger'd morn no sooner shone,
But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
A seat of white and goodly polish'd stone,
That such a gloss as richest ointments wore,
Before his high gates; where the counsellor
That match'd the Gods (his father) used to sit,
Who now, by fate forced, stoop'd as low as it.
And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
A sceptre; and about him round did stand,
As early up, his sons' troop; Perseus,
The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
Echephron, Stratius, the sixth and last
Pisistratus, and by him (half embraced
Still as they came) divine Telemachus;
To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius:
"Haste, loved sons, and do me a desire,
That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
To Pallas' favour; who vouchsafed to me
At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
Cause hither brought; which let the herdsman lead;
Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
And all his soldiers bring, save only two.
A third the smith that works in gold command
(Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
To plate the both horns round about with gold;
The rest remain here close. But first, see told
The maids within, that they prepare a feast;
Set seats through all the court, see straight addrest
The purest water, and get fuel fell'd."
This said, not one but in the service held
Officious hand. The ox came led from field;
The soldiers troop'd from ship; the smith he came,
And those tools brought that served the actual frame
His art conceived; brought anvil, hammers brought,
Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

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Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
With which he straight did both the horns infold,
And trimm'd the offering so, the Goddess joy'd.
About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd:
Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
Held both the horns. The water odorous,
In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,
Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
With herbs and flowers, served in from th' holy room
Where all were drest, and whence the rites must come.
And after him a hallow'd virgin came,
That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
Perseus the vessel held that should retain
The purple liquor of the offering slain.
Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
(Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
Of all the offering did initiate.
In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast
Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
And all the cake broke; manly Thrasymed
Stood near, and sure; and such a blow he laid
Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunk,
His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk.
Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and wife
Of three-aged Nestor, who had eldest life
Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
The ox on broad earth then laid laterally
They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat
Dissolved, and set the sable blood afloat,
And then the life the bones left. Instantly
They cut him up; apart flew either thigh,
That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on.
Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-turn'd wood,
Pour'd black wine on; and by him young men stood,
That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd
The inwards, cut in cantles; which, the meat
Vow'd to the Gods consumed, they roast and eat.
In mean space, Polycaste (call'd the fair,
Nestor's young'st daughter) bathed Ulysses' heir;
Whom having cleansed, and with rich balms bespread,
She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head,
And then his weeds put on; when forth he went,
And did the person of a God present;
Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,
This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew,
Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.
Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
Nestor his sons bade fetch his high-maned horse,
And them in chariot join, to run the course
The prince resolved. Obey'd as soon as heard
Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepared
Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose,
Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose
Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended
The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,
And scourged, to force to field, who freely flew;
And left the town that far her splendour threw,
Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.
But now the sun set, darkening every way,
When they to Pheris came; and in the house
Of Diocles (the son t' Orsilochus,

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Whom flood Alpheus got) slept all that night;
Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
But when the rosy-finger'd morn arose,
They went to coach, and did their horse inclose,
Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields
Each breath a sound; and to the fruitful fields
Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds,
Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.
Their journey ending just when sun went down,
And shadows all ways through the earth were thrown.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

RECEIVED now in the Spartan court,
Telemachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Atrides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death; and then doth show
How with Calypso lived the sire
Of his young guest. The wooers conspire
Their prince's death. Whose treachery known,
Penelope in tears doth drown.
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima, known to be
The sister of Penelope.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δέλτα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The wooers conspire;
The mother's fear.

IN Lacedæmon* now, the nurse of whales,
These two arrived, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renowmed king,
His son and daughter jointly marrying.
Alector's daughter he did give his son
Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew
In years when Helen could no more renew
In issue like divine Hermione,
Who held in all fair form as high degree
As golden Venus. Her he married now
To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
Betroth'd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods
To constant loves give nuptial periods.
Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town
(Of which she shared in the imperial crown)
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.
Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king,
Amongst whom did a heavenly Poet sing,
And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danced
Two, who in that dumb motion advanced,
Would prompt* the singer what to sing and play.
All this time in the utter court did stay,
With horse and chariot, Telemachus,
And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
And, being a servant to the king, most tried
In care and his respect, he ran and cried:
"Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus! two such men
As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.
Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
Their way to some such house as may embrace
Their known arrival with more welcome grace?"
He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst never show
Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;
But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech
Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach
Our home by much spent hospitality
Of other men; nor know if Jove will try
With other after-wants our state again;
And therefore from our feast no more detain
Those welcome guests; but take their steeds from coach,
And with attendance guide in their approach."

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* Λακεδαίμονα κτιτώεσσαν which is expounded *Spartam amplam*, or μεγάλην *magnam*; where κτιτώεσσαν signifies properly *plurima cete nutrientem*.

* Μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες *Cantum auspicantes*: of which place, the critics affirm, that *saltatores motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus saltaturi sint*.

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This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd some more
Tried in such service, that together bore
Up to the guests, and took their steeds that swet
Beneath their yokes, from coach; at mangers set,
Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and placed
Their chariot by a wall so clear it cast
A light quite thorough it. And then they led
Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
Their eyes at all parts with illustrous sights,
That admiration seized them. Like the lights
The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw
A lustre through it. Satiate with whose view,
Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they went,
Where handmaids did their services present;
Bathed, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,
And by Atrides' side set each his throne.
Then did the handmaid royal water bring,
And to a laver, rich and glittering,
Of massy gold, pour'd; which she placed upon
A silver caldron, into which might run
The water as they wash'd. Then set she near
A polish'd table, on which all the cheer
The present could afford, a reverend dame
That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,
And divers dishes, borne thence, served again;
Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold; and then,
His right hand given the guests, Atrides said:
"Eat, and be cheerful: appetite allay'd,
I long to ask, of what stock ye descend;
For not from parents whose race nameless end
We must derive your offspring. Men obscure
Could get none such as you. The portraiture
Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
Your either person in his presence brings."
An ox's fat chine then they up did lift,
And set before the guests; which was a gift,
Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten placed,
And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,
Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son,
(His ear close laying, to be heard of none):*
"Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,
The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams;
And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound;
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall
Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all
This state the like. How many infinites
Take up to admiration all men's sights!"
Atrides over-heard, and said: "Loved son,
No mortal must affect contention
With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
(Or none) my house, or me; for I am one
That many a grave extreme have undergone.
Much error felt by sea; and till th' eighth year,
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,
Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,
And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia,
And Lybia, where with horns ewes yean their lambs,
Where every full year ewes are three times dams;
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk; all the year
They ever milk their ewes. And here while I
Err'd, gathering means to live, one, murtherously,
Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorred wife.
So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
And of your fathers, if they living be,
You must have heard this; since my sufferings were
So great and famous; from this palace here

* Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house, not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous he should not hear.

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(So rarely-well-built, furnished so well,
And substanced with such a precious deal
Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
And now I have, and use it; not to take
Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
Were eased of sorrows (taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy) by their revived breaths.
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill
(In paying just tears for their loss) my joy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy
The pleasure soon admits satiety,
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye
(Though much they move me) as one sole man's miss;
For which my sleep and meat even loathsome is
In his renew'd thought; since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laërtes'* son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know
If life or death detain him; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless." This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears,
Told of the father, did excite; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands used therein. Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.
While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
Like to the golden † distaff-deck'd divine,
From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
Helen. To whom, of an elaborate loom,
Adresta set a chair; Alcippe brought
A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;
Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
Given by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes
Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
His famous house held; out of which did go,
In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to Helen then
Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought.
Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full;
On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay.
She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay
Had for her feet; and of her husband thus
Ask'd to know all things: "Is it known to us,
King Menelaus, whom these men commend
Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend?
I must affirm, be I deceived or no,
I never yet saw man nor woman so
Like one another, as this man is like
Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now
Power to persuade me thus, who did but know,
When newly he was born, the form they bore.
But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and more
His grace resembles, that makes me retain
Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then
Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake
Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."
He answer'd: "Now wife, what you think I know,
The true cast of his father's eye doth show
In his eyes' order. Both his head and hair,
His hands and feet, his very father's are.
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
Acknowledge for me his continual flow
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke;
Which (shunning soft shew) see how he would cloak,

* Intending Ulysses. † Diana.

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And with his purple weed his weepings hide."
Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied:
"Great pastor of the people, kept of God!
He is Ulysses' son; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modest too;
He holds it an indignity to do
A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords
Delight to us as if a God did break
The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.
But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent
To be his consort hither; his content
Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight;
In hope that therewith words and actions might
Inform his comforts from you; since he is
Extremely grieved and injured by the miss
Of his great father; suffering even at home;
And few friends found to help him overcome
His too weak sufferance, now his sire is gone;
Amongst the people, not afforded one
To check the miseries that mate him thus.
And this the state is of Telemachus."
"O Gods," said he, "how certain, now, I see
My house enjoys that friend's son, that for me
Hath undergone so many willing fights:
Whom I resolved, past all the Grecian knights,
To hold in love, if our return by seas
The far-off Thunderer did ever please
To grant our wishes. And to his respect
A palace and a city to erect
My vow had bound me; whither bringing then
His riches, and his son, and all his men,
From barren Ithaca, (some one sole town
Inhabited about him batter'd down)
All should in Argos live. And there would I
Ease him of rule, and take the empery
Of all on me. And often here would we,
Delighting, loving either's company,
Meet and converse; whom nothing should divide,
Till death's black veil did each all over hide.
But this perhaps hath been a mean to take
Even God himself with envy; who did make
Ulysses therefore only the unblest,
That should not reach his loved country's rest."
These woes made every one with woe in love;
Even Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove;
Ulysses' son wept; Atreus' *son did weep,
And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep.
But his tears fell not from the present cloud
That from Ulysses was exhaled, but flow'd
From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
Whom the renowm'd† Son of the Morning slew,
Which yet he thus excused: "O Atreus' son!
Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
Amongst all mortals as Atrides is
For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
Still given in your remembrance, when at home
Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome
You please to be with sorrow even to tears,
That are in wisdom so exempt from peers;
Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
(If it be lawful) I affect no use
Of tears thus after meals; at least, at night;
But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her light,
It shall not then impair me to bestow
My tears on any worthy's overthrow.
It is the only rite that wretched men
Can do dead friends; to cut hair, and complain.
But Death my brother took, whom none could call
The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.
I was not there, nor saw, but men report
Antilochus excell'd the common sort
For footmanship, or for the chariot race,
Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."
"O friend," said he, "since thou hast spoken so,
At all parts as one wise should say and do,
And like one far beyond thyself in years,
Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears.
O he is questionless a right-born son,
That of his father hath not only won
The person, but the wisdom; and that sire
Complete himself that hath a son entire,
Jove did not only his full fate adorn,
When he was wedded, but when he was born.
As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
Hath Nestor's bliss raised to as steep a state,

* Menelaus. † viz. Memnon.

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Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous.
But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
Let some give water here. Telemachus!
The morning shall yield time to you and me
To do what fits; and reason mutually."
This said, the careful servant of the king,
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring;
And all to ready feast set ready hand.
But Helen now on new device did stand,
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
That, drowning cares and angers, did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed
All that day not a tear, no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
He should see murther'd then before his face.
Such useful medicines, only borne in grace
Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
And this juice to her Polydamna gave,
The wife of Thoon, an Ægyptian born,
Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn
In great abundance. Many healthful are,
And many baneful. Every man is there
A good physician out of Nature's grace;
For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race.
When Helen then her medicine had infused,
She bade pour wine to it, and this speech used:
"Atrides, and these good men's sons, great Jove
Makes good and ill one after other move,
In all things earthly; for he can do all.
The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall,
The comforts he affords us let us take;
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
Nor will I other use. As then our blood
Grieved for Ulysses, since he was so good;
Since he was good, let us delight to hear
How good he was, and what his sufferings were.
Though every fight, and every suffering deed,
Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
My woman's power to number, or to name.
But what he did, and suffer'd, when he came
Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
Took part with sufferance, I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds
(Thrust thick with enemies) adventured on,
His royal shoulders, having cast upon
Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
Brought not besides. And thus through every street
He crept discovering, of no one man known.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smoked his true person, talk'd with him; but he
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
Till I disclaim'd him quite; and so (as moved
With womanly remorse of one that proved
So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)
Won him to take my house. And yet even there,
Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bathed and soothed him, and he then
Confess'd, and told me all; and, having slain
A number of the Trojan guards, retired,
And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admired.
Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
Shriek'd for; but I made triumphs for their lives.
For then my heart conceived, that once again
I should reach home; and yet did still retain
Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
When both my husband, my Hermione,
And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,
And drew me from my country with her sleight.
Though nothing under heaven I here did need,
That could my fancy or my beauty feed."
Her husband said: "Wife! what you please to tell
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I myself, that now may say have seen
The minds and manners of a world of men,

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And great heroes, measuring many a ground,
Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
One with a bosom so to be beloved,
As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit moved
Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man,
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan
The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
When all we chief states of the Grecian force
Were housed together, bringing Death and Fate
Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate;
For you, at last, came to us; God, that would
The Trojans glory give, gave charge you should
Approach the engine; and Deiphobus,
The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
With full survey of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
When all the voices of their wives in it
You took on you with voice so like and fit,*
And every man by name so visited,
That I, Ulysses, and king Diomed,
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
Have broke our silence, rather than again
Endure, respectless, their so moving cries.
But Ithacus our strongest fantasies
Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
And every man there sat without a voice.
Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,
But his speech Ithacus incessantly
With strong hand held in; till Minerva's call
Charging thee off, Ulysses saved us all."
Telemachus replied: "Much greater is
My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
For all this doth not his sad death divert,
Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest:
Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
And put fair bedding in the portico,
Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
And cast an arras coverlet aloft.
They torches took, made haste, and made the bed;
When both the guests were to their lodgings led
Within a portico without the house.
Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
The excellent of women, for the way,
In a retired receit, together lay.
The morn arose; the king rose, and put on
His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon
His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
And did the person of a God present.
Telemachus accosts him, who begun
Speech of his journey's proposition:
"And what, my young Ulyssean heroe
Provoked thee on the broad back of the sea,
To visit Lacedæmon the divine?
Speak truth. Some public [cause] or only thine?"
"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame
Breathed of my father to thy notice came.
My house is sack'd; my fat works of the field
Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield
But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep
And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
Their steels without them. And these men are they
That woo my mother, most inhumanely
Committing injury on injury.
To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end
My erring father felt, if witness'd by
Your own eyes; or the certain news that fly
From others' knowledges. For, more than is
The usual heap of human miseries,
His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then
(Without all ruth of what I can sustain)
The plain and simple truth of all you know.
Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you
At Troy (where sufferance bred you so much smart)
Upon my father, good Ulysses' part;
And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
Unfolding only the unclosed truth."

* Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.

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He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: "O shame,
That such poor vassals should affect the fame
To share the joys of such a worthy's bed!
As when a hind, her calves late farrowed,
To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
He roots of hills and herby valleys then
For food (there feeding) hunting; but at length
Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
The lives of both the mother and her brood
In deaths indecent; so the wooers' blood
Must pay Ulysses' powers as sharp an end.
O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
The wise Minerva, that thy father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
Against Philomelides, in a fight
Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
Of all the Grecians. O, if now full out
He were as then, and with the wooers coped,
Short-lived they all were, and their nuptials hoped
Would prove as desperate. But, for thy demand
Enforced with prayers, I'll let thee understand
The truth directly, nor decline a thought,
Much less deceive, or soothe thy search in ought,
But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclosed to me, to thee I'll all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy solicitous heart.
I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
The Gods detain'd me, though my natural clime
I never so desired, because their homes
I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
For they will put men evermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments bind.
There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
Pharos, that with the high-waved sea is wall'd,
Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
A port most portly, where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water, and away
To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are
Masters at sea, no prosperous puff would spare
To put us off; and all my victuals here
Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
Had not a certain Goddess given regard,
And pitied me in an estate so hard;
And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
About the isle on fishing with hooks bent;
Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
She came close to me, spake, and thus began:
'Of all men thou art the most foolish man,
Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
And doest in all thy sufferances rejoice,
That thus long livest detain'd here, and no end
Canst give thy tarriance. Thou doest much offend
The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied:
'Whoever thou art of the Deified,
I must affirm, that no way with my will
I make abode here: but, it seems, some ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustain
Against my getting off. Inform me then,
For Godheads all things know, what God is he
That stays my passage from the fishy sea?'
'Stranger,' said she, 'I'll tell thee true: there lives
An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
A true solution of all secrets here;
Who deathless Proteus is, th' Ægyptian peer,
Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire;
Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky.
Informing thee, O God-preserved, beside,
If thy desires would so be satisfied,

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Whatever good or ill hath got event,
In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
Since thy departure from thy house.' This said;
Again I answer'd: 'Make the sleights display'd
Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fix'd place of his used abode.
'Tis hard for man to countermine with God.'
She straight replied: 'I'll utter truth in all:
When heaven's supremest height the sun doth skall,
The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides
Amidst a black storm, when the West wind chides,
In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep
(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)
The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,
From whom a noisome odour is exhaled,
Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.
Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky,
I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
For the performance thou hast now in chace.
In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three
Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.
But now I'll shew thee all the old God's sleights:
He first will number, and take all the sights
Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.
When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep.
In his first sleep, call up your hardiest cheer,
Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
He then will turn himself to every one
Of all things that in earth creep and respire,
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
Press him from passing. But when, as before,
When sleep first bound his powers, his form ye see,
Then cease your force, and th' old heroe free;
And then demand, which heaven-born it may be
That so afflicts you, hindering your retreat,
And free sea-passage to your native seat.'
This said, she dived into the wavy seas;
And I my course did to my ships address,
That on the sands stuck; where arrived, we made
Our supper ready. Then the Ambrosian shade
Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
Rosy Aurora rose; we rose as well;
And three of them on whom I most relied,
For firm at every force, I choosed, and hied
Straight to the many-river-served seas;
And all assistance ask'd the Deities.
Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
Embraced; and brought for me, and all my rest,
Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flead
To work a wile which she had fashioned
Upon her father. Then, within the sand
A covert digging, when these calves should land,
She sat expecting. We came close to her;
She placed us orderly, and made us wear
Each one his calves' skin. But we then must pass
A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
It much afflicted us; for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
But she preserves us, and to memory calls
A rare commodity; she fetch'd to us
Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
Bears still about it, which she 'nointed round
Our either nosthrils, and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
Forth from the sea, in shoals the sea-calves came,
And orderly, at last lay down and slept
Along the sands. And then th' old sea-god crept

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From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,
Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
The craft we used, but told us five for calves.
His temples then diseased with sleep he salves;
And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,
Cast all our hands about him manfully;
And then th' old Forger all his forms began:
First was a lion with a mighty mane,
Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
All into water. Last he was a tree,
Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.
We, with resolved hearts, held him firmly still,
When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
To extricate) gave words, and question'd me:
'Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,
'Advised and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
To take and hold me thus in my despite?'
'What asks thy wish now?' I replied.
'Thou know'st:
Why doest thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?
I have within this isle been held for wind
A wondrous time, and can by no means find
An end to my retention. It hath spent
The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me (ye Gods know all),
Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
On my addression home, to stay me here,
Avert me from my way, the fishy clear
Barr'd to my passage?' He replied: 'Of force,
If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
To Jove, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice;
And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,
Till thy loved country's settled reach. But where
Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,
Whose waters fell from Jove; and there hast given
To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heaven,
Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'
This told he; and, methought, he brake my heart,
In such a long and hard course to divert
My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet:
"Father, thy charge I'll perfect; but before
Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy
We first raised sail? Or whether any died
At sea a death unwish'd? Or, satisfied,
When war was past, by friends embraced, in peace
Resign'd their spirits?" He made answer: "Cease
To ask so far. It fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine own calamity.
Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.
Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
And should not prease into the mind of God.
But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,
Before thou buy this curious skill with tears.
Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,
Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive;
One chief of which in strong hold doth survive,
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
Are done to death. I list not to repeat
Who fell at Troy; thyself was there in fight.
But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile
Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyræan isle,
A mighty rock removing from his way.
And surely he had scaped the fatal day,
In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed
He in her fane did, (when he ravished
The Trojan prophetess)* he had not here
Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear,
Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves
Then raised against him. These his impious braves

* Cassandra.

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When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took
His massy trident, and so soundly strook
The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft;
Of which one fragment on the land he left,
The other fell into the troubled seas;
At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
And split his ship; and then himself afloat
Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast moat,
Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did win
The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove,
Afflicted by the reverend wife of Jove.
But when the steep mount of the Malian shore
He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous blore,
Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son
Ægisthus Thyestiades lived. This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft;
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy; pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there.
But see, a sentinel that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtower set
To spy his landing, for reward as great
As two gold talents, all his powers did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
Discharged at first sight; which at first he cast
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train
Laid for his slaughter: Twenty chosen men
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid;
His other men he charged to see purvey'd
A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots graced,
He rode t' invite him, but in heart embraced
Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
With treacherous slaughter, the unwary king.
Received him at a feast, and, like an ox
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
No one left of Atrides' train, nor one
Saved to Ægisthus, but himself alone:
All strow'd together there the bloody court.'
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,
Flat on the sands I fell; tears spent their store;
I light abhorr'd: my heart would live no more.
When dry of tears, and tired with tumbling there,
Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits did cheer:
'No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus' son;
With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,
And all unwares upon the murtherer come,
For torture, taking him thyself alive;
Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of such a dark soul; and do thou the rite
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.'
With these last words I fortified my breast,
In which again a generous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.
Yet forth I went, and told him the return
Of these I knew; but he had named a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspired;
Whom I besought to know, though like wise dead,
And I must mourn alike. He answered:
'He is Laertes' son; whom I beheld
In Nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her; and, since he could not see
His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
For he had neither ship instruct with oars,
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where leave we him, and to thy self descend;
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So ruled by them that order death by birth,
The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give;
Where Rhadamanthus rules; and where men live
A never-troubled life, where snow, nor showers,
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless powers,
But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.

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Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.'
This said; he dived the deepsome watery heaps;
I and my tried men took us to our ships,
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.
Arrived and shipp'd, the silent solemn night
And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,
And beat the foamy ocean with our oars.
Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,
As far as Ægypt; where we did beseech
The Gods with hecatombs; whose angers ceased,
I tomb'd my brother that I might be bless'd.
All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home,
And all the prosperous winds about were come,
I had the passport now of every God,
And here closed all these labours' period.
Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth /day's light,
And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee; chariot, horses three,
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee,
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies."
He answer'd: "Stay me not too long time here,
Though I could sit attending all the year.
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire
Take my affections from you; so on fire
With love to hear you are my thoughts; but so
My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe,
Who mourn even this stay. Whatsoever be
The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here
To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself doth grow,
Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree;
But Ithaca hath neither ground to be
For any length it comprehends, a race
To try a horse's speed, nor any place
To make him fat in; fitter far to feed
A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide
Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."
He, smiling, said: "Of good blood art thou, son.
What speech, so young! what observation
Hast thou made of the world! I well am pleased
To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd
Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.
Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
I will bestow on thee a rich carved cup,
Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
With finest gold; it was the only thing
That the heroical Sidonian king
Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receipt of me; and 'twas the art
Of that great Artist that of heaven is free;
And yet even this will I bestow on thee."
This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
Muttons for presents, to the God-like king,
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit and cakes.
Thus in this house did these their feast apply;
And in Ulysses' house activity
The wooers practised; tossing of the spear,
The stone, and hurling; thus delighted, where
They exercised such insolence before,
Even in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
Antinous did still their strifes decide,
And he that was in person deified,
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all,
For in their virtues they were principal.
These by Noemon, son to Phronius,
Were sided now, who made the question thus:
"Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this Telemachus returns, or no,
From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take
My ship with him; of which, I now should make

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Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go
Laborious mules, that yet did never know
The yoke, nor labour; some of which should bear
The taming now, if I could fetch them there."
This speech the rest admired, nor dream'd that he
Neleian Pylos ever thought to see,
But was at field about his flocks' survey,
Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.
Eupitheus' son, Antinous, then replied:
"When went he? or with what train dignified
Of his selected Ithacensian youth?
Prest men, or bondmen, were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know.
To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
And used her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question he had made with thee?"
Noemon answer'd: "I did freely give
My vessel to him: who deserves to live
That would do other, when such men as he
Did in distress ask? he should churlish be
That would deny him. Of our youth the best
Amongst the people, to the interest
His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
With all the tribute all their powers could pay.
Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
Who Mentor was, or God. A deity's shew
Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
I much admire; for I did clearly see,
But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;
Yet th' other ev'ning he took shipping there,
And went for Pylos." Thus went he for home,
And left the rest with envy overcome;
Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus' son,
Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
His eyes like flames, thus interposed his speech:
"Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach
Is here committed by Telemachus.
A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
Vow'd 'gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus:
With ship and choice youth of our people too;
But let him on, and all his mischief do;
Jove shall convert upon himself his powers,
Before their ill presumed he brings on ours.
Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
To give her manage; that, against again
He turns for home, on th' Ithacensian seas,
Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,
Way-lay and take him, and make all his craft
Sail with his ruin for his father saft."
This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
Rose, and to greet Ulysses' house did go.
But long time past not, ere Penelope
Had notice of their far-fetch'd treachery.
Medon the herald told her, who had heard
Without the hall how they within conferr'd,
And hasted straight to tell it to the queen,
Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
Prevents him thus: "Now herald, what affair,
Intend the famous wooers, in your repair?
To tell Ulysses' maids that they must cease
From doing our work, and their banquets dress?
I would to heaven, that, leaving wooing me,
Nor ever troubling other company,
Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
That ever any shall address for them.
They never meet but to consent in spoil,
And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
O did they never, when they children were
What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
Who never did 'gainst any one proceed
With unjust usage, or in word or deed?
'Tis yet with other kings another right,
One to pursue with love, another spite;
He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
Nor to the worst did ever taste of power.
But their unruled acts shew their minds' estate.
Good turns received once, thanks grow out of date."
Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her:
"I wish, O queen, that their ingratitudes were
Their worst ill towards you; but worse by far,
And much more deadly, their endeavours are,

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Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
To give their sharp steels in a cruel death;
Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore,
And sacred Sparta, in his search explore."
This news dissolved to her both knees and heart,
Long silence held her ere one word would part,
Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
All late use lost; that yet at last had choice
Of wonted words, which briefly thus she used:
"Why left my son his mother? why refused
His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distress,
That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
And run, past rule, their far-engaged course,
Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaid?
No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
To live and leave posterity his name?"
"I know not," he replied, "if th' humour came
From current of his own instinct, or flow'd
From others' instigations; but he vow'd
Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
His sire's return, or know what death he died."
This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
After the wooers; the Ulyssean spouse,
Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,
Nor in her choice of state-chairs stood inclined
To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
Of her fair chamber for her loathed repose,
And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
Her handmaids, join'd in a continuate yell.
From every corner of the palace, all
Of all degrees tuned to her comforts' fall
Their own dejections; to whom her complaint
She thus enforced: "The Gods, beyond constraint
Of any measure, urge these tears on me;
Nor was there ever dame of my degree
So past degree grieved. First, a lord so good,
That had such hardy spirits in his blood,
That all the virtues was adorn'd withal,
That all the Greeks did their superior call,
To part with thus, and lose. And now a son,
So worthily beloved, a course to run
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests have
Made far from home his most inglorious grave.
Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
(Though in the reach of every one must fall
His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
To call me from my bed; who this design'd
And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
(How much soever hasted) or dead laid
He should have left me. Many a man I have,
That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
(That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave
At my departure) to have run, and told
Laertes this; to try if he could hold
From running through the people, and from tears,
In telling them of these vow'd murtherers?
That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his,
Resolve to end in their conspiracies."
His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply:
"Dear sovereign, let me with your own hands die,
Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
One word of what I know. He trusted me
With all his purpose; and I gave him all
The bread and wine for which he pleased to call.
But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
Not to report it to your royal ear
Before the twelfth day either should appear,
Or you should ask me when you heard him gone.
Impair not then your beauties with your moan,
But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,
Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,
And pray the seed of goat-nursed Jupiter,
Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
And she will save him from confusion.
Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclined
For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
Unfit affected, for his age's sake.
But heaven-kings wax not old, and therefore make
Fit prayers to them; for my thoughts never will
Believe the heavenly powers conceit so ill

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The seed of righteous Arceslades,*
To end it utterly, but still will please
In some place evermore some one of them
To save, and deck him with a diadem;
Give him possession of erected towers,
And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruits and flowers."
This eased her heart, and dried her humorous eyes,
When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
Put on, with all her women-ministers
Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
And cakes of salt and barley did impose
Within a wicker basket; all which broke
In decent order, thus she did invoke:
"Great Virgin of the goat-preserved God,
If ever the inhabited abode
Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs
Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
His pious services; but safe see set
His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
These wooers past all mean in insolence."
This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her prayer.
The wooers broke with tumult all the air
About the shady house; and one of them,
Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,
Said: "Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen
Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
And one of us in instant nuptials take.
Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make
Upon the life and slaughter of her son."
So said he; but so said was not so done;
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
Antinous chid, and said: "For shame, contain
These braving speeches: who can tell who hears?
Are we not now in reach of others' ears?
If our intentions please us, let us call
Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
By watchful danger men must silent go:
What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."
This said, he choosed out twenty men, that bore
Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore
All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, raised the mast,
Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
The oars; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
All giving speed and form to everything.
Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven,
They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.
Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept;
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,
Still in contention, if he should be done
To death, or 'scape the impious wooers' design.
Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
For urgent danger; so fared she, till sleep
All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
Pallas her favours varied, and addrest
An idol, that Iphthima did present
In structure* of her every lineament,
Great-soul'd Icarius' daughter, whom for spouse
Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.
This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
To try her best mean how she might content
Mournful Penelope, and make relent
The strict addiction in her to deplore.
This idol,† like a worm, that less or more
Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
Into the chamber, and, above her head
Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
Distress'd Penelope: "Doth sleep thus seize
Thy powers, affected with so much disease?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree
Sustain'd with cause; for they will guard thy son
Safe to his wish'd and native mansion,
Since he is no offender of their states,
And they to such are firmer than their fates."
The wise Penelope received her thus,
Bound with a slumber most delicious,

* Laertes, son to Arcesius, the son of Jupiter.

* Δάμας, *membrorum structura.*

† Παρὰ κληῖδος ἰμάντα. Ἱμάς, *affectus curculionis significat quod longior et gracilior evaserit.*

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And in the port of dreams: "O sister, why
Repair you hither, since so far off lie
Your house and household? You were never here
Before this hour, and would you now give cheer
To my so many woes and miseries?
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soul and mind hold, having lost before
A husband, that of all the virtues bore
The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown
So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
Through Greece and Argos to her very heart.
And now again, a son, that did convert
My whole powers to his love, by ship is gone;
A tender plant, that yet was never grown
To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom more than my husband I complain;
And lest he should at any sufferance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estranged to him that must his consorts be)
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death." The scarce-discerned Dream,
Said: "Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her power is great;
Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these."
"If thou," said she, "be of the Goddesses,
And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn
The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?"
"I will not," she replied, "my breath exhale
In one continued and perpetual tale,
Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
To be in vain and idle speech profuse."
This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
Vanish'd again into the open blore.
Icarius' daughter started from her sleep,
And Joy's fresh humour her loved breast did steep,
When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.
The wooers shipp'd, the sea's moist waves did ply,
And thought the prince a haughty death should die.
There lies a certain island in the sea,
Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,
Yet holds convenient havens, that two ways let
Ships in and out, call'd Asteris; and there
The wooers hoped to make their massacre.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SECOND Court on Jove attends;
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
Commanding her to clear the ways
Ulysses sought; and she obeys.
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And so in safety plough the sea,
Enraged, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
His person yet, as being a Dame
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
Of those seas' tempers. But the mean,
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
Is made a jewel, which she takes
From off her head, and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosom wear,
About his neck, she ties it there,
And, when he is with waves beset,
Bids wear it as an amulet,
Commanding him, that not before
He touch'd upon Phæacia's shore,
He should not part with it, but then
Return it to the sea again,
And cast it from him. He performs;
Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,
And in the rocks sees death engraved;
But on Phæacia's shore is saved.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds
A ship; and gains
The glassy fields;
Pays Neptune pains.

AURORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
That men and Gods might be illustrated,
And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
Took place past all, whose height for ever springs,
And from whom flows th' eternal power of things.
Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
The many cares that in Calypso's hold
He still sustain'd; when he had felt before
So much affliction, and such dangers more.
"O Father," said she, "and ye ever blest,
Give never king hereafter interest
In any aid of yours, by serving you;
By being gentle, humane, just; but grow
Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
All justice ordering by their appetites.
Since he, that ruled as it in right behoved,
That all his subjects as his children loved,
Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth,
And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
Who yet the least part of his sufferance know:
Thrall'd in an island, shipwrack'd in his tears,
And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone,
And of his soldiers not retaining one.
And now his most-loved son's life doth inflame
Their slaughterous envies; since his father's fame
He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
As sacred Pylos, and the singular
Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this reply,
The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly
Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
The counsel given thyself, that told thee how
Ulysses shall with his return address
His wooers' wrongs? And, for the safe access
His son shall make to his innative port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy powers;
And in their ship return the speedless wooers."
Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
And said: "Thou hast made good our ambassy
To th' other Statists; to the Nymph then now,
On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,
Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
But in a patch'd-up*-skiff (built as he can,

* Ἐπὶ σχεδίης πολυδέσμου, *in rate multis vinculis ligatus*

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And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day
At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way,
With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
Who like a God will honour him, and give
His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
Where, at the whole division of the prey,
If he a saver were, or got away
Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.
But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal
So well with him, to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house and family."
Thus charged he; nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden; that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With pace as speedy as a puft of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declined
The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.
This took; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight
Her thick wings sousing in the savoury seas.
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness;
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he within found; without seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame;
The matter precious, and divine the frame;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shittle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread;
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be over-joy'd;
And so stood Hermes' ravish'd powers employ'd.
But having all admired, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
Ulysses there within; without was he
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort. Placed here in her throne,
That beams cast up to admiration,
Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus:
"For what cause, dear and much-esteem'd by us,
Thou golden-rod-adorned Mercury,
Arrivest thou here? thou hast not used t' apply
Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my means it lie, or power of fact.
But first, what hospitable rites exact,
Come yet more near, and take." This said, she set
A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,
Such as the Gods taste; and served in with it
Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest
His cause of coming: "Thou hast made request,
Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
My cause of touch here; which thou shalt command,
And know with truth: Jove caused my course to thee
Against my will, for who would willingly

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Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
Near to no city that the Powers divine
Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs?
But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
No other God can cross or make it void.
And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
With woes and toils of all those men that fought
For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
For in the tenth year, when Troy victory
Was won, to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
Since Pallas they incensed; and she the waves
By all the winds' power, that blew ope their graves.
And there they rested. Only this poor one,
This coast, both winds and waves have cast upon;
Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,
Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies
Not only have decreed he shall not die
Apart his friends, but of necessity
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected towers."
This strook a love-check'd horror through her powers,
When, naming him, she this reply did give:
"Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect; which still converts
Your powers to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddess should, as you obtain
The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage. So ye fared,
When the delicious-finger'd Morning shared
Orion's bed; you easy-living States
Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
Till in Ortygia the precise-lived Dame,
Gold-throned Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
(When rich-hair'd Ceres pleased to give the reins
To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp'd field,
To her Iasion) he paid angry Jove,
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortal's choice of mine; whose life I took
To liberal safety, when his ship Jove strook
With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,
And all his friends and soldiers, succourless
Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life given lost,
Preserved alone, loved, nourish'd, and did vow
To make him deathless, and yet never grow
Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong
To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their powers against it, let his will be law;
So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
As he commands him, to the raging main.
But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars,
To set him off from my so envied shores.
But if my counsel and good will can aid
His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd."
"Vouchsafe it so," said heaven's ambassador,
"And deign it quickly. By all means abhor
T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."
Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
And since the reverend Nymph these awful things
Received from Jove, she to Ulysses went;
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,
His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
And waste his dear age for his wish'd return;
Which still without the cave he used to do,
Because he could not please the Goddess so.
At night yet, forced, together took their rest,
The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest;
But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake:
"Unhappy man, no more discomfort take

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For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age;
I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
Ruddy and sweet, that will the* piner pine;
Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,
That every way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attain to it; if so it please
At all parts all the heaven-housed Deities,
That more in power are, more in skill than I,
And more can judge what fits humanity."
He stood amazed at this strange change in her,
And said: "O Goddess! thy intents prefer
Some other project than my parting hence,
Commanding things of too high consequence
For my performance. That myself should build
A ship of power, my home assays to shield
Against the great sea of such dread to pass;
Which not the best-built ship that ever was
Will pass exulting, when such winds as Jove
Can thunder up their trims and tacklings prove.
But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,
Thy will opposed; nor won, without thy word
Given in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree."
The Goddess smiled, held hard his hand, and said:
"O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
In taking heed; thou know'st not what it is
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly!
Let earth know then, and heaven, so broad, so high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,
As any God swears) that I had no thought
But stood with what I spake, nor would have wrought,
Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good;
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood
On those points in persuading thee, that I
Would use myself in such extremity.
For my mind simple is, and innocent,
Not given by cruel sleights to circumvent;
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
But with the sufferer willing sufferance feel."
This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home;
He traced her steps; and, to the cavern come,
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,
He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose
For food and beverage to him all best meat
And drink, that mortals use to taste and eat.
Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
Was nectar and ambrosia addrest
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepared
Did freely fall to. Having fitly fared,
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began:
"Jove-bred Ulysses! many-witted man!
Still is thy home so wish'd? so soon, away?
Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.
But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes,
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,
Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.
Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dissever,
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire,
And all thy days are spent in her desire;
And though it be no boast in me to say
In form and mind I match her every way.
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare,
T' affect those terms with us that deathless are."
The great in counsels made her this reply:
"Renowm'd, and to be reverenced, Deity!
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow,
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cause myself why wise Penelope
In wit is far inferior to thee;
In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
Old ever growing, and yet never old.
Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And natural home. If any God shall lay
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please;

* Hunger.

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As having given me such a mind as shall
The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.
In wars and waves my sufferings were not small.
I now have suffer'd much; as much before,
Hereafter let as much result, and more."
This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave;
When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
Left to themselves) left love no rites undone.
The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
His in and out weed. She herself enchaces
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales;
A golden girdle then her waist impales;
Her head a veil decks; and abroad they come;
And now began Ulysses to go home.
A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,
That from an olive bough received his frame.
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine.
The fir-tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choosed for lighter sail. This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down,
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
In meantime did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bored, closed, nail'd, and order'd everything;
And look how much a ship-wright will allow
A ship of burthen (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast;
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards, mast;
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then brought
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought.
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
In four days' space* to full perfection came.
The fifth day, they dismiss'd him from the shore,
Weeds neat and odorous gave him, victuals' store,
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind,
To which, Ulysses, (fit to be divined)
His sails exposed, and hoised. Off he gat;
And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat,
And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades;
The Bear, surnamed the Wain, that round doth move
About Orion, and keeps still above
The billowy ocean; the slow-setting star
Bootes call'd, by some the Waggoner.
Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
The cloudy night's command in his moist way,
And by the eighteenth light he might display
The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The country did a pretty figure yield,
And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.
Imperious Neptune, making his retreat
From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat
Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
From thence, far off discovering, did descry
Ulysses his fields plowing. All on fire
The sight straight set his heart, and made desire
Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.
When, his head nodding, "O impiety,"
He cried out, "now the Gods' inconstancy
Is most apparent, altering their designs
Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
To this Ulysses' fate his misery.
The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall."

* This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one man: and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.

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This said; he, begging,* gather'd clouds from land,
Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand
His horrid trident, and aloft did toss
(Of all the winds) all storms he could engross,
All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light,
The East and South winds justled in the air,
The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
Roll'd up the waves before them. And then bent
Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair, he thus spake: "Woe is me!
What was I born to, man of misery!
Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
Truth's self will author; that Fate would be paid
Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore.
With what clouds Jove heaven's heighten'd forehead binds!
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds!
How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps!
Thus dreadful is the presence of our death.
Thrice, four times blest were they that sunk beneath
Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
But to renowm Atrides with their end!
I would to God, my hour of death and fate
That day had held the power to terminate,
When showers of darts my life bore undepress'd
About divine Æacides deceased,
Then had I been allotted to have died,
By all the Greeks with funerals glorified;
(Whence death, enccuraging good life, had grown)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."
This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
And hurl'd him o'er-board; ship and all it laid
Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea,
His stern still holding, broken off, his mast
Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
Of mix'd winds strook it. Sails and sail-yards fell
Amongst the billows; and himself did dwell.
A long time under water; nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
In his depression; and his garments too,
Given by Calypso, gave him much to do,
Hindering his swimming; yet he left not so
His drenched vessel, for the overthrow
Of her nor him; but gat at length again,
Wrastling with Neptune, hold of her; and then
Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,
Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
He scaped, and gave the sea again to give
To other men. His ship so strived to live,
Floating at random, cuff'd from wave to wave.
As you have seen the North-wind when he drave
In autumn heaps of thorn-fed grass-hoppers
Hither and thither, one heap this way bears,
Another that, and makes them often meet
In his confused gales; so Ulysses' fleet
The winds hurl'd up and down; now Boreas
Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made pursue
The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view
Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,
Ino Leucothea, that first did feel
A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,
But now had th' honour to be named among
The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
And, like a cormorand in form and flight,
Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light
And thus bespeak him: "Why is Neptune thus
In thy pursuit extremely furious,
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
Even to thy death? He must not serve his will,

* Συναγείρω—*Mendicando colligo.*

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Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
As my thoughts serve; thou shalt not be unwise
To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
Pass to Phæacia; where thy austere Fate
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
Take here this tablet, with this riband strung,
And see it still about thy bosom hung;
By whose eternal virtue never fear
To suffer thus again, nor perish here.
But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more;
But cast it far off from the continent,
And then thy person far ashore present."
Thus gave she him the tablet; and again,
Turn'd to a cormorand, dived, past sight, the main.
Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck
In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said: "Alas, I must suspect even this,
Lest any other of the Deities
Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see
The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her; but to me appear
These counsels best; as long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolved, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but abide,
And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.
When she is split, I'll swim: no miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."
While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune raised
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seized
Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.
As when the violent winds together take
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them every way;
So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.
Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drenched weeds, that were Calypso's gift.
When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set
To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
Of perils seige him thus, he moved his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart he said:
"So, now feel ills enow, and struggle so,
Till to your Jove-loved islanders you row.
But my mind says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with sufferance cloy'd."
This said, his rich-maned horse he moved, and reach'd
His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
Barr'd to their passage; the bleak North alone
She set to blow; the rest she charged to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas,
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
Might make his refuge; Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair,
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry,
Raised by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong

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Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)
When on their prayers they see descend at length
Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and strength,
The sight is precious; so, since here should end
Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
Health to his country, held to him his sire,
And on which long for him disease did tire.
And then, besides, for his own sake to see
The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,
As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
To that wish'd continent; which when as near
He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks,
Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
With which were all things hid there, where no room
Of fit capacity was for any port,
Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
The shores, the rocks, and cliffs, so prominent were.
"O," said Ulysses then, "now Jupiter
Hath given me sight of an unhoped-for shore,
Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.
Of rest yet no place shews the slenderest prints,
The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
Against which every way the waves so flock,
And all the shore shews as one eminent rock,
So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
Is there for any tired foot to stand,
Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
Worse than vain rendering all his landing strife.
And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere,
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
I shall be taken with a gale again,
And cast a huge way off into the main;
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
My so near landing, and again his spleen
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about
His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.
I well have proved, with what malignity
He treads my steps." While this discourse he held,
A cursed surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But she* prompted him,
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore;
Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
The billow's rage was; which scaped, back so fast
The rock repulsed it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd.
And as the polypus that (forced from home
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones;
So he forced hither by the sharper ill,
Shunning the smoother, where he best hoped, still
The worst succeeded; for the cruel friend,
To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore,
That off he fell, and could sustain no more.
Quite under water fell he; and, past fate,
Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state
He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid
His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
Another course, and ceased t' attempt that shore,
Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore
Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found
Of fair Callicoe's flood; whose shores were crown'd

* Pallas.

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With most apt succours; rocks so smooth they seem'd
Polish'd of purpose; land that quite redeem'd
With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.
The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores:
"King of this river! hear; whatever name
Makes thee invoked, to thee I humbly frame
My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend is
To all the ever-living Deities
What erring man soever seeks their aid.
To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
With varied sufferance sues. Yield then some rest
To him that is thy suppliant profess'd."
This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard,
Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves clear'd
Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where
He pray'd, half-drown'd, entirely saved him there.
Then forth he came, his both knees faltering, both
His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
His cheeks and nosthrils flowing, voice and breath
Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death.
The sea had soak'd his heart through; all his veins
His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains.*
Dead weary was he. But when breath did find
A pass reciprocal, and in his mind
His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,
That Ino gave him; which he hurl'd from him
To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim
With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arrived
Where Ino's fair hand it again received.
Then kiss'd he th' humble earth; and on he goes,
Till bulrushes shew'd place for his repose,

* Ὤδεε of ὠδίνω: *à partu doleo.*

Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul:
"O me, what strange perplexities control
The whole skill of thy powers in this event!
What feel I? If till care-nurse night be spent
I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,
And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death;
So low brought with my labours. Towards day
A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold
May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold
Her sweet hand on my powers, all care allay'd,
Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,
Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life;
Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied,
Where peril possible of escape is tried.
But he that fights with heaven, or with the sea,
To indiscretion adds impiety."
Thus to the woods he hasted; which he found
Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground,
Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown;
Through which the moist force of the loud-voiced wind
Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shined,
Nor shower beat through, they grew so one in one,
And had, by turns, their power t' exclude the sun.
Here enter'd our Ulysses; and a bed
Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
For two or three men ample coverings were.
Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
Though steel* it breathed, and blew as it would burst.

* A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the winter's extremity of sharpness.

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Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
Shew'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
Store of leaves heaping high on every side.
And as in some out-field a man doth hide
A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire
Served with self-store, he else would ask o
none,
But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on
So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
And thus naked virtue's seed lies hid i
leaves.
Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as me
Whom delicacies all their flatteries deign
And all that all his labours could compris
Quickly concluded in his closed eyes.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa; and commands
She to the flood her weeds should bear,
For now her nuptial day was near.
Nausicaa her charge obeys,
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make waked Ulysses rise,
Walk to them, and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight;
Nausicaa only boldly stays,
And gladly his desire obeys.
He, furnish'd with her favours shown,
Attends her and the rest to town.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ζῆτα. Here olive leaves
T' hide shame began.
The maid receives
The naked man.

THE much-sustaining, patient, heavenly man,
Whom Toil* and Sleep had worn so weak and wan,
Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
To the Phæacian city, and descent
That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide,
Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
Of greater power; and therefore longer there
Divine Nausithous dwelt not; but arose,
And did for Scheria all his powers dispose,
Far from ingenious art-inventing men.
But there did he erect a city then;
First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,
And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate,
Dived to th' infernals; and Alcinous sate
In his command, a man the Gods did teach
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
Of grey Minerva's project; to provide
That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied
With all things fitting his return. She went
Up to the chamber, where the fair descent*
Of great Alcinous slept; a maid, whose parts
In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
Well-deck'd her chamber was; of which the door
Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
The Goddess entry. Like a puft of wind
She reach'd the virgin bed; near which there lay
Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey
Figure and manners. But above the head
Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
The subtle air, and put the person on
Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
Exempt in business naval. Like his seed
Minerva look'd now;† whom one year did breed
With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd:
"Nausicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent in rites so stood upon
By other virgins? Thy fair garments lie
Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh;
When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
And garments give to others honouring thee,
That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name
Grows amongst men for these things; they inflame
Father and reverend mother with delight.
Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
Let's to the river, and repurify
Thy wedding garments. My society
Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.

---

* ὕπνῳ καὶ καμάτῳ ἀρημένος: Somno et labore fictus. *Sleep* (καταχρησικως) for the want of keep.

* Nausicaa.
† Intending Dymas' daughter.

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The best of all Phæacia woo thy grace,
Where thou wert bred, and owest thyself a race.
Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire,
To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,
And far more fits thee, than to foot so far;
For far from town thou know'st the bath-founts are."
This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
Up to Olympus, the firm continent
That bears in endless being the deified kind,
That's neither soused with showers, nor shook with wind,
Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies
Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
Circle the glittering hill, and all their days
Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.
And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
When she had all that might excite her said.
Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent.
To her loved parents, whom she found within.
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shined;
Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate; and to him exhaled
Her smother'd bosom was:* "Loved sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complete? fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you have,
Two wed, three bachelors; that must be brave
In every day's shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last with these things must advance
Their states in marriage; and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"
This general cause she shew'd, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied:
"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."
The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All up in coach; in which her mother placed
A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
Both for her daughter's, and her hand-maid's use,
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
Th' observed Maid; takes both the scourge and reins;
And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy placed,
Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-mules run,
That neigh'd, and paced their usual speed, and soon
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
Where baths for all the year their use supplied.

* This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefacedness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other everywhere strewed flowers of precept; but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

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Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
But still ran fair forth; and did more remain
Apt to purge stains, for that purged stain within,
Which by the water's pure store was not seen.
These, here arrived, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took
Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
When having throughly cleansed, they spread them on
The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner, by the river's side.
Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,
As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
Made such a shew, and so past all was seen,
As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
Or swift-hooved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority
(Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might easily judge whom her pains brought to light;
Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed,
Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
Ordering their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,
Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
Whom she intended should become his aid,
Bring him to town, and his return advance.
Her mean was this,* though thought a stool-ball chance:
The queen now, for the upstroke, strook the ball
Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,
And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;
Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
That sudden outcry, and in mind thus strived:
"On what a people am I now arrived?
At civil hospitable men, that fear
The Gods? or dwell injurious mortals here?
Unjust, and churlish? like the female cry
Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high
On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
In herby marshes, or in leavy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
I'll prove, and see." With this, the wary peer
Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In covert of his nakedness, and then
Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
With drops of trees, and weather-beaten hued,

* The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ*. As Spondanus well notes of him.

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Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
His belly charging him, and he must part
Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt;
So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
Even to the home-fields of the country's breed
Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked; and his sight did press
The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear compress.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
In weighing both well; to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof;
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and filed speech then shew'd this was he:

"Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
Are you of mortal, or the deified race?
If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present,
In grace of every God-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humanes, that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding merit.
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.
Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arrived, that render'd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd,
To give it observation; as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange,
For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change
T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruel habit of calamity
Prepared the strong impression thou hast made:
For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade

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Since I, at length, escaped the sable seas;
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,
From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath thrown
My wrack on this shore; that perhaps I may
My miseries vary here; for yet their stay,
I fear, Heaven hath not order'd, though, before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
My fate importunes my distress to vow.
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
The town then show me; give my nakedness
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse.
God give you, in requital, all th' amends
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
Of man and wife in household government.
It joys their wishers-well, their enemies wounds,
But to themselves the special good redounds."
She answer'd: "Stranger! I discern in thee
Nor sloth, nor folly reigns; and yet I see
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude,
That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best to th' eye;
Jove only orders man's felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he, perhaps, hath form'd this plight in thee,
Of which thou must be patient, as he free.
But after all thy wand'rings, since thy way,
Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
As being exposed to our cares to relieve,
Weeds, and what else a humane hand should give
To one so suppliant and tamed with woe,
Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,
And tell our people's name: This neighbour town,
And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own.
And (since thou seem'dst so fain to know my birth,
And madest a question, if of heaven or earth,)
This earth hath bred me; and my father's name
Alcinous is, that in the power and frame
Of this isle's rule is supereminent."
Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
And said: "Give stay both to your feet and fright.
Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight?
Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
Made use to prey upon our citizens?
This man no moist man* is, (nor waterish thing,
That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
All it can compass; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women, never staid in change).
This man is truly manly,† wise, and staid,
In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,
Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
Acts lewd and abject; nor can such a one
Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious.
Besides, divided from the world we are,
The out-part of it, billows circular
The sea revolving round about our shore;
Nor is there any man that enters more
Than our own countrymen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man, minding nought
But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,

* Διερὸς βροτός. *Cui vitalis vel sensuali humiditas inest.* βροτὸς ἀ ῥέω, *ut dicatur quasi* ῥοτὸς, i.e. ὁ ἐν ῥοῇ ὤν, *quod nihil sit magis fluxum quam homo.*

† Ἀνὴρ *virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus.* Nor are those affirmed to be men *qui servile quidpiam et abjectum faciunt, vel facere sustinent:* according to this of Herodotus in Polym. πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνθρωποι εἶεν, ὀλίγοι δ ἀνδρες. Many men's forms sustain, but few are men.

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Him now we must provide for: from Jove* 'come
All strangers, and the needy of a home;
Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
And wine; and see ye bathe him in the flood,
Near to some shore to shelter most inclined.
To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
But by his thin powers pierceth parts within.
This said, their flight in a return they set,
And did Ulysses with all grace entreat,
Shew'd him a* shore wind-proof, and full of shade;
By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
Bade wash, and all things as Nausicaa bade.
Divine Ulysses would not use their aid;
But thus bespake them: "Every lovely maid,
Let me entreat to stand a little by,
That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
And then use oil, which long time did not shine
On my poor shoulders.† I'll not wash in sight
Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
To bathe all bare by such a virgin light."
They moved, and mused a man had so much grace,
And told their mistress what a man he was.

He cleansed his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head
Yet never tamed, but now had foam and weed
Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolved, and he
Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
The untouch'd virgin shew'd in his attire
He clothed him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
His locks, cleansed, curl'd the more, and match'd, in power
To please an eye, the Hyacinthian flower.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
Taught how far either may be urged to go
In strife of eminence, when work sets forth
A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,
No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace;
So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat
His goodly presence. To which such a guise
He shew'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.
All which continued, as he sat apart,
Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,
Who thus bespake her consorts: "Hear me, you,
Fair-wristed virgins; this rare man, I know,
Treads not our country earth, against the will
Of some God throned on the Olympian hill.
He shew'd to me, till now, not worth the note,
But now he looks as he had godhead got.
I would to heaven my husband were no worse,
And would be call'd no better; but the course
Of other husbands pleased to dwell out here.
Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer."
She said; they heard and did. He drunk and eat
Like to a harpy; having touch'd no meat
A long before time. But Nausicaa now
Thought of the more grace she did lately vow

---

* According to another translator:
"*Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,*
Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris instar."
Which I cite to shew his good when he keeps him to the original, and near in any degree expounds it.

† He taught their youths modesty by his aged judgment. As receiving the custom of maids then used to that entertainment of men, notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could not be corrupted inwardly for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore privileged. It is easy to avoid shew; and those that most curiously avoid the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.

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Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose;
Up cheer'd her guest, and said: "Guest, now dispose
Yourself for town, that I may let you see
My father's court, where all the peers will be
Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,
Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain;
Though I need usher you with no advice,
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,
So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear
Upon my chariot (I must go before
For cause that after comes, to which this more
Be my induction) you shall then soon end
Your way to town, whose towers you see ascend*
To such a steepness. On whose either side
A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
An enterer's passage; on whose both hands ride
Ships in fair harbours; which once past, you win
The goodly market-place (that circles in
A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd oars;
For the Phæacians are not conquerors
By bows nor quivers; oars, masts, ships they are
With which they plow the sea, and wage their war.
And now the cause comes why I lead the way,
Not taking you to coach: The men that sway
In work of those tools that so fit our state,
Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
Work in the market-place; and those are they,
Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say,
(For these vile vulgars are extremely proud,
And foully-languaged) 'What is he, allow'd
To coach it with Nausicaa? so large set,
And fairly fashion'd? where were these two met?
He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men
Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home
In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
From some far region; we have no such man,
It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wish'd husband, out of heaven some God
Dropp'd in her lap; and there lies she at road
Her complete life-time. But, in sooth, if she,
Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise;
For none of all our nobles are of prize
Enough for her; he must beyond sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will have her home.
Of our peers many have importuned her,
Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will confer
Behind my back; or, meeting, to my face
The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
And this would be reproaches to my fame,
For, even myself just anger would inflame,
If any other virgin I should see,
Her parents living, keep the company
Of any man, to any end of love,
Till open nuptials should her act approve.
And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,
That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
Your quick deduction by my father's grace;
And means to reach the root of all your race.
We shall, not far out of our way to town,
A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,
To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows;
And round about the grove a meadow grows,
In which my father holds a manor-house,
Deck'd all with orchards, green, and odorous,
As far from town as one may hear a shout.
There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out
We reach the city; where, when you may guess
We are arrived, and enter our access
Within my father's court, then put you on
For our Phæacian state; where, to be shown

* The city's description so far forth as may in part, induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to coach with her.

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My father's house, desire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and yourself will clear
Distinguish it from others, for no shows
The city-buildings make compared with those
That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
In whose roofs, and the court (where men of state,
And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide,
Straight pass it, entering further, where abide
My mother, with her withdrawn housewiferies,
Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
Her rock, all-purple, and of pompous show,
Her chair placed 'gainst a pillar, all a-row
Her maids behind her set; and to her here
My father's dining-throne looks, seated where
He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once past, for th' end of your abode,
Address suit to my mother, that her mean
May make the day of your redition seen.
And you may frolic straight, though far away
You are in distance from your wished stay.
For, if she once be won to wish you well,
Your hope may instantly your passport seal;
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
Fair house, and all to which your heart contends."
This said, she used her shining scourge, and lash'd
Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd,
And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet,
And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
Which yet she temper'd so,* and used her scourge
With so much skill, as not to over-urge
The foot behind, and make them straggle so
From close society. Firm together go
Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting wood,
Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like good
Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd:
"Hear me,† of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid!
Now throughly hear me; since, in all the time
Of all my wrack, my prayers could never climb
Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune toss'd
Upon his watery bristles my emboss'd
And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
I may of the Phæacian state obtain
Pity, and grace." Thus pray'd he, and she heard;
By no means yet, exposed to sight, appear'd,
For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme
Of all the Sea-Gods,‡ whose wrath still extreme
Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

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* Not without some little note of our omnisufficient Homer's general touch of the least fitness lying in his way, may this courtly discretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed, if you please.

† More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety.

‡ Neptune.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

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THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NAUSICAA arrives at town;
And then Ulysses. He makes known
His suit to Arete; who view
Takes of his vesture, which she knew,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER.

Ἥτα. The honour'd minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
In Scheria's kings.

THUS pray'd the wise and God-observing man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys, wan
Access to town, and the renowmed court
Reach'd of her father; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,
Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
But took from coach* her mules, brought in her weeds.
And she ascends her chamber; where purvey'd
A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid,
Eurymedusa, th' Aperæan born,
And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
And, like a heaven-born power in speech, acquired
The people's ears. To one then so admired,
Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse
Than worth the gift; yet now, grown old, was nurse
To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa; gave heat
To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat.
Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town;
Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown
By Pallas round about him, in her care,
Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass,
Justle him up, and ask him what he was.
Entering the lovely town yet, through the cloud
Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
As if objected purposely to know
What there he needed; whom he question'd thus:
"Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor distrest
Mere stranger here, know none I may request
To make this court known to me." She replied:
"Strange father, I will see you satisfied
In that request. My father dwells just by
The house you seek for; but go silently,
Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
Shall be enough to shew your way. The men
That here inhabit do not entertain
With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
Or state soever, nor have taken forth
Lessons of civil usage or respect
To men beyond them. They, upon their powers
Of swift ships building, top the watery towers,
And Jove hath given them ships, for sail so wrought,
They cut a feather, and command a thought."†

* *Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas: nam vel fraternus quoque amor tantus fuit, ut libenter hanc redeunti charissimæ sorori operam præstiterint. Spond.*

† Νέες ὠκεῖαι ὡσεὶ πτηνὸν ἠὲ φρόνημα, *naves veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.*

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This said, she usher'd him, and after he
Trod in the swift steps of the Deity.
The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight
Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
Both by their houses and their persons past;
Pallas about him such a darkness cast
By her divine power, and her reverend care,
She would not give the town-born cause to stare.
He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports;
The shipping in them; and for all resorts
The goodly market-steads; and aisles beside
For the heroes; walls so large and wide;
Rampires so high, and of such strength withal,
It would with wonder any eye appall.
At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas said:
"Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd
Your will, to shew our ruler's house; 'tis here;
Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.
Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.
More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
Though man nor place he ever saw before.
You first shall find the queen in court, whose name
Is Arete, of parents born the same
That was the king her spouse; their pedigree
I can report.* The great Earth-shaker, he
Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,
And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon,
Who of th' unmeasured-minded giants sway'd
Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd
Of men so impious with cold death, and died
Himself soon after) got the magnified
In mind, Nausithous; whom the kingdom's state
First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat
Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.
Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,
And whom the silver-bow-graced Phœbus slew
Young in the court) his shed blood did renew,
In only Arete, who now is spouse
To him that rules the kingdom in this house,
And is her uncle, king Alcinous,
Who honours her past equal. She may boast
More honour of him than the honour'd* most
Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
How many more soever realms afford,
That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honours her, than her blest store
Of gracious children. All the city cast
Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
Of their affections to her in their prayers,
Still as she decks the streets; for, all affairs
Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign
Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclined
To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,
Your friends, your longing family, and all
That can within your most affections fall."
This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew
Along th' untamed sea, left the lovely hue
Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
And ample-streeted Athens lighted on;
Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,†
Of Erechtheus she ingression made.
Ulysses to the lofty-builded court
Of king Alcinous made bold resort;
Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
His enter'd person. Like heaven's two main lights,
The rooms illustrated both days and nights.
On every side stood firm a wall of brass,
Even from the threshold to the inmost pass.
Which bore a roof up that all sapphire was.
The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold
Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold;
Whose portal was of silver; over which
A golden cornice did the front enrich.
On each side, dogs, of gold and silver framed,
The house's guard stood; which the Deity lamed‡

* For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her uncle Alcinous.

* The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.
† πυκινὸς, *spissus.* ‡ Vulcan.

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With knowing inwards had inspired, and made
That death nor age should their estates invade.
Along the wall stood every way a throne,
From th' entry to the lobby, every one
Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state.
Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
At wine and food, and feasted all the year.
Youths forged of gold, at every table there,
Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light,
And, to encounter feast with housewifery,
In one room fifty women did apply
Their several tasks. Some, apple-colour'd corn
Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn.
Some work in looms; no hand least rest receives,
But all had motion apt, as aspen leaves.
And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
And so thick thrust together thread by thread,
That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,
Did with his moisture in light dews distill.
As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
All other countrymen in art to build
A swift-sail'd ship; so much the women there,
For work of webs, past other women were.
Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.
Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
A goodly orchard-ground was situate,
Of near ten acres; about which was led
A lofty quickset. In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives; and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.
Here some were gathering, here some pressing, seen.
A large-allotted several each fruit had;
And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim.
Two fountains graced the garden; of which, one
Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went
Close by the lofty palace-gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous.
Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze,
But, having all observed, made instant pace
Into the court; where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups crown'd
Offering to sharp-eyed Hermes,* to whom last
They used to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
His inclination through their thoughts. But these
Ulysses pass'd, and forth went; nor their eyes
Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light
With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might
First to Alcinous, and Arete,
Present his person; and, of both them, she,
By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heavenly air that hid him. When his view,
With silence and with admiration strook
The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:
"Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,

* Mercury.

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A man whom many labours have distrest
Is come for comfort, and to every guest:
To all whom heaven vouchsafe delightsome lives,
And after to your issue that survives
A good resignment of the goods ye leave,
With all the honour that yourselves receive
Amongst your people. Only this of me
Is the ambition; that I may but see
(By your vouchsafed means, and betimes vouchsafed)
My country earth; since I have long been left
To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
And far from benefit of any friend."
He said no more, but left them dumb with that,
Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake,
And Echineus, th' old heroë, spake;
A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and used it well; and thus spake he:
"Alcinous! it shews not decently,
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if apposed for food. A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person placed in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
We may do sacrifice; for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appear.
Let what you have within be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd
This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way."
When this had added to the well-inclined
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great in wit the hand he seised,
And from the ashes his fair person raised,
Advanced him to a well-adorned throne,
And from his seat raised his most loved son,
Laodamas, that next himself was set,
To give him place. The handmaid then did get
An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which placed
Upon a caldron, all with silver graced,
She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread
A table, which the butler set with bread,
As others served with other food the board,
In all the choice the present could afford.
Ulysses meat and wine took; and then thus
The king the herald call'd: "Pontonous!
Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
Rites to the Lightener, who is still in way
With humble suppliants, and them pursues
With all benign and hospitable dues."
Pontonous gave act to all he will'd,
And honey-sweetness-giving-minds* wine fill'd,
Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
All having drunk what either's heart could think
Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said:
"Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead,
And you our counsellors, that I may now
Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
For this our guest: Feast past, and this night's sleep,
Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
Jousts, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest
Receive in solemn court with fitting feast;
Then think of his return, that, under hand
Of our deduction, his natural land
(Without more toil or care, and with delight,
And that soon given him, how far hence dissite
Soever it can be) he may ascend;
And in the mean time without wrong attend,
Or other want, fit means to that ascent.†
What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event
Of his life's thread, (now spinning, and began
When his pain'd mother freed his root of man)
He must endure in all kinds. If some God
Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
And other things will think upon than we,
The Gods' wills stand; who ever yet were free

* The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce:* which signifies more. Μελίφρονα οἶνον ἐπίρνα *Vinum quod mellea dulcedine animum perfundit, et oblectat.*

† Ascent to his country's shore.

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Of their appearance to us, when to them
We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
And would at feast sit with us, even where we
Order'd our session. They would likewise be
Encounterers of us, when in way alone
About his fit affairs went any one.
Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
To do us comfort, we as near them are,
As are the Cyclops*, or the impious race
Of earthy giants, that would heaven outface."
Ulysses answer'd: "Let some other doubt
Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
Should shadow in this shape a Deity.
I bear no such least semblance, or in wit,
Virtue, or person. What may well befit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poor man, give that to me;
Of whose moans I sit in the most degree,
And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
The Gods consent to; no one 'twixt their fall
And my unpitied shoulders letting down
The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,
To let me taste your free-given food in peace.
Through greatest grief the belly must have ease;
Worse than an envious belly nothing is.
It will command his strict necessities,
Of men most grieved in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not give their kind
A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieve,
It bids me still, "Eat, man, and drink, and live;"
And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
I ever bear, it ever bids me fill.
But this ease is but forced, and will not last,
Till what the mind likes be as well embraced;
And therefore let me wish you would partake
In your late purpose; when the morn shall make
Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
Unhappy man, that I may once embrace
My country earth. Though I be still thrust at
By ancient ills, yet make me but see that;
And then let life go, when withal I see
My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family."
This all approved; and each will'd every one,
"Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone."
Feast past and sacrifice; to sleep all vow
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
The all-loved Arete. The handmaids then
The vessel of the banquet took away.
When Arete set eye on his array;
Knew both his out and under weed, which she
Made with her maids; and mused by what means he
Obtain'd their wearing; which she made request
To know, and wings gave to these speeches: "Guest!
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who graced you with the weeds you wear?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arrived here?" Laertiades
To this thus answer'd: "'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be opening wounds wrought deep and green,
Of which the Gods have open'd store in me;
Yet your will must be served. Far hence, at sea,
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name,
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,

* Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country; and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them.

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Fair-hair'd Calypso lives; a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have;
Yet I, past man unhappy, lived alone,
By Heaven's wrath forced, her house companion.
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers; all whose lives I lost.
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave.
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso; who exactly well
Received and nourish'd me, and promise made
To make me deathless, nor should age invade
My powers with his deserts through all my days.
All moved not me, and therefore, on her stays,
Seven years she made me lie; and there spent I
The long time, steeping in the misery
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
From her fair hand. The eighth revolved year
(Or by her changed mind, or by charge of Jove)
She gave provoked way to my wish'd remove,
And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine,
Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.
Then seventeen days at sea I homeward was,
And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was cheer'd,
Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
To show I yet had agonies extreme
To put in sufferance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
Crossing my way with tempests violent,
Unmeasured seas up-lifting; nor would give
The billows leave to let my vessel live
The least time quiet; that even sigh'd to bear
Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,
Till wind and water threw me up to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
My mangled body. Back again I bore,
And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,
Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood
For my receipt, rock-free, and fenced from wind;
And this I put for, gathering up my mind.
Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
Within a thicket I reposed; when round
I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap; and found,
Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.
And here my heart, long time excruciate,
Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
Even till the morning and meridian light.
The sun declining then, delightsome sleep
No longer laid my temples in his steep;
But forth I went, and on the shore might see
Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity
She shined above them; and I pray'd to her,
And she in disposition did prefer
Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might
Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
Nor would you therefore hope, supposed distrest
As I was then, and old, to find the least
Of any grace from her, being younger far.
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
Yet she in all abundance did bestow
Both wine,* that makes the blood in humans grow,
And food; and bathed me in the flood; and gave
The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true.
Alcinous answer'd: "Guest! my daughter knew
Least of what most you give her; nor became
The course she took, to let with every dame

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* Αἴθοψ οἶνος, *Vinum calefaciendi vim habens.*

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Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought
Yourself home too; which first you had besought."
"O blame her not," said he, "heroical lord,
Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone
With all her women home, but I alone
Would venture my receipt here; having fear
And reverend awe of accidents that were
Of likely issue; both your wrath to move,
And to inflame the common people's love
Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.
We men are all a most suspicious race."
"My guest," said he, "I use not to be stirr'd
To wrath too rashly: and where are preferr'd
To men's conceits things that may both ways fail,
The noblest ever should the most prevail.
Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
That, were you still as now, and could but run
One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
And be my son-in-law; still vow'd to lead
Your rest of life here. I a house would give,
And household goods, so freely you would live,
Confined with us. But 'gainst your will shall none
Contain you here, since that were violence done
To Jove our Father. For your passage home,
That you may well know we can overcome
So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed:
To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
While you securely sleep, to see the seas
In calmest temper; and, if that will please,
Shew you your country and your house ere night,
Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.
And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
That have been there and seen, is far away,
Farthest from us of all the parts they know;
And made the trial when they help'd to row
The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view
Of earth-born Tityus; whom their speeds did shew
In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
They set from hence; and home made good their way
With ease again, and him they did convey.
Which I report to you, to let you see
How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
My young Phæacians with their oars prevail,
To beat the sea through, and assist a sail."
This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd:
"I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
He could perform at all parts; he should then
Be glorified for ever, and I gain
My natural country." This discourse they had;
When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bade
A bed make in the portico, and ply
With* clothes, the covering tapestry,
The blankets purple; well-napp'd waistcoats too,
To wear for more warmth. What these had to do,
They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
They moved Ulysses for his rest, and said:
"Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."
Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest;
Which now he took profoundly, being laid
Within a loop-hole tower, where was convey'd
The sounding portico. The King took rest
In a retired part of the house; where drest
The Queen herself a bed, and trundle-bed,
And by her lord reposed her reverend head.

* A word is wanting here, which can now only be supplied by conjecture.—ED.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Peers of the Phæacian State
A Council call, to consolate
Ulysses with all means for home.
The Council to a banquet come,
Invited by the King. Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger-king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
Th' adultery of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms;
And after sings the entercourse
Of acts about th' Epæan horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Θῆτα. The council's frame
At fleet applied.
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried.

Now when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred power Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise; and, like him, left his ease
The city-razer Laertiades.
The Council at the navy was design'd;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,
Near to the navy. To increase the state,
Minerva took the herald's form on her,
That served Alcinous, studious to prefer
Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown
Of that design the ears of every man,
Proclaiming thus: "Peers Phæacensian!
And men of Council, all haste to the court,
To hear the stranger that made late resort
To king Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
Andi s in person like a Deity."
This all their powers set up, and spirit instill'd,
And straight the court and seats with men were fill'd.
The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son,
When they beheld him. Pallas put him on
A supernatural and heavenly dress;
Enlarged him with a height, and goodliness
In breast and shoulders, that he might appear
Gracious, and grave, and reverend; and bear
A perfect hand on his performance there
In all the trials they resolved t' impose.
All met, and gather'd in attention close,
Alcinous thus bespake them: "Dukes, and lords,
Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.
This stranger here, whose travels found my court,
I know not, nor can tell if his resort
From East or West comes; but his suit is this:
That to his country-earth we would dismiss
His hither-forced person, and doth bear
The mind to pass it under every peer;
Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
My free desire of his deduction.
Nor shall there ever any other man
That tries the goodness Phæacensian
In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
Mourning for passage, under least delay.
Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
New-built, now launch we; and from out our prease
Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all, the best
To use an oar. All which see straight imprest,
And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie
Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast,
In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
Consort me home, and help with grace to use
This guest of ours; no one man shall refuse.

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Some other of you haste, and call to us
The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
To whom hath God given song, that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight."
This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all speed went
The herald for the sacred man in song.
Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
Went, as was will'd, to the untamed sea's shore;
Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
Advanced, sails hoised, every seat his oar
Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
They further reach'd. The dry streets flow'd with men,
That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
Whose porticos were choked with the resort,
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust there
In mighty concourse; for whose promised cheer
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
Two crook-haunch'd beeves; which flead and dress'd, divine
The show was of so many a jocund guest,
All set together at so set a feast.
To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
The lovely singer led; who past all mean
The Muse affected, gave him good and ill,
His eyes put out, but put in soul at will.
His place was given him in a chair all graced
With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar placed;
Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
And round about the circle of the guests.
The herald on a pin above his head
His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
His hand for taking of it down at will;
A board set by with food, and forth did fill
A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.
The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire
Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflamed
The sacred singer. Of men highliest famed
He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
That in applause did ample heaven ascend.
Whose subject was, the stern contention
Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
In dreadful language they express'd their odds.
When Agamemnon sat rejoiced in soul
To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul;
For augur Phœbus in presage had told
The King of men (desirous to unfold
The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone
In heavenly Pythia to the porch of stone,)
That then the end of all griefs should begin
'Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win
That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar,
And plead, if force or wit must end the war.
This brave contention did the poet sing,
Expressing so the spleen of either king,
That his large purple weed Ulysses held
Before his face and eyes, since thence distill'd
'Tears uncontain'd; which he obscured, in fear
To let th' observing presence note a tear.
But, when his sacred song the mere divine
Had given an end, a goblet crown'd with wine
Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
And sacrificed to those Gods* that would please
T' inspire the poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renowm his wit.
His tears then stay'd. But when again began,
By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight, that none,
(Except Alcinous himself alone)
Discern'd him moved so much. But he sat next,
And heard him deeply sigh; which his pretext
Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His utterance of it, and would have it held

* The continued piety of Ulysses through all places, times, and occasions.

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From all the rest, brake off the song, and this
Said to those oar-affecting peers of his :
"Princes, and peers! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state ;
With wine, and food. Now then to field, and try
In all kinds our approved activity ;
That this our guest may give his friends to know,
In his return, that we as little owe
To fights and wrestlings, leaping, speed of race,
As these our court-rites ; and commend our grace
In all to all superior." Forth he led,
The peers and people troop'd up to their head.
Nor must Demodocus be left within ;
Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
His hand in his took, and abroad he brought
The heavenly Poet, out the same way wrought
That did the Princes, and what they would see
With admiration, with his company
They wish'd to honour. To the place of game
These throng'd ; and after, routs of other came
Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove,
Many and strong rose to their trial's love.
Up rose Acroneus,* and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,
Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreus,
Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus,
Son to Tectonides Polyneus.
Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
In action like the homicide of war.
Naubolides, that was for person far
Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.
Up Anabesineus then arose ;
And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those
Were Halius, and fore-praised Laodamas,
And Clytoneus like a God in grace.

These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
Took start together. Up the dust in mists
They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew ;
But Clytoneus first of all the crew
A stitch's length in any fallow field
Made good his pace ; when, where the judges yield
The prize and praise, his glorious speed arrived.
Next, for the boisterous wrestling game they strived ;
At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
Elatreus excell'd. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpass'd.
When all had strived in these assays their fill,
Laodamas said : "Come friends, let's prove what skill
This stranger hath attain'd to in our sport.
Methinks, he must be of the active sort.
His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show
That Nature disposition did bestow
To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime.
But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debility
Than is the sea ; though nature ne'er so strong
Knits one together." "Nor conceive you wrong,"
Replied Euryalus, "but prove his blood
With what you question." In the midst then stood
Renowm'd Laodamas, and proved him thus :
"Come, stranger-father, and assay with us
Your powers in these contentions. If your show
Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you
Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand
On any worth more, in a man's command,
Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.
Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind
Of discontentments ; for not far behind

* Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities, their names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas. As Acroneus, *summa seu extrema navis pars*. Ocyalus, *velox in mari*. Elatreus, or Ἐλατὴρ, ἐλατῆρος, *Remex*, &c.

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Comes your deduction.* Ship is ready now,
And men, and all things." "Why," said he, "dost thou
Mock me, Laodamas! and these strifes bind
My powers to answer? I am more inclined
To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,
And still am suffering. I come here to crave,
In your assemblies, means to be dismiss'd,
And pray both kings and subjects to assist."
Euryalus an open brawl began,
And said: "I take you, sir, for no such man
As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more
Strange men there are that I would choose before.
To one that loves to lie a ship-board much,
Or is the prince of sailors; or to such
As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind;
Or to a victualler of a ship; or men
That set up all their powers for rampant gain;
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wrestler, or of quality
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
From worth of any such competitor."
Ulysses, frowning, answer'd: "Stranger! far
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kind, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man that authors injuries.†
I see, the Gods to all men give not all
Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
Like dice, upon the square still. Some man takes
Ill form from parents; but God often makes
That fault of form up with observed repair
Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
In an assembly with a grace divine.
Men take delight to see how evenly lie
His words asteep in honey modesty.
Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
But in his language he is foul and broad:
And such art thou. A person fair is given,
But nothing else is in thee sent from heaven;
For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech most foul,
To be thus bitter. I am not unseen
In these fair strifes, as thy words overween,
But in the first rank of the best I stand;
At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident; but now am worn
With woes and labours, as a human born
To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have:
The war of men, and the inhumane wave,
Have I driven through at all parts: but with all
My waste in sufferance, what yet may fall
In my performance at these strifes I'll try;
Thy speech hath moved, and made my wrath run high."
This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone,
A little graver than was ever thrown
By these Phæacians in their wrestling rout,
More firm, more massy; which, turn'd round about,
He hurried from him with a hand so strong
It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,
(That at the others' marks stood) quite it went;
Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent
The force that drave it flying from his hand
As it a dart were, or a walking wand;
And far past all the marks of all the rest
His wing stole way; when Pallas straight imprest
A mark at fall of it, resembling then
One of the navy-given Phæacian men,
And thus advanced Ulysses: "One, though blind,
O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall find,
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
This bound can either better or come near."
Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
Used him benignly, and would truth abet
In those contentions; and then thus smooth
He took his speech down: "Reach me that now, youth,

* The word is πομπή, signifying, *deductio, quâ transvehenaum curamus eum qui nobiscum aliquando est versatus.*
† Ἀτάσθαλος, *damnorum magnorum auctor.*

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You shall, and straight I think, have one such more,
And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race;
At all, or either: I except at none,
But urge the whole state of you; only one,
I will not challenge in my forced boast,
And that's Laodamas,* for he's mine host.
And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend?
Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
With him that feeds him in a foreign place;
And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.
None else except I here, nor none despise,
But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
Am I unskill'd in; reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In use with men. For archery I dare
Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop
I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,
Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
Only was Philoctetes with his bow
Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
Our archery against our foes of Troy.
But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
None now alive shall witness me so bold
To vaunt equality with such men as these,
Œchalian Eurytus, Hercules,
Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend;
And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
Nor died at home, in age, a reverend man;
But by the great incensed Delphian
Was shot to death, for daring competence
With him in all an archer's excellence.
A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear,
And doubt to meet with my superior here.
So many seas so too much have misused
My limbs for race, and therefore have diffused
A dissolution through my loved knees."
This said, he still'd all talking properties.
Alcinous only answer'd: "O my guest,
In good part take we what you have been prest
With speech to answer. You would make appear
Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
Your only look is. Yet must this man give
Your worth ill language; when, he does not live
In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,
That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
My speech, and what my love presents to you;
That you may tell heroes, when you come
To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
(Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
From sire to son, as an inherent grace
Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
To other countrymen, and freely yield
We are not blameless in our fights of field,
Buffets, nor wrestlings; but in speed of feet,
And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
We boast us best; for table ever spread
With neighbour feasts, for garments varied,
For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
And feet with best grace in enamouring dance,
Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
Our worth past all the world's to his home friends,
As well for the unmatch'd grace that commends
Your skills in footing of a dance, as theirs
That fly a race best. And so, all affairs

* He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers; since in his exception, the others' envies were curbed: for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous: the heir being ever the young master; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.

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At which we boast us best, he best may try,
As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
Some one with instant speed to Court retire,
And fetch Demodocus his soundful lyre."
This said the God-graced king; and quick resort
Pontonous made for that fair harp to Court.
Nine of the lot-choosed public rulers rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose,
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people in fair game aside.
Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,
And in the midst took place Demodocus.
About him then stood forth the choice young men,
That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,
Had art to make their natural motion sweet,
And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
That twinkled* star-like, moved as swift, and fine,
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.†
Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amazed
He stood in mind, to hear the dance so phrased.
For, as they danced, Demodocus did sing,
The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battle's king;
As first they closely mix'd in th' house of fire.
What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king Vulcan. But in little while
The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.
The bitter news did by his ears take hold
Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he went,
And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent.
His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
And forged a net that none could loose or cut,
That when it had them, it might hold them fast.
Which having finish'd, he made utmost haste
Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd,
And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd
The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above,
That cross'd the chamber; and a circle strove
Of his device to wrap in all the room.
And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom
The woof before 'tis woven. No man nor God
Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
His art shew'd in it. All his craft bespent
About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
To well-built Lemnos, his most loved town
Of all towns earthly; nor left this unknown
To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept
No blind watch over him, but, seeing stept
His rival so aside, he hasted home
With fair-wreathed Venus' love stung, who was come
New from the Court of her most mighty Sire.
Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire
Her husband made to Lemnos told; and said:
"Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well appay'd
Was Venus with it; and afresh assay'd
Their old encounter. Down they went; and straight
About them cling'd the artificial sleight
Of most wise Vulcan; and were so ensnared,
That neither they could stir their course prepared
In any limb about them, nor arise.
And then they knew, they would no more disguise
Their close conveyance, but lay, forced, stone-still.
Back rush'd the both-foot-crook'd, but straight in skill,
From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went
To any Lemnos, but the sure event
Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.
Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,
Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,
That all the Gods heard: "Father of the sky,
And every other deathless God," said he,
"Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
And witness how, when still I step from home,

* Μαρμαρυγὰς ποδῶν. Μαρμαρυγὴ signifies *splendor vibrans;* a twinkled splendour: *μαρμαρύσσειν, vibrare veluti radios solares.*

† Air rarefied turns first.

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Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess
To do me all the shameful offices,
Indignities, despites, that can be thought;
And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,
Since he is fair forsooth; foot-sound, and I
Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry;
And no fault mine, but all my parents' fault,
Who should not get, if mock me with my halt.
But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,
Am only made an idle looker-on.
One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine;
I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.
They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;
Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie
In craft and force, till the extremity
Of all the dower I gave her sire (to gain
A dogged set-faced girl, that will not stain
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."
While this long speech was making, all were come
To Vulcan's wholly-brazen-founded home.
Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,
For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods
Stood in the portal, and past periods
Gave length to laughters; all rejoiced to see
That which they said, that no impiety
Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,
"The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known
To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes
Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
To greatest justice: that adultery's sport,
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
(And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,
That sound limbs turning lame the lame* restore."

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd;
When Phœbus thus ask'd Hermes: "Thus enchain'd
Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclosed?
Though with thee golden Venus were reposed?"
He soon gave that an answer: "O," said he,
"Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me.
Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
Were pour'd about me, and that every light,
In great heaven shining, witness'd all my harms,
So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms."
The Gods again laugh'd; even the watery state
Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of fire
He would dissolve him, offering the desire
He made to Jove to pay himself, and said,
All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.
"Pay me no words," said he, "where deeds lend pain,
Wretched the words are given for wretched men.
How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,
If Mars be once loosed, nor will pay his right?"*
"Vulcan," said he, "if Mars should fly, nor see
Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me."
"Your word, so given, I must accept," said he.
Which said, he loosed them. Mars then rush'd from sky,
And stoop'd cold Thracc. The laughing Deity
For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, hath consecrate,
All with Arabian odours fumed, and hath
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
And with immortal balms besmooth her skin,
Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in;
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

* Intending them sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.

* This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, &c. *Parva magnè dicere;* grave sentence out of lightest vapour.

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This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his chords.
Ulysses much was pleased, and all the crew.
This would the king have varied with a new
And pleasing measure, and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery;
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance
Alone, and only to the harp advance
Without the words. And this sweet couple was
Young Halius and divine Laodamas;
Who danced a ball dance. Then the rich-wrought ball,
(That Polybus had made, of purple all)
They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,
And then danced back; the other, capering high,
Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
And up again advanced it, and so found
The other cause of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then danced ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in hand,
And did so gracefully their change command,
That all the other youth that stood at pause,
With deafening shouts, gave them the great applause.
Then said Ulysses: "O past all men here
Clear, not in power, but in desert as clear,
You said your dancers did the world surpass,
And they perform it clear, and to amaze."
This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
He gave Ulysses,. saying: "Matchless wise,
Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be given him: twelve chief kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom; and, the thirteenth, I
Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
Be thirteen garments given him, and of gold
Precious and fine, a talent. While we hold
This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and given,
That to our feast prepared, as to his heaven,
Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity,
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
He gave bad language." This did all commend
And give in charge; and every king did send
His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
Answering for his part, said: "Alcinous!
Our chief of all, since you command, I will
To this our guest by all means reconcile,
And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,
The handle massy silver, and the board,
That gives it cover, all of ivory,
New, and in all kinds worth his quality."
This put he straight into his hand, and said:
"Frolic, O guest and father; if words fled
Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take
And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick retreat
To all thy friends, and best-loved breeding seat,
Their long miss quitting with the greater joy;
In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy."
"And frolic thou to all height, friend," said he,
"Which heaven confirm with wish'd felicity;
Nor ever give again desire to thee
Of this sword's use, which with affects so free,
In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me."
This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
The right fair sword; and then did set the sun.
When all the gifts were brought, which back again
(With king Alcinous in all the train)
Were by the honour'd heralds borne to Court;
Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
Laid by their reverend mother. Each his throne
Of all the peers (which yet were overshone

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In king Alcinous' command) ascended ;
Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended,
And to his queen said : "Wife ! see brought me here
The fairest cabinet I have, and there
Impose a well-cleansed in and utter weed ;
A caldron heat with water, that with speed
Our guest well-bathed, and all his gifts made sure,
It may a joyful appetite procure
To his succeeding feast, and make him hear,
The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory always dear ; and sacrifice
With it at home to all the Deities."
Then Arete her maids charged to set on
A well-sized caldron quickly. Which was done ;
Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
By that free State, and then the other vow'd
By her Alcinous, and said : "Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
A ship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet."
This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made,
Enclosed and bound safe ; for the saving trade
The reverend for her wisdom, Circe, had
In fore-years taught him. Then the hand-maid bade
His worth to bathing ; which rejoiced his heart,
For, since he did with his Calypso part,
He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd him,
Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He lived respected as he were a God.
Cleansed then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone,
Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took
The sovereign beauty of her blessed look,
Stood by a well-carved column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome
With admiration of the port imprest
In his aspect, and said : "God save you, guest !
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will shew you in your better fate.
But yet, even then, let this remember'd be,
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."
The varied in all counsels gave reply :
"Nausicaa ! flower of all this empery !
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys,
In the desired day that my house shall show,
As I, as to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge every hour I live."
This said, Alcinous placed him by his side.
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
The several dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
The strived-for, for his worth, of worthy men,*
And reverenced of the State, Demodocus,
Was brought in by the good Pontonous.
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,
Against a lofty pillar ; when this grace
The graced with wisdom did him : From the chine,
That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through with fat.
He carved to him, and sent it where he sat
By his old friend the herald, willing thus :
"Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Reverend respect and honour ; since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race."
This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Received encouraged ; which, when feast was spent,
Ulysses amplified to this ascent :
"Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort ; if, or the Muse of war,

* Ἐρίηρον ἀοιδὸν, *Poetam cujus hominibus digna est societas.*

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Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admired string.
How much our sufferance was, how much we wrought,
How much the actions rose to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there,
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame.
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric: which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height,
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear
Inspired by God, past all that ever were."
This said, even stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the form of man;
Beginning where the Greeks a ship-board went,
And every chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In Troy's vast market-place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
Their kings about it; many counsels given
How to dispose it. In three ways were driven
Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel;
Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolved; th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end,
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid
To bring the fate and death they after did.
He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse foregone;
And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did race
The Ilion towers than Laertiades;
But here he* sung, that he alone did seize,
With Menelaus, the ascended roof
Of Prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
Daring against him; and there vanquish'd quite,
In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
This the divine expressor did so give
Both act and passion, that he made it live,
And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire
So deadly† quickening, that it did inspire
Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pity his own cruelty,
And put into that ruth so pure an eye
Of human frailty, that to see a man
Could so revive from death, yet no way can
Defend from death,—his own quick powers it made
Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade,
In tears‡ his feeling brain swet; for, in things
That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs.
Nor are there in the powers that all life bears
More true interpreters of all than tears.
And as a lady mourns her sole-loved lord,
That fall'n before his city by the sword,
Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
His town and children, and in dead estate
Yet panting, seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,
Lies on him, striving to become his shield
From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
Through back and shoulders, by whose points embrued,
They raise and lead him into servitude,

* As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulysses' glory.

† In that the slaughters he made were expressed so lively.

‡ Τήκετο Ὀδυσσεύς. Τήκω, metaph. signifying, *consumo, tabesco.*

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Labour, and languor; for all which the dame
Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame
With miserable sufferance; so this king
Of tear-swet anguish oped a boundless spring;
Nor yet was seen to any one man there
But king Alcinous, who sat so near
He could not 'scape him, sighs, so choked, so brake
From all his tempers; which the king did take
Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake:
"Hear me, Phæacian councillors and peers,
And cease Demodocus; perhaps all ears
Are not delighted with his song, for, ever
Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,
That something sung he hath been grieved withal,
As touching his particular. Forbear,
That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here,
And we may cheer our guest up; 'tis our best
In all due honour. For our reverend guest
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His love hath added to our festival.
A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem
Dear as our brother; one that doth but dream
He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind
Deathless and manly, should stand so inclined.
Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,
Loved guest, what ever we shall ask of it.
It now stands on your honest state to tell,
And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
What of your parents, and the town that bears
Name of your native, or of foreigners
That near us border, you are call'd in fame.
There's no man living walks without a name,
Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
Imposed as fit as to be borne. What earth,
People, and city, own you? give to know.
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show.
For our ships* know th' expressed minds of men,
And will so most intentively retain
Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
And yet use never any man to steer,
Nor any rudders have, as others need.
They know men's thoughts, and whither tends their speed,
And there will set them; for you cannot name
A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
Hath any notice given, but well they know,
And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow
In blackest clouds and nights; and never bear
Of any wrack or rock the slenderest fear.
But this I heard my sire Nausithous say
Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey
So safely passengers of all degrees,
Was angry with us; and upon our seas
A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
From safe deduction of some stranger home,
Made in his flitting billows stick stone still;
And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill
With shade cast round about it. This report,
The old king† made; in which miraculous sort,
If God had done such things, or left undone,
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate us; both [from] whence you err'd,
And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
With all their fair towns, be they as they are;
If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
The mighty Deity. Which one of these
You would be set at, say, and you are there.
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to hear

* This τερατολογία or *affirmation of miracles*, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed their ships' faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing; and so the ship of Argos, was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.

† Intending his father Nausithous.

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The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so?
The Gods have done it; as to all they do
Destine destruction, that from thence may rise
A poem to instruct posterities.
Fell any kinsman before Ilion?
Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
Whom next our own blood and self-race we love?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
A knowing soul, and no unpleasing thing?
Since such a good one is no underling
To any brother; for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends."

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

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THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES here is first made known;
Who tells the stern contention
His powers did 'gainst the Cicons try;
And thence to the Lotophagi
Extends his conquest; and from them
Assays the Cyclop Polypheme,
And, by the crafts his wits apply,
He puts him out his only eye.

ANOTHER.

Ἰῶτα. The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclop's eye.

ULYSSES thus resolved the king's demands:
"Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right disherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred;* nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed empery,
Than to see comfort universally
Cheer up the people, when in every roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through; and thereat hear the breast
Of the divine Muse; men in order set;
A wine-page† waiting; tables crown'd with meat,
Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd;
The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd;
This shews, to my mind, most humanely fair.
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly air,
That stirr'd my soul so; for I love such tears
As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
With repetitions of what heaven hath done,
And break from hearty apprehension
Of God and goodness, though they shew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding moan; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
My tears with such cause may by sighs be driven,
Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heaven.
And now my name; which way shall lead to all
My miseries after, that their sounds may fall
Through your ears also, and shew (having fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces, when, so far from home,
I knew not where t' obtain it resting-room.
I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies,
For which my facts as high as heaven resound.
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf* hill,
Tree-famed Neritus; whose near confines fill
Islands a number, well-inhabited,
That under my observance taste their bread;
Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food†
Zacynthus, likewise graced with store of wood.
But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
Quite over all the neighbour continent;
Far northward situate, and, being lent

* He begins where Alcinous commanded Demodocus to end.

† οἰνοχόος.

* Εἰνοσίφυλλον, *quatientem seu agitantem frondes.*

† *Quædam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη appellantur.*

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But little favour of the morn and sun,
With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run;
And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name;
Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror by the Deity,
Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
Enflamed to make me her sole lord and spouse.
Circe Ææa too, that knowing dame,
Whose veins the like affections did enflame,
Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
Could I be tempted; which doth well approve,
Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
Amor patriæ. And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.
Though roofs far richer we far off possess,
Yet, from our native, all our more is less.
To which as I contended, I will tell
The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
By Jove's divine prevention, since I set
From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat.
From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast
The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
For Ismarus, a city built just by
My place of landing; of which victory
Made me expugner. I depeopled it,
Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
With much spoil taken; which we did divide,
That none might need his part. I then applied
All speed for flight; but my command therein,
Fools that they were, could no observance win
Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
Would yet fill higher, and excessively
Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry,
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
Many and better soldiers made strong head,
That held the continent, and managed
Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,
When fittest cause served, and again alight,
With soon seen vantage and on foot contend.
Their concourse swift was, and had never end;
As thick and sudden 'twas, as flowers and leaves
Dark spring discovers, when she light* receives.
And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
To alter us unhappy, which even strove
To give us sufferance. At our fleet we made
Enforced stand; and there did they invade
Our thrust-up forces; darts encounter'd darts,
With blows on both sides; either making parts
Good upon either, while the morning shone,
And sacred day her bright increase held on,
Though much out-match'd in number; but as soon
As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
Much hand of us; six proved soldiers fell,
Of every ship, the rest they did compel
To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.
Thence sad in heart we sail'd; and yet our state
Was something cheer'd, that (being o'ermatch'd so much
In violent number) our retreat was such
As saved so many. Our dear loss the less,
That they survived, so like for like success.
Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
Home to our country earth the souls exhaled
Of all the friends the Cicons overcame.
Thrice call'd we on them by their several name,†
And then took leave. Then from the angry North
Cloud-gathering Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall
From frowning heaven. And then hurl'd here and there
Was all our navy; the rude winds did tear
In three, in four parts, all their sails; and down
Driven under hatches were we, prest to drown.

* After night, in the first of the morning.
† The ancient custom of calling home the dead.

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Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand
(Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.
The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
We masts advanced, we white sails spread, and sate.
Forewinds and guides again did iterate
Our ease and home-hopes; which we clear had reach'd,
Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd,
With an extreme sea, quite about again
Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain
To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet
Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
Adverse winds toss'd me; and the tenth, the shore,
Where dwell the blossom-fed Lotophagi,
I fetch'd; fresh water took in, instantly
Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent
Two of my choice men to the continent
(Adding a third, a herald) to discover
What sort of people were the rulers over
The land next to us. Where, the first they met,
Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat,
Their country-diet, and no ill intent
Hid in their hearts to them; and yet th' event
To ill converted it, for, having eat
Their dainty viands, they did quite forget
(As all men else that did but taste their feast)
Both countrymen and country, nor addrest
Any return t' inform what sort of men
Made fix'd abode there; but would needs maintain
Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever.
I made out after, and was fain to sever
Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
That strived, and wept, and would not leave their meat
For heaven itself. But, dragging them to fleet,
I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet
And cast them under hatches, and away
Commanded all the rest without least stay,
Lest they should taste the lote too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despised retreat.
All then abroad, we beat the sea with oars,
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclops' land we fetch'd; a race
Of proud-lived loiterers, that never sow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
Unsown, unplow'd, gives every offspring birth
That other lands have; wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines;
And Jove sends showers for all. No councils there
Nor councillors, nor laws; but all men bear
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops too; and their houses keep
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, imposed in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
None for another caring. But there stood
Another little isle, well stored with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry: neither nigh
The Cyclops' isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds;
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all.
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships; nor wrights
Useful, and skilful in such works as need
Perfection to those traffics that exceed

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Their natural confines ; to fly out and see
Cities of men, and take in mutually
The prease of others ; to themselves they live,
And to their island that enough would give
A good inhabitant ; and time of year
Observe to all things art could order there.
There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
That yet of fresh streams want no watering
To their soft burthens, but of special yield.
Your vines would be there ; and your common field
But gentle work make for your plow, yet bear
A lofty harvest when you came to shear ;
For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
A harbour so opportune, that no ties,
Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.*
Whom storms put in there are with stay embraced,
Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
At entry of the haven, a silver ford
Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,
All set with sable poplars. And this port
Were we arrived at, by the sweet resort
Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
So ghastly dark all port was past our sight,
Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
Afford a beam to us ; the whole isle won
By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
That then was up, shoved waves against the shore,
That then to an unmeasured height put on;
We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
Our fleet put in itself. And then were strook
Our gather'd sails ; our rest ashore we took,
And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle admire ;
The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd
Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,
Our crooked bows took, long-piled darts, and drew
Ourselves in three parts out ; when, by the grace
That God vouchsafed, we made a gainful chace.
Twelve ships we had, and every ship had nine
Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.
Thus all that day, even till the sun was set,
We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat
Plenteously taking ; for we had not spent
Our ruddy wine ashipboard ; supplement
Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
When we the sacred city overthrew
That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near
The Cyclops' late-praised island, and might hear
The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see
Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and we,
When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.
And when the world the morning's favour wore,
I call'd my friends to council, charging them
To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,
With some associates, and explored what men
The neighbour isle held; if of rude disdain,
Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd
Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,
I boarded, and commanded to ascend
My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and beat
The old sea forth, till we might see the seat
The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
Which was a deep cave, near the common road
Of ships that touch'd there, thick with laurels spread,
Where many sheep and goats lay shadowed ;
And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone,
High built with pines, that heaven and earth attone,
And lofty-fronted oaks; in which kept house
A man in shape immane, and monsterous,
Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
Commerce with men, but had a wit abhorr'd,

* The descriptions of all these countries have admirable allegories besides their artly and pleasing relation.

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His mind his body answering. Nor was he
Like any man that food could possibly
Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
Shew'd like a steep hill's top, all over-grown
With trees and brambles; little thought had I
Of such vast objects. When, arrived so nigh,
Some of my loved friends I made stay aboard,
To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shored,
The choice of all. I took besides along
A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong,
That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,
And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took).
He gave it me, since I (with reverence strook
Of his grave place, his wife and children's good)
Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,
Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house; from whence
He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence;
Seven talents of fine gold; a bowl all framed
Of massy silver; but his gift most famed
Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine
As was incorruptible and divine.
He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
It was so strong, that never any fill'd
A cup, where that was but by drops in-still'd,
And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd
With twenty parts in water; yet so sway'd
The spirit of that little, that the whole
A sacred odour breathed about the bowl.
Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste.
But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought
To dare things high set up an end my thought.
Of this a huge great flagon full I bore,
And, in a good large knapsack, victuals' store;
And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
That so illiterate was and upland rude
That laws divine nor human he had learn'd.
With speed we reach'd the cavern; nor discern'd
His presence there, his flocks he fed at field.
Entering his den, each thing beheld did yield
Our admiration; shelves with cheeses heap'd;
Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,
Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct,
Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,
Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails,
In which he milk'd; and what was given at meals,
Set up a creaming; in the evening still
All scouring bright as dew upon the hill.
Then were my fellows instant to convey
Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
Sail the salt billow. I thought best not so,
But better otherwise; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew
My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view
Proved after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold usage. We were bold enough
In what I suffer'd; which was there to stay,
Make fire and feed there, though bear none away.
There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
That fed his fire supplied all supper while.
Down by his den he threw it, and up rose
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave
Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drave,
All that he milk'd; the males he left without
His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about
With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
The door they enter'd; 'twas so hard to wield,
That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
(Could they be loaded, and have teams that were
Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.

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Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ewes,
And braying goats, with all a milker's dues;
Then let in all their young; then quick did dress
His half milk up for cheese, and in a press
Of wicker press'd it; put in bowls the rest,
To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.
All works dispatch'd thus, he began his fire;
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire:
'Ho! guests! what are ye? whence sail ye these seas?
Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe?'
This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took
The very life, to be so thunder-strook
With such a voice, and such a monster see;
But thus I answer'd:* 'Erring Grecians, we
From Troy were turning homewards; but by force
Of adverse winds, in far-diverted course,
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss'd,
As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.
Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,
We boast ourselves the soldiers; who hath won
Renowm that reacheth heaven, to overthrow
So great a city, and to ruin so
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosoms, forced with prayers to try
If any hospitable right, or boon
Of other nature, such as have been won
By laws of other houses, thou wilt give.
Reverence the Gods, thou great'st of all that live.

We suppliants are; and hospitable Jove
Pours wreak on all whom prayers want power to move,
And with their plagues together will provide
That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.'
He cruelly answer'd: 'O thou fool,' said he,
'To come so far, and to importune me
With any God's fear, or observed love;
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
Nor other Blest ones; we are better far.
To Jove himself dare I bid open war;
To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas
Hath brought thee hither? If far off, or near,
Inform me quickly.' These his temptings were;
But I too much knew not to know his mind,
And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
(Thrust up from sea by him that shakes the shore)
Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
And we from high wrack saved, the rest were lost.
He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders, and did all embrue
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore
Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat,
And even th' uncleansed entrails made his meat.
We, weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to view
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our believed destruction. But when breath
The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,

* This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and theirs for Troy's sack, with the piety of suppliants' receipt, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spake, how vain they would shew to the Cyclops; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.

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Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying layer on layer,
Till near choked up was all the pass for air,
Along his den, amongst his cattle, down
He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was grown
Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and part
His bosom where the strings about the heart
Circle the liver, and add strength of hand.
But that rash thought, more staid, did countermand,
For there we all had perish'd, since it past
Our powers to lift aside a log so vast,
As barr'd all outscape; and so sigh'd away,
The thought all night, expecting active day.
Which come, he first of all his fire enflames,
Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
With manly haste dispatch'd his housewifery.
Then to his breakfast, to which other two
Of my poor friends went; which eat, out then go
His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
The churlish bar, and closed it instantly;
For both those works with ease as much he did,
As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.
With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave
Up to the mountains; and occasion gave
For me to use my wits, which to their height
I strived to screw up, that a vengeance might
By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
Afford a full ear to my neediest vow.
This then my thoughts preferr'd: a huge club lay
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
To dry and season, being an olive-tree
Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast,
That we resembled it to some fit mast,
To serve a ship of burthen that was driven
With twenty oars, and had a bigness given
To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
We judged this club; which I, in part, hew'd small,
And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave;
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,
Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
Thick, and so moist it issued everywhere.
Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
Whose fortune served to dare the bored-out eye
Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall
On four I wish'd to make my aid of all,
And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.
Then came the Even, and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
By God's direct will, or of purpose was
His driving in of all then, doth surpass
My comprehension. But he closed again
The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain
All other observation as before.
His work all done, two of my soldiers more
At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.
Then dared I words to him, and did present
A bowl of wine, with these words: 'Cyclop! take
A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show
What drink our ship held; which in sacred vow
I offer to thee to take ruth on me
In my dismission home. Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
Mad and inhuman that thou art, again
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their race.'
He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
To taste the sweet cup; and again employ'd
My flagon's power, entreating more, and said:
'Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,

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And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
That in thy recompense I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert,
And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart.
For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
Bears generous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
In store of such, with showers; but this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again
I gave him, and again; nor could the fool abstain,
But drunk as often. When the noble juice
Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
To fairer language, saying: 'Cyclop! now,
As thou demand'st, I'll tell thee my name; do thou
Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
My name is No-Man; No-Man each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.'
He answer'd, as his cruel soul became:
'No-Man! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends;
And this is that in which so much amends
I vow'd to thy deservings; thus shall be
My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
His fleshy neck; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout;
When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snored;
And then took I the club's end up, and gored
The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat;
Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.
Straight was the olive lever, I had laid
Amidst the huge fire to get hardening, hot,
And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green; which got
From forth the cinders, close about me stood
My hardy friends; but that which did the good
Was God's good inspiration, that gave
A spirit beyond the spirit they used to have;
Who took the olive spar, made keen before,
And plunged it in his eye, and up I bore,
Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,
With all my forces. And as you have seen
A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft,
And at the shank help others, with a cord
Wound round about to make it sooner bored,
All plying the round still; so into his eye
The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball
Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all
His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
And as a smith, to harden any tool,
Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool
The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss;
So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly,
Dispersed in corners. He from forth his eye
The fixed stake pluck'd; after which the blood
Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his hovel. Out he then did cry
For other Cyclops, that in caverns by
Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;
Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
Rush'd every way about him, and inquired,
What ill afflicted him, that he exspired
Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night
To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if his fright
Came from some mortal that his flocks had driven?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were given?
He answer'd from his den: 'By craft, nor might,
No man hath given me death.' They then said right,
'If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
That which is done to thee by Jove is done;
And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,*

* Neptune.

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And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.'
Thus spake they, leaving him; when all on fire
My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
And name deceived him; whom now pain did split,
And groaning up and down, he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside;
But in the door sat, feeling if he could
(As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold;
Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
No stratagem to scape his gross surprise.
But I, contending what I could invent
My friends and me from death so imminent
To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
(Life being the subject) and did this approve:
Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,
That did a burthen like a violet bear.*
These, while this learn'd-in-villany did sleep,
I yoked with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
A man about his belly, the two more
March'd on his each side for defence. I then,
Choosing myself the fairest of the den,
His fleecy belly under-crept, embraced
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the morning shined;
Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood
Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
With being unsighted; which was cause his mind
Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclined,
The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
Gross fool, believing, we would ride his rams.
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before.
The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together, loaded to the full,
For there did I hang; and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least.
This ram he groped, and talk'd to: 'Lazy beast!
Why last art thou now? thou hast never used
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruised
The tender blossom of a flower, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field,
First still at fold at even, now last remain?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine? but he
Must not escape my wreak so cunningly.
I would to heaven thou knew'st, and could but speak,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would break
His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were
Th' inflictions of a man I prized at nought.'
Thus let he him abroad; when I, once brought
A little from his hold, myself first loosed,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and disposed,
His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land,
Even till they all were in my ships' command;
And to our loved friends shew'd our pray'd-for sight,
Escaped from death. But, for our loss, outright
They brake in tears; which with a look I stay'd,
And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,
And up we all went, sat, and used our oars.
But having left as far the savage shores
As one might hear a voice, we then might see
The Cyclop at the haven; when instantly
I stay'd our oars, and this insultance used:
'Cyclop! thou shouldst not have so much abused
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
Against a man immartial, and a guest,

* Wool of a violet colour.

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nd eat his fellows: thou mightst know
there were
ome ills behind, rude swain, for thee to
bear,
hat fear'd not to devour thy guests, and
break
ll laws of humans. Jove sends therefore
wreak,
nd all the Gods, by me.' This blew the
more
is burning fury; when the top he tore
rom off a huge rock, and so right a throw
lade at our ship, that just before the prow
t overflew and fell, miss'd mast and all
xceeding little; but about the fall
o fierce a wave it raised, that back it bore
ur ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore.
bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us
gone
ome little way; and straight commanded
all
o help me with their oars, on pain to fall
gain on our confusion. But a sign
with my head made, and their oars were
mine
n all performance. When we off were set,
hen first, twice further) my heart was so
great,
t would again provoke him, but my men
n all sides rush'd about me, to contain,
nd said: 'Unhappy! why will you
provoke
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
Given with his rock-dart, made the sea
thrust back
Our ship so far, and near hand forced our
wrack?
Should he again but hear your voice re-
sound,
And any word reach, thereby would be
found
His dart's direction, which would, in his
fall,
Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship
and all;
So much dart wields the monster.' Thus
urged they
Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way
To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast:
'Cyclop! if any ask thee, who imposed*
Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye en-
closed,
Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son
Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
Surname of City-razer, bored it out.'
At this, he bray'd so loud, that round
about
He drave affrighted echoes through the air,
And said: 'O beast! I was premonish'd
fair,
By aged prophecy, in one that was
A great and good man, this should come
to pass;
And how 'tis proved now! Augur Telemus,
Surnamed Eurymides (that spent with us
His age in augury, and did exceed
In all presage of truth) said all this deed
Should this event take, author'd by the
hand
Of one Ulysses, who I thought was
mann'd
With great and goodly personage, and bore
A virtue answerable; and this shore
Should shake with weight of such a con-
queror;
When now a weakling came, a dwarfy
thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did
bring,
That brought supply to all, and with his
wine
Put out the flame where all my light did
shine.
Come, land again, Ulysses! that my hand
May guest-rites give thee, and the great
command,
That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
To the deduction where abides thy heart,
With my solicitings, whose son I am,
And whose fame boasts to bear my father's
name.
Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
At his free pleasure; which no power
beside
Can boast, of men, or of the deified.'
I answer'd: 'Would to God I could
compel
Both life and soul from thee, and send to
hell
Those spoils of nature. Hardly Neptune
then
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all
again.'
Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both
his hands
To star-born heaven cast: 'O thou that all
lands
Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
Shakest the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire
hair,

* Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.

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If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant
That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
Of City-ruiner, may never reach
His natural region. Or if to fetch
That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends,
Be fatal to him, let him that amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfil,
Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
In others' ships. And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,
Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'
Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire, appear'd,
And all his prayer to every syllable heard.
But then a rock, in size more amplified
Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was,
With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling near as near
The shore at first. But then our rowers were,
Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the flood
That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And every minute look'd when we should land.
Where, now arrived, we drew up to the sand,
The Cyclop's sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on power. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others; and I made him then
A sacrifice* for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs; but my sad hands
Received no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow.
All day, till sunset, yet, we sat and eat,
And liberal store took in of wine and meat,
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I raised, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away.
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more.

* No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's singular wit and wisdom.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their guard again.
Forth sail'd he; and did next attain
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Ææan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men;
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.

ANOTHER.

Κίρκη. Great Æolus,
And Circe, friends
Finds Ithacus;
And Hell descends.

To the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swum about still on the sea, where reign'd
The god-loved Æolus Hippotades.
A wall of steel it had; and in the seas
A wave-beat-smooth-rock moved about the wall.
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him; of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flower did bear.
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives;
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives,
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour; and still full the hall
As long as day shined; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carved bed
Most richly furnish'd; and this life they led.
We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole month's time, all things that might please
The king vouchsafed us; of great Troy inquired,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retired;
To all which I gave answer as behoved.
The fit time come, when I dismission moved,
He nothing would deny me, but addrest
My pass with such a bounty, as might best
Teach me contentment; for he did enfold
Within an ox-hide, flead at nine years old,
All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds,
And gave him power to raise and to assuage.
And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage,
Which in a glittering silver band I bound,
And hung-up in my ship, enclosed so round
That no egression any breath could find;
Only he left abroad the Western wind,
To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure.
But our securities made all unsure;
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression.
Which thus succeeded: Nine whole days and nights
We sail'd in safety; and the tenth, the lights

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Borne on our country-earth we might descry,
So near we drew; and yet even then fell I,
Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep;
For I would suffer no man else to keep
The foot* that ruled my vessel's course, to lead
The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
About the bag I hung-up, and supposed
That gold and silver I had there enclosed,
As gift from Æolus, and said: 'O heaven!
What grace and grave price is by all men given
To our commander! Whatsoever coast
Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy!
We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
In our return these empty hands for all.
This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal
To make a guest-gift to him; let us try
Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
And how much gold and silver it contains.'
Ill counsel present approbation gains.
They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
When instant tempest did our vessel take,
That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
Our absent country. Up amazed I flew,
And desperate things discoursed; if I should cast
Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
Amongst the living more moan, and sustain?
Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
My ships back to Æolia, my men strook
With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,
Took food, for all this; and of all my men
I took a herald to me, and away
Went to the court of Æolus, where they
Were feasting still; he, wife, and children, set
Together close. We would not at their meat
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amazed, my presence wonder'd at,
And call'd to me: 'Ulysses! How thus back
Art thou arrived here? what foul spirit brake
Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction curious
Given thee before, to reach thy shore and home;
Did it not like thee?' I, even overcome
With worthy sorrow, answer'd: 'My ill men
Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
My sleep th' unhappy motive; but do you,
Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.
Your powers command it.' Thus endeavour'd I
With soft speech to repair my misery.
The rest with ruth sat dumb: but thus spake he:
'Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe: it fits not me
To convoy, and take in, whom heavens expose.
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'
Thus he dismiss'd me, sighing. Forth we sail'd,
At heart afflicted: and now wholly fail'd
The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear
Their growing labours; and they caused their drought
By self-will'd follies; nor now ever thought
To see their country more. Six nights and days
We sail'd; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
Her lofty towers, the Læstrygonian state
That bears her ports so far disterminate;
Where* shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
Is call'd out by the other that doth come

* Πόδα νηὸς—he calls the stern the foot of the ship.

* This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors: in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about ἐγγὺς γὰρ νυκτός, &c. *Prope enim noctis et diei sunt viæ* (or *similiter*, which ἐγγὺς signifies); which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages

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From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep
The night observance hath his double hire;
Since day and night in equal length expire
About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid
Upon the nights-man (besides breach of sleep)
Exceeds the days-man's; for one oxen keep,
The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
(Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
With one continuate rock, which so much bent
That both ends almost met, so prominent
They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)
Our whole fleet in we got; in whose receit
Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
Fear harm on any stays,* Tranquillity
So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
Did ever rise to any height at all.
And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
From out a lofty watch-tower raised there,
The country round about; nor anywhere
The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
I then made choice of two, and added more,
A herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men lived there. They went, and saw
A beaten way, through which carts used to draw,
Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
A maid without the port, about to get
Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas,
And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
To which the whole town for their water sent.

* For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
And what the people whom he order'd were?
She answer'd not, but led them through the port,
As making haste to shew her father's court.
Where enter'd, they behold, to their affright,
A woman like a mountain-top in height,
Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place
Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas.*
Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;
And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
Drave through the city; which heard, instantly
This way and that innumerable sorts,
Not men but giants, issued through the ports,
And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
Amongst our ships; through which an ill noise flew
Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain,
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
They were engaged in all th' advantages
The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could give;
I, that without lay, made some means to live,
My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars
Set all my men; and, from the plagues those shores
Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
My men close working as men loth to die.
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heaps in harbours could enforce no way
Through these stern fates that had engaged them there.
Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.
Then to the isle Ææa we attain'd,
Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent Circe reign'd,
Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
Both daughters to heaven's man-enlightening fire,

* Antiphas was king there.

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And Perse, whom Oceanus begat.
The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
Some God directing us. Two days, two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatal spights
Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
When fair Aurora had inform'd, quick way
I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
Took for my surer guide, and made advance
Up to a prospect; I assay to see
The works of men, or hear mortality
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,
Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
Behold from Circe's house (that in a grove
Set thick with trees stood) a bright vapour move.
I then grew* curious in my thought to try
Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
I saw the yellow† smoke; but my discourse
A first retiring to my ship gave force
To give my men their dinner, and to send
(Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
Being near my ship, of one so desolate
Some God had pity, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting up to me
A great and high-palm'd hart, that fatally,
Just in my way itself, to taste a flood,
Was then descending; the sun heat had sure
Importuned him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I
Made up to him, and let my javelin fly,
That strook him through the mid-part of his chine,
And made him, braying, in the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heaved
The mighty burthen, of which I received
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold
(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood
Needful assistants; for it was a deer
Goodly-well-grown: when (coming something near
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
My friends with kind words; whom by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and said: 'See friends,
We will not yet to Pluto's house; our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declined
In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood,
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'
This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon
With admiration the huge-bodied beast;
And when their first-served eyes had done their feast,
They wash'd, and made a to-be-strived-for meal
In* point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,
We added wine till we could wish no more.
Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
Put darkness down; and then did I excite
My friends to counsel,† uttering this:
'Now, friends,
Afford unpassionate ear; though ill Fate lends
So good cause to your passion, no man knows
The reason whence and how the darkness grows;
The reason how the morn is thus begun;
The reason how the man-enlightening sun

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* Μερμαίρω, *curiosè cogito.*

† Αἴθοπα καπνόν. Αἴθοψ signifying *rutilus*, by reason of the fire mixed with it. *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.*

* Ἐρικύδεα δαῖτα.

† The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most unpleasing motion to them: for their fellows' terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.

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Dives under earth; the reason how again
He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
That pass our comprehension, we must leave
To him that knows their causes; and receive
Direction from him in our acts, as far
As he shall please to make them regular,
And stoop them to our reason. In our state
What then behoves us? Can we estimate,
With all our counsels, where we are? Or know
(Without instruction, past our own skills) how,
Put off from hence, to steer our course the more?
I think we cannot. We must then explore
These parts for information; in which way
We thus far are: last morn I might display
(From off a high-raised cliff) an island lie
Girt with the unmeasured sea, and is so nigh
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,
Who shall explore this.' This strook dead their hearts,
Remembering the most execrable parts
That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd
Betwixt his jaws; which moved them so, they cried.
But idle tears had never wants supplied.
I in two parts divided all, and gave
To either part his captain. I must have
The charge of one; and one of God-like look,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,
Put in a casque together, which of us
Should lead th' attempt; and 'twas Eurylochus.
He freely went, with two-and-twenty more;
All which took leave with tears; and our eyes wore
The same wet badge of weak humanity.
These in a dale did Circe's house descry,
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay;
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
That wolf nor lion would one man invade
With any violence, but all arose,
Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,
As loving dogs when masters bring them home
Relics of feast, in all observance come
And soothe their entries with their fawns and bounds,
All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds;
So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd,
Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd
To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
And heard within the Goddess elevate
A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
As all the housewiferies of Deities are.
To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
Polites (one exceeding dear to me,
A prince of men, and of no mean degree
In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind*
Discreet cares all ways used to turn, and wind)
Was yet surprised with it, and said: 'O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
She cherish'd with her song; the pavement rings
With imitation of the tunes she sings.
Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis: Assay
To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they
Both knock'd, and call'd; and straight her shining gates
She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.
Led, and unwise, they follow'd all; but one,
Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight.
They enter'd, she made sit; and her deceit
She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state;
Set herby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from Smyrna, to them; meal and cheese;
But harmful venoms she commix'd with these,
That made their country vanish from their thought.
Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought

* Κεῖνος, *cujus animus curas prudentes versat.*

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Their transformation far past humane wonts;
Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
But still retain'd the souls they had before,
Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.
She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit, they eat,
Grovelling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.
Eurylochus straight hasted the report
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate.
Came to the ships, but so excruciate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a word:
His eyes stood full of tears, which shew'd how stored
His mind with moan remain'd. We all admired,
Ask'd what had chanced him, earnestly desired
He would resolve us.. At the last, our eyes
Enflamed in him his fellows' memories,
And out his grief burst thus: 'You will'd; we went
Through those thick woods you saw;* when a descent
Shew'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground,
Where, at some work, we heard a heavenly sound
Breathed from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
They knock'd, she oped her bright gates; each her guest
Her fair invitement made; nor would they stay,
Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
Could any way discover.' Instantly,
My sword and bow reach'd, I bade show the place,
When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
And pray'd with tears thus: 'O thou kept of God,
Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
Lead others rashly; both thyself, and all
Thou venturest thither, I know well, must fall
In one sure ruin: with these few then fly;
We yet may shun the others' destiny.'
I answer'd him: 'Eurylochus! stay thou,
And keep the ship then, eat and drink; I now
Will undertake th' adventure; there is cause
In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'
This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
Along the sacred valleys all alone
Went in discovery, till at last I came
Where of the main-medicine-making Dame
I saw the great house; where encounter'd me
The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
Even entering Circe's doors. He met me in
A young man's likeness, of the first-flower'd chin,
Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.
He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
And said: 'Thou no-place-finding-for-repose,
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foot? Th' art entering Circe's house,
Where, by her medicines, black, and sorcerous,
Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
And turn'd to swine.) Art thou arrived with prize
Fit for their ransoms? Thou comest out no more,
If once thou enter'st, like thy men before
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
And save thee in her spite: receive of me
This fair and good receipt; with which once arm'd,
Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all
Her baneful counsel. With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
With flowery poisons; yet unaltered
Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
Stands most approved 'gainst all her sorcery,
Which thus particularly shun: When she
Shall with her long rod strike thee instantly
Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
As to her slaughter. She, surprised with fear

* Seeing them, he thought of his fellows.

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And love, at first will bid thee to her bed.
Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed
Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
Her favours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the blessed Gods assurance make
Of all they promise; that no prejudice
(By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
She may so much as once attempt on thee.'
This said, he gave his antidote to me,
Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all
The virtue of it, with what Deities call
The name it bears; and Moly* they impose
For name to it. The root is hard to loose
From hold of earth by mortals; but Gods' power
Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flower
As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
The sylvan island. I made back my way
To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd
And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
Invited, led; I follow'd in, but traced
With some distraction. In a throne she placed
My welcome person; of a curious frame
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame;
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the wine
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
No more observed me with her soothing vein,
But strook me with her rod, and to her stye
Bade, 'Out, away, and with thy fellows lie.'
I drew my sword, and charged her, as I meant
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
And, full of tears, said: 'Who? of what high line
Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustain
Thy native city? I amazed remain
That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd.
Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
In other likeness, if it once had past
The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
All but thyself are brutishly declined:
Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchanged thy mind.
Thou canst be therefore none else but the man
Of many virtues: Ithacensian,
Deep-soul'd Ulysses: who, I oft was told,
By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy.
Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
We may believe in one another's love.'
I then: 'O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
To mix in any human league with thee,
When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd? and thy bed
Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd,
That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd.
I never will ascend thy bed, before
I may affirm, that in heaven's sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'
I said; she swore: when, all the oath-rites said,
I then ascended her adorned bed,
But thus prepared: four handmaids served her there,
That daughters to her silver fountains were,
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
And to her uncut consecrated woods.
One deck'd the throne-tops with rich clothes of state,
And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
Another silver tables set before
The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store
Served in with several feast. A third fill'd wine,
The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine

* The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I say with our Spondanus, *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis; adeo, ut ne quidem ista quæ ad transformanda corpora pertinet, jure è mundo eximi possit, &c.*

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In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
Which heat, I bathed; and odorous water was
Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check
With the refreshing sweetness; and, for that,
Men sometimes may be something delicate.
Bathed, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne
Of massy silver, and of fashion
Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
Water apposed, and every sort of meat
Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,
She wish'd my taste employ'd; but not a word
Would my ears taste of taste; my mind had food
That must digest; eye-meat would do me good.
Circe (observing that I put no hand
To any banquet, having countermand
From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)
Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use:
'Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
Lessening with languors? Nor to food inclined,
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any fear
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.'
'O Circe!' I replied, 'what man is he,
Awed with the rights of true humanity,
That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
Dissolve the charms that their forced forms enchain,
And show me here my honour'd friends like men.'
This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
Went to her stye, and let my men abroad,
Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,
Observed their brutish form, and look'd for food;
When, with another medicine, every one
All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
Produced by malice of the other bane,
And every one, afresh, look'd up a man,
Both younger than they were, of stature more,
And all their forms much goodlier than before.
All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning flew about so high,
The horrid roof resounded; and the queen
Herself was moved to see our kind so keen:
Who bade me now bring ship and men ashore,
Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
Myself to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and oped the weeping vein
In all my men; whose violent joy to see
My safe return was passing kindly free
Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driven
Home to their hovels, all so spritely given
That no room can contain them, but about
Race by their dams, and let their spirits out
In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
Than my kind friends, even crying out with sight
Of my return so doubted; circled me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Disposed their rapt minds, as if there they saw
Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,
And even the roofs where they were bred and born,
And vow'd as much, with tears: 'O your return
As much delights us, as in you had come
Our country to us, and our natural home.
But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends?'
I gave unlook'd-for answer, that amends
Made for their mourning, bade them first of all
Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
'And then,' said I, 'attend me, that your eyes,
In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
Eating and drinking banquets out of end.'
They soon obey'd; all but Eurylochus,
Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus:
'O wretches! whither will ye? why are you
Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladness show

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For Circe's house, that will transform ye all
To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
Our heads get out, if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
This bold one led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiscretion.' I for this
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his
Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
His mangled body, though my blood was bound
In near alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
That I would leave him with my ship alone,
And to the sacred palace lead them on.
I led them; nor Eurylochus would stay
From their attendance on me, our late fray
Strook to his heart so. But mean time, my men,
In Circe's house, were all, in several bain,
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
With in and out weeds, and a feast select
Served in before them; at which close we found
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
When (mutual sight had, and all thought on) then
Feast was forgotten,* and the moan again
About the house flew, driven with wings of joy.
But then spake Circe: 'Now, no more annoy:
I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
And men unjust have plagued enough before
Your injured virtues: here then feast as long,
And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
As when ye first forsook your country-earth.
Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
With still renew'd tears; though the beaten vein
Of your distresses should, methink, be now
Benumb with sufferance.' We did well allow
Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
The world was with the spring, and orby hours
Had gone the round again through herbs and flowers,
The months absolved in order, till the days
Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
If ever Fate would sign my pass, delay'd
It should be now no more. I heard them well,
Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell,
And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
Implored my pass, and her performed vow
Which now my soul urged, and my soldiers: now
Afflicted me with tears to get them gone.
All these I told her, and she answer'd these:
'Much-skill'd Ulysses Laertiades!
Remain no more against your wills with me,
But take your free way; only this must be
Perform'd before you steer your course for home:
You must the way to Pluto overcome,
And stern Persephone, to form your pass,
By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
Clearly, and firmly; grave Persephone,
(Even dead) gave him a mind that he alone
Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one
Prove more than shade in his comparison.'
This broke my heart; I sunk into my bed,
Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted
With light, nor life. But having now exprest
My pains enough to her in my unrest,
That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
All I held fit for an affair so great,
I said: 'O Circe, who shall steer my course
To Pluto's kingdom? Never ship had force

* *Φράσσαντό τε πάντα. Commemorabantque omnia.* Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.

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To make that voyage.' The divine in voice
Said: 'Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise
Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.
But, having past the Ocean, you shall see
A little shore, that to Persephone
Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon lose.
Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone
To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon;
Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
The dark heroe, great Tiresias,
Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
Dig (of a cubit every way) a pit,
And pour to all that are deceased in it
A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make;
Then sweet wine neat; and thirdly water pour;
And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
Offerings a number; and, when thou shalt tread
The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
A heifer never-tamed, and most of prize,
A pile of all thy most esteemed goods
Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods;
And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow
With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
When the all-calling nation of the dead*
Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
A ram and ewe all black; being turn'd in face
To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside
The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of souls of men and dames deceased
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address'd
See then the offering that thy fellows slew,
Flay'd, and imposed in fire; and all thy crew
Pray to the state of either Deity,
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.
Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
The wise Tiresias; who thy offering
Will instantly do honour, thy home ways,
And all the measure of them by the seas,
Amply unfolding.' This the Goddess told;
And then the Morning in her throne of gold
Survey'd the vast world; by whose orient light
The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,
Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
An ornament that glitter'd like a flame;
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongst my soldiers, roused them all from sleep,
And bade them now no more observance keep
Of ease, and feast, but straight a shipboard fall,
For now the Goddess had inform'd me all.
Their noble spirits agreed; nor yet so clear
Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
His heedless life left. He was youngest man
Of all my company, and one that wan
Least fame for arms, as little for his brain;
Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made fain
To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
Apart his fellows, plunged in vapours deep,
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Suddenly waked and (quite out of the stay
A sober mind had given him) would descend
A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
The dearest joint his head was placed upon;
Which, quite dissolved, let loose his soul to hell.
I to the rest; and Circe's means did tell
Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
I gave them first, and said: 'You think the scope

* Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν. Which is expounded *Inclyta examina mortuorum*; but κλυτὸς is the epithet of Pluto, and by analogy belongs to the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat.*

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Of our endeavours now is straight for home ;
No; Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom
Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house
Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
To take the counsel of Tiresias
(The reverend Theban) to direct our pass.'
This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.
But grief was never good at great affair ;
It would have way yet. We went woful on
To ship and shore, where was arrived as soon
Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came,
Vanish'd again, unwitness'd by our eyes ;
Which grieved not us, nor check'd our sacrifice ;
For who would see God, loth to let us see?
This way or that bent ; still his ways are free.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses' way to Hell appears;
Where he the grave Tiresias hears;
Enquires his own and others' fates;
His mother sees, and th' after states
In which were held by sad decease
Heroes, and Heroesses;
A number, that at Troy waged war;
As Ajax that was still at jar
With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost;
And with the great Achilles' ghost.

ANOTHER.

Ἀμφὶς. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead.
The lives appear
Hereafter led.

ARRIVED now at our ship, we launch'd, and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we went,
My wayward fellows mourning* now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent utterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosperous. Sun then set, and shade
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright;
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light;
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven,
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the Even,
But Night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.

Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view
Of that sad region Circe had fore-show'd;
And then the sacred offerings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much I importuned then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd when I the barren soil should tread
Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in offering, on a pile composed
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclosed.
And to Tiresias himself, alone,
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the powers beneath
The sacred nation that survive with death,
My prayers and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the offerings, and upon the pit
Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood,
And round about me fled out of the flood
The souls of the deceased. There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.
There men-at-arms, with armours all embrued,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
And threw unmeasured cries about their walk,

* They mourned the event before they new it.

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So horrid that a bloodless fear surprised
My daunted spirits. Straight then I advised
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
Stern Pluto and Persephone, apply
Exciteful prayers. Then drew I from my thigh
My well-edged sword, stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our offering his unsolid lip,
Before Tiresias that did all control.
The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
Enquiring how he could before me be
That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me:
'In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
And the unspeakable good liquor there,
Hath been my bane; for, being to descend
A ladder much in height, I did not tend
My way well down, but forwards made a proof
To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
Fell on my neck, and brake it; and this made
My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
Thy wife, and father, that a little one
Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
At home behind thee left, Telemachus,
Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.
I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
On th' isle Ææa; where vouchsafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly
Bestow on me thy royal memory
To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
May rest consumed in fiery funeral;
And on the foamy shore a sepulchre
Erect to me, that after-times may hear
Of one so hapless. Let me these implore,
And fix upon my sepulchre the oar*
With which alive I shook the aged seas,
And had of friends the dear societies.'
I told the wretched soul I would fulfil
And execute to th' utmost point his will;
And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
My sword above the blood held; when aside
The idol of my friend still amplified
His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.
Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
Fair daughter of Autolycus the great,
Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
For sacred Ilion, I had left alive.
Her sight much moved me, and to tears did drive
My note of her decease; and yet not she
(Though in my ruth she held the highest degree)
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
Till from Tiresias I had understood
What Circe told me. At the length did land
Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
And said: 'O man unhappy, why to hell,
Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light
The sun gives leavest, to have the horrid sight
Of this black region, and the shadows here?
Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
That I the blood may taste, and then relate
The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.'
I sheathed my sword, and left the pit, till he,
The black blood tasting, thus instructed me:
'Renowm'd Ulysses! All unask'd I know
That all the cause of thy arrival now
Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home:
Which hardly God will let thee overcome;
Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
His loved son lost to thee. And yet through all
Thy suffering course (which must be capital)
If both thine own affections, and thy friends'
Thou wilt contain; when thy access ascends
The three-fork'd island, having scaped the seas,
(Where ye shall find fed on the flowery leas

* Misenus apud Virgilium, *ingenti mole*, &c.

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Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own,
To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
And never dare one head of those to slay,
But hold unharmful on your wished way)
Though through enough affliction, yet secure
Your Fates shall land ye; but presage says sure,
If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,
Spoil to thy fleet; and if the justice ends;
Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
And that length forced out with inflictions' store,
When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail
Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
In thy deliverance) thus th' event shall sort:
Thou shalt find shipwrack raging in thy port,
Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife
Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life.
But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are
Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare*
Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
This clear-given sign shall let thee understand,
That there those men remain: assume ashore
Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar,
With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
That will in country admiration say
"What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck?"
There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck
With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there
A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear
The name of husband to a herd) a boar.
And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods
(Degrees observed). And then the periods
Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
Of easy death; which shall the less extend
His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age;*
Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.'
I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please
Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none
Of all these spirits, but myself alone,
Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
But whomsoever you shall do that good,
He will the truth of all you wish unfold;
Who you envy it to, will all withhold.'
Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat
Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
My mother came, and drunk; and then she knew
I was her son, had passion to renew
Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue:
'How is it, O my son, that you alive
This deadly-darksome region underdive?
'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease?
Oceanus in chief; which none (unless
More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.

* Men that never eat salt with their food.

* Γήρᾳ ὑπὸ λιπαρῷ. Which all translate *senectute sub molli*. The epithet λιπαρῷ not of λιπαρὸς, viz. *pinguis*, or λιπαρὸς, *pinguitur*, but λιπαρὸς signifying *flagitanter orando*. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted.

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A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
Comest thou from Troy but now, enforced to err
All this time with thy soldiers? Nor hast seen,
Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen?'
I answer'd: 'That a necessary end
To this infernal state made me contend;
That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
I might an oracle involved unroll;
For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
Nor on our loved earth happy foot had set,
But, mishaps suffering, err'd from coast to coast,
Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
Divine Atrides led to Ilion;
And I his follower, to set war upon
The rapeful Trojans; and so pray'd she would
The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
That forced her thither; if some long disease,
Or that the spleen of her that arrows please,
(Diana, envious of most eminent dames)
Had made her th' object of her deadly aims?
My father's state and sons I sought, if they
Kept still my goods? or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In power of safe return, or if my store
My wife had kept together with her son?
If she her first mind held, or had been won
By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?'
All this she answer'd; 'that affliction fed
On her blood still at home; and that to grief
She all the days and darkness of her life
In tears had consecrate. That none possess'd
My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
My son had in it still he held in peace;
A court kept like a prince, and his increase
Spent in his subjects' good, administering laws
With justice, and the general applause
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
My father kept the upland, labouring,
And shunn'd the city, used no sumptuous beds,
Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds;
But in the winter strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
Like to a beggar's: when the Summer came,
And Autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
Where grape-charged vines made shadows most abound,
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
Increasing, as he faded, for my fate;
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by
The dame that darts loved, and her archery;
Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
With shame and horror; only in her moan,
For me and my life, she consumed her own.'
She thus; 'when I had great desire to prove
My arms the circle where her soul did move.
Thrice proved I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
Or fleeting shadow, which strook much more deep
The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
She would my love to her embraces fly,
And not vouchsafe that even in hell we might
Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
Of every sufferance, which her office is,
Enforce thy idol to afford me this?'
'O son,' she answer'd, 'of the race of men
The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves; nor will defraud the fire
Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
And leave the white bone, are his native right,
When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
The light then of the living with most haste,
O son, contend to. This thy little taste
Of this state is enough; and all this life
Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

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This speech we had; when now repair'd to me
More female spirits, by Persephone
Driven on before her. All th' heroes' wives,
And daughters, that led there their second lives,
About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
I let them altogether taste the gore;
For then would all have been dispersed, and gone
Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
And stand betwixt them made, when, severally,
All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,
Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
She said she sprung from pure Salmoneus' bed,
And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed;
Yet the divine flood Enipeus loved,
Who much the most fair stream of all floods moved.
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came,
Like Enipeus, and enjoy'd the dame.
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
And hid them both, as both together lay,
Just where his current falls into the sea.
Her virgin waist dissolved, she slumber'd then;
But when the God had done the work of men,
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said:
'Woman! rejoice in our combined bed;
For when the year hath run his circle round
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
Thy one dear burthen bear two famous sons;
Love well, and bring them up: go home, and see
That, though of more joy yet I shall be free,
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth,
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
This said, he plunged into the sea; and she,
Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became
In Jove's great ministry, of mighty fame.
Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle; th' other royal son
Ruled sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore,
Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.
Next her, I saw admired Antiope,
Asopus' daughter, who, (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love)
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burthen bore
To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus; that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
About her turrets, that seven ports enclosed.
For though the Thebans much in strength reposed,
Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
Without the added aids of wood and stone.
Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife
Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.
I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
With Jove's great son, who never field did try
But bore to him the flower of victory.
The mother then of Œdipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind;
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
His mother wedded, and his father slew.
Whose blind act heaven exposed at length to view,
And he in all-loved Thebes the supreme state
With much moan managed, for the heavy fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To Pluto's dark house from the loathed light,
Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
As all the furies pour'd on her in hell.
Then saw I Chloris, that did so excel
In answering beauties, that each part had all.
Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
Had won her favour term'd by name of dower.
She was of all Amphion's seed the flower;

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Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
Ruled strongly Myniæan Orchomen,
And now his daughter ruled the Pylian throne,
Because her beauty's empire overshone.
She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleus,
Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
And Chromius, sons with sovereign virtues graced;
But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
That nature to a miracle was rack'd
In her perfections, blazed with th' eyes of men;
That made of all the countries' hearts a chain,
And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd
Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd
Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
His Pero's husband, that from Phylace
Those never-yet-driven oxen could not drive:
Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve,
Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
To their possession. But the equal fate
Of God withstood his stealth; inextricate
Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains
That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains
The stealth-attempter; which was only he
That durst abet the act with prophecy;
None else would undertake it, and he must;
The king would needs a prophet should be just.
But when some days and months expired were,
And all the hours had brought about the year,
The prophet did so satisfy the king
(Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)
That he enfranchised him; and, all worst done,
Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.
Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain
With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
Sons much renown'd for wisdom; Castor one,
That pass'd, for use of horse, comparison;
And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight;
Both these the fruitful Earth bore, while the light
Of life inspired them; after which, they found
Such grace with Jove, that both lived under ground,
By change of days; life still did one sustain,
While th' other died; the dead then lived again,
The living dying; both of one self date
Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.
Iphimedia after Leda came,
That did derive from Neptune too the name
Of father to two admirable sons.
Life yet made short their admirations;
Who God-opposed Otus had to name,
And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
The prodigal Earth so fed them, that they grew
To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
Of all men, but Orion, under heaven.
At nine years old nine cubits they were driven
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
They threaten'd to give battle to the sky,
And all th' Immortals. They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that even
They might a highway make with lofty heaven;
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they lived
Till they were striplings: but Jove's son deprived
Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
The flower of youth, and should adorn their chins.
Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
Bright Ariadne, to the offering came,
Whom whilom Theseus made his prise from Crete,
That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
But never could obtain her virgin flower,
Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's power
Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her fane,
By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
I witness'd there; and loathed Eriphyle,

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That honour'd* gold more than she loved her spouse.
But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house
That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might
To name or number, and ambrosian night
Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
Present to sleep our all-disposed powers,
If at my ship, or here; my home-made vow
I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you."
This said; the silence his discourse had made
With pleasure held still through the house's shade,
When white-arm'd Arete this speech began:
"Phæacians! how appears to you this man,
So goodly-person'd, and so match'd with mind?
My guest he is, but all you stand combined
In the renown he doth us. Do not then
With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
Of his dispatch to one so needy maim,
The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim
To goods enow." This speech, the oldest man
Of any other Phæacensian,
The grave heroe, Echineus, gave
All approbation, saying: "Friends! ye have
The motion of the wise queen, in such words
As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords
My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
In word and work, must be our rule." He thus;
And then Alcinous said: "This then must stand,
If while I live I rule in the command
Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state:
Endure then, guest, though most importunate
Be your affects for home. A little stay
If your expectance bear, perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
Your due deduction asks; but principal
I am therein the ruler." He replied:
"Alcinous! the most duly glorified
With rule of all; of all men, if you lay
Commandment on me of a whole year's sta
So all the while your preparations rise,
As well in gifts as* time, ye can devise
No better wish for me; for I shall come
Much fuller-handed, and more honour'
home,
And dearer to my people, in whose loves
The richer evermore the better proves."
He answer'd: "There is argued in yo
sight
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like prollers or impostors; of which cre
The gentle black Earth feeds not up a fe
Here and there wanderers, blanching tal
and lies,
Of neither praise, nor use. You move o
eyes
With form, our minds with matter, a
our ears
With elegant oration, such as bears
A music in the order'd history
It lays before us. Not Demodocus
With sweeter strains hath used to sing to
All the Greek sorrows, wept out in yo
own.
But say; of all your worthy friends, we
none
Objected to your eyes, that consorts were
To Ilion with you? and served destin
there?
This night is passing long, unmeasure
none
Of all my household would to bed yet: o
Relate these wondrous things. Were
with you,
If you would tell me but your woes, as no
Till the divine Aurora shew'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed
"Most eminent king," said he, "tim
all must keep;
There's time to speak much, time as muc
to sleep.
But would you hear still, I will tell yo
still,
And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scaped the dism
wars,
And perish'd homewards, and in household
jars,
Waged by a wicked woman. The chaste
Queen
No sooner made these lady-ghosts unseen
Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sigh
won
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

* Amphiarus was her husband, whom she betrayed to his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother.

* *Venustè et salsè dictum.*
† Here he begins his other relation.

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Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endured their ends
With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd; out he thrust his hands,
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part.
I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
And ask'd: 'O Agamemnon! King of men!
What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
Thy royal person? Neptune, in thy fleet?
Heaven and his hellish billows making meet,
Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won
Of sheep or oxen? or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own,
In men or women prisoners?' He replied:
'By none of these, in any right, I died;
But by Ægisthus and my murtherous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I; and with me
My friends lay massacred; as when you see
At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
Both private and in prease of enemies
Have personally witness'd; but this one
Would all thy parts have broken into moan,
To see how strew'd about our cups and cates,
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
All gash'd and slain lay, all the floor embrued
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed,
Cassandra breathed; whom, she that wit doth feed
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
From earth to heaven; and tumbling on my sword
Gave wretched life up; when the most abhorr'd,
By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.
Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,
As such a woman that would kill her spouse
That married her a maid. When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art
Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersion,
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.'
'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate the lives
Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives.
For Menelaus' wife a number fell;
For dangerous absence thine sent thee to hell.'
'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou more kind
Than wise to thy wife: never all thy mind
Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
Curbs for the worst still in thyself repose.
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood;
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast
Her first child sucking; who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise;
For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes
Shall see thy son; and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,

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Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
Yet come not home to her in open view,*
With any ship or any personal shew.
But take close shore disguised, nor let her know,
For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.
But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
In Orchomen, or Pylos? or doth live
In Sparta with his uncle? yet I see
Divine Orestes is not here with me.'
I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son
Enquire of me? who yet arrived where none
Could give to these news any certain wings?
And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.'
Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
With kind tears rendering unkind fortunes good,
Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,
And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him
That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
Excepting the unmatch'd Æacides,
Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
That saw, acknowledged, and saluted me,
Was Thetis' conquering son, who (heavily
His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!
What act yet mightier imagineth
Thy venturous spirit? How doest thou descend
These under regions, where the dead man's end
Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?'
I answer'd him: 'I was induced t' invade
These under parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged Ithaca; since I could come
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,
And so lived ever, tortured with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore,
Thetis' son,
Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall.
In life thy eminence was adored of all,
Even with the Gods; and now, even dead,
I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath;
So great Achilles triumphs over death.'
This comfort of him this encounter found:
'Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone,
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
If he goes on in first fights of the field,
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
Or of my father if thy royal ear
Hath been advertised, that the Phthian throne
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
Despise his empire? Under those bright rays,
In which heaven's fervour hurls about the days,
Must I no more shine his revenger now,
Such as of old the Ilion overthrow
Witness'd my anger, th' universal host
Sending before me to this shady coast,
In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,
(But for some small time) to my father's court,
In spirit and power as then, those men should find
My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
That durst, with all the numbers they are strong,
Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'
This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
And this I answer'd thus: 'I do not know
Of blameless Peleus any least report;
But of your son, in all the utmost sort,
I can inform your care with truth, and thus:
From Scyros princely Neoptolemus
By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
Retired to council, and our youth to fight.
In council still so fiery was Conceit

* This advice he followed at his coming home.

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In his quick apprehension of a cause,
That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the laws
Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
None would contend with him, that counsell'd last;
Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
Of great or common, he would never cease,
But far before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
But one and other whom he reft of light,
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame
Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass;
Eurypylus Telephides he was,
That fell beneath him; and with him the falls
Of such huge men went, that they shew'd like whales*
Rampired about him. Neoptolemus
Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
Favours of mistresses he saw him wear;
For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like son.
Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste
Give of his eminence. How far surpast
His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
This close note I excerpted. When we sat
Hid in Epeus' horse, no optimate
Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
And shut the stratagem† but I. My scope
To note then each man's spirit in a strait
Of so much danger, much the better might
Be hit by me, than others, as, provoked,
I shifted place still; when, in some I smoked
Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears.
In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
Could all my search see, either his wet eyes
Plied still with wipings, or the goodly guise
His person all ways put forth, in least part,
By any tremblings, shew'd his touch'd-at heart.
But ever he was urging me to make
Way to their sally, by his sign to shake
His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance
Loaded with iron at me. No good chance
His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,
High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store
Safe; and no touch away with him he bore
Of far-off-hurl'd lance, or of close-fought sword,
Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage.
In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage.
This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
A march of glory through the herby mead,
For joy to hear me so renowm his son;
And vanish'd stalking. But with passion
Stood th' other souls strook, and each told his bane.
Only the spirit Telamonian*
Kept far off, angry for the victory
I won from him at fleet; though arbitry
Of all a court of war pronounced it mine,
And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine
Of great Æacides,† proposed t' our fames
By his bright Mother,‡ at his funeral games.
I wish to heaven I ought not to have won;
Since for those arms so high a head so soon
The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all
The host of Greece had person capital,
And acts as eminent, excepting his
Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.
I tried the great soul with soft words, and said:
'Ajax! great son of Telamon, array'd
In all our glories! what! not dead resign
Thy wrath for those cursed arms? The Powers divine
In them forged all our banes, in thine own one,
In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.

* This place (and a number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentors.

† The horse abovesaid.

* Ajax the son of Telamon.

† Achilles. ‡ Thetis.

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We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much
As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch
In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
In whose hate was the host of Greece become
A very horror; who express'd it well
In signing thy fate with this timeless hell.
Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
Repress thy great mind and thy flamy spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'
All this no word drew from him, but less near
The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled,
And glid along the river of the dead.
Though anger moved him, yet he might have spoke,
Since I to him. But my desires were strook
With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law,
And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
A sort of others, set about his throne
In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when straight came on
Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.
Tityus I saw; to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth.
Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
His ample limbs, that spread in their display
Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
Into his liver with their crooked beaks;
And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
(As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
Offer them off; but suffers by command
Of th' angry Thunderer, offering to enforce
His love Latona, in the close recourse
She used to Pytho through the dancing land,
Smooth Panopeus. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cu
Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twa
swallow'd up,
And all the black earth to his feet descried
Divine power (plaguing him) the lake sti
dried.
About his head, on high trees, clusterin
hung,
Pears, apples, granates, olives ever young
Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
Of other burthen; whose alluring store
When th' old soul strived to pluck, th
winds from sight,
In gloomy vapours, made them vanis
quite.
There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
With both hands heaving up a mass
stone;
And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight
When prest to rest it there (his nerves quit
spent)
Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
Of all his torture new to raise again;
To which straight set his never-rested pain
The sweat came gushing out from ever
pore,
And on his head a standing mist he wore,
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud o
dust
Were raised about it. Down with thes
was thrust
The idol of the force of Hercules,
But his firm self did no such fate oppress,
He feasting lives amongst th' Immorta
States,
White-ankled Hebe and himself mad
mates
In heavenly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dea
race,
And Juno's, whom the golden sandals
grace.
About him flew the clamours of the dead
Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his
head.
He with his bow, like Night, stalked up
and down,
His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his
frown
At those vex'd hoverers, aiming at them
still,
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his
breast,
The thong all gold, in which were forms
imprest,
Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats,
deaths.

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Who wrought that work did never such before,
Nor so divinely will do ever more.
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech:
'Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
Of all exploits achieved by thy desert,
Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
As I in earth did. I was generate
By Jove himself, and yet past mean oppressed
By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
Imposed abhorred labours on my hand.
Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
An act that danger could make deeper sink.
And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,
As this was low, the dog. The Deity
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright power,
Both stoop'd, and raised, and made me conqueror.'
This said, he made descent again as low
As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show
Of more heroes of the times before,
And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
(As Theseus and Pirithous, derived
From roots of Deity) but before th' achieved
Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,
That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
By grim Persephone. I therefore sent
My men before to ship, and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the ocean wave
Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He shews from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle Ææa, Circe's seat;
And how he scaped the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis break;
The Sun's stolen herds; and his sad wreak
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Mῦ. The rocks that err'd;
The Sirens' call;
The Sun's stolen herd;
The soldiers' fall.

OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and made good
The isle Ææa, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora; where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.
When here arrived, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light.
Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceased Elpenor to the shore.
Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of trees,
And, full of tears, we did due exequies
To our dead friend. Whose corse consumed with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
And over that a column raised, his oar,
Curiously carved, to his desire before,
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.
Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
From Circe's knowledge; nor so soon reveal'd
But she was with us, with her bread an food,
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacre brood
Of woods and fountains. In the mids she stood,
And thus saluted us: 'Unhappy men,
That have (inform'd with all your senses been
In Pluto's dismal mansion. You shall di Twice now, where others, that Mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but onc decease.
But eat and drink out all conceit c these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When ne shall shine
The cheerful morning, you shall prove th seas.
Your way, and every act ye must address,
My knowledge of their order shall design,
Lest with your own bad counsels ye in cline
Events as bad against ye, and sustain
By sea and shore, the woful ends tha reign
In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise
And, for the time, our fortunes were s wise
To follow wise directions. All that day
We sat and feasted. When his lowe way
The Sun had enter'd, and the Even th high,
My friends slept on their gables; she and
(Led by her fair hand to a place apart,
By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
Our timid powers; when all things Fate l fall
In our affair she ask'd; I told her all.
To which she answer'd: 'These thing thus took end.
And now to those that I inform attend,
Which you remembering, God himse shall be
The blessed author of your memory.
First to the Sirens ye shall come, tha taint
The minds of all men whom they ca acquaint

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With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
For want of knowledge moved, but hear the call
Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream,
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
The Sirens will so soften with their song
(Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he gives them head.
And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,
And round about it runs a hedge or wall
Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all
Hung all along upon it; and these men
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop every ear
With sweet soft wax so close, that none may hear
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion; but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses go
So loose about you, but give strait command
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
To be enfranchised both of feet and hands,
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you. When your friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold way,
The right of which your own taught pre sent wit,
And grace divine, must prompt. I general yet
Let this inform you: Near these Siren shore
Move two steep rocks, at whose feet li and roar
The black sea's cruel billows; the bless' Gods
Call them the Rovers. Their abhorr' abodes
No bird can pass; no not the doves, whose fear
Sire Jove so loves that they are said t bear
Ambrosia to him, can their ravine scape,
But one of them falls ever to the rape
Of those sly rocks; yet Jove another still
Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
The sacred number. Never ship coul shun
The nimble peril wing'd there, but did ru
With all her bulk, and bodies of her men
To utter ruin. For the seas retain
Not only their outrageous æsture there,
But fierce assistants of particular fear
And supernatural mischief, they expire,
And those are whirlwinds of devouring fir
Whisking about still. Th' Argive shi alone,
(Which bore the caret of all men) got he gone,

* Πέλειαι τρήρωνες. *Columbæ timidæ.* Wh these doves were, and the whole mind of th place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Au phipolites, he answered: They were t Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (b sides his proper imperfection of being ἀμυδρὸ i.e. *adeo exilis, vel subobscurus, ut vix a fareat*) is utterly obscured or let by these rock Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lo one, that the number might be full, Athenæ falls to it, and helps the other out; interpretin it to be affirmed of their perpetual septena number, though there appeared but six. B how lame and loathsome these prosers shew their affected expositions of the poetical min this and an hundred others, spent in me presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poe I hope will make plain enough to the mo envious of any thing done, besides their ov set censures, and most arrogant overweening In the 23. of the Iliads (being ψ) at the gam celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied the top of a mast πέλειαν τρήρωνα, *timida columbam*, to shoot at for a game, so that (I these great men's abovesaid expositions) th shot at the Pleiades.

† Νηῦς πᾶσι μέλουσα, &c. *Navis omnib curæ: the ship that held the care of all m or of all things:* which our critics will nee

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Come from Areta. Yet perhaps even she
Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,
That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand
To their transmission; since the man, that mann'd
In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove
Against the height of heaven her pointed brow.
A black cloud binds it round, and never show
Lends to the sharp point; not the clear blue sky
Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,
Not fervent autumn's. None that death could end
Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold.
A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold
The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
From this keep you as far, as from his bow
An able young man can his shaft bestow.
For here the *whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,
Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes;
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she
Her full shape shew'd. Twelve foul feet bear about
Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look'd out
Of her rank shoulders; every neck doth let
A ghastly head out; every head three set,
Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
And every tooth stuck with a sable death.
She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks;
Where (gloting round her rock) to fish she falls;
And up rush dolphins, dogfish; sometimes whales,
If got within her when her rapine feeds;
For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
About her whirlpool an unmeasured store.
No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore

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restrain, *omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Historicis*, when the care of all men's preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration: by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.*—Plat.

* Δεινὸν λελακυῖα, &c. *Graviter vociferans;* as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these words σκύλακος νεογιλῆς, *catuli leonis*, no lion being here dreamed of, nor ny vociferation. Δεινὸν λελακυῖα signifying *indignam, dissimilem*, or *horribilem vocem edens:* but in what kind *horribilem?* Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words πέλωρ κακὸν signify, *monstrum ingens;* whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prosers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension; and therefore they add of their own, λάσκω, from whence λελακυῖα is derived, signifying *crepo*, or *stridulè clamo.* And σκύλακος νεογιλῆς is to be expounded, *catuli nuper* or *recens nati*, not *leonis.* But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor, because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; performing it so, as there can be *nihil supra.* And I would fain learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me this? or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof, of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple Poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.

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That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
Of him and his; a man for every head
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
Your dart may mete the distance. It receives
A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
All up she belches, baneful to sustain.
When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
For not the force of Neptune (if once caught)
Can force your freedom. Therefore, in your strife
To scape Charybdis, labour all, for life
To row near Scylla, for she will but have
For her six heads six men; and better save
The rest, than all make offerings to the wave.'
This need she told me of my loss, when I
Desired to know, if that Necessity,
When I had scaped Charybdis' outrages,
My powers might not revenge, though not redress?
She answer'd: 'O unhappy! art thou yet
Enflamed with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat?
Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?
She deathless is, and that immortal ill
Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
Nor lives there any virtue that can fly
The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock,
I fear six more must expiate the shock.
Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,
And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
(Great Scylla's mother, who exposed to light
That bane of men) and she will do such right
To thy observance, that she down will tread
Her daughter's rage, nor let her shew a head.
From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,
Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,
Where many oxen of the Sun are fed,
And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
In every herd feed, and their herds are seven;
And of his fat flocks is their number even.
Increase they yield not, for they never die.
There every shepherdess a Deity.
Fair Phaethusa, and Lampetie,
The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
Who to the daylight's lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright from the heavenly Dame,
Still young Neæra; who (brought forth and bred)
Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.
These herds and flocks if to the Deity
Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on
Go with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land
In wished Ithaca. But if impious hand
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
If thou escapest thyself, extending home
Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a saved mate.'
This said, the golden-throned Aurora rose,
She her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away.
When reverend Circe help'd us to convey
Our vessel safe, by making well inclined
A seaman's true companion, a forewind,
With which she fill'd our sails; when, fitting all
Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
To grave relation what concern'd in fate
My friends to know, and told them that the state
Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
Presaged to me alone, must yet be made
To one nor only two known, but to all;
That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
In their elections, they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it fit effect.
I first inform'd them, that we were to fly
The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
And flower-adorned meadow; and that I

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Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast
In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast;
From whence, if I should pray, or use command,
To be enlarged, they should with much more band
Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoin'd mine own affection's stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey.
In meantime flew our ships, and straight we fetch'd
The Sirens' isle; a spleenless wind so stretch'd
Her wings to waft us, and so urged our keel.
But having reach'd this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread:
The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew
My friends to work, strook sail, together drew,
And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied
Their polish'd oars, and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came on:
A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.
The great power of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly
I stopp'd their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast.
Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook,
The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.
Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,
The Sirens soon took note, without our noise;
Tuned those sweet accents that made charms so strong,
And these learn'd numbers made the Sirens' song:

'Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise;
Ulysses! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.
When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely strived to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted. But again
Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,
A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend
Astonish'd sat; from every hand his oar
Fell quite forsaken, with the dismal roar
Where all things there made echoes: stone-still stood
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
Took all men's motions from her in their own.
I through the ship went, labouring up and down
My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said: That well were known
These ills to them before; I told them all;
And that these could not prove more capital
Than those the Cyclop block'd us up in; yet
My virtue, wit, and heaven-help'd counsels, set

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Their freedoms open. I could not believe
But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give
My equal care and means now equal trust.
The strength they had for stirring up they must
Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
His powers in theirs up, and would add his aid
To scape even that death. In particular then,
I told our pilot, that past other men
He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
The continent that all our spirits convey'd,
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
Inclosed a rock, without which he must steer,
Or all our ruins stood concluded there.
All heard me and obey'd, and little knew
That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd
The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,
To be by Scylla open'd; for their fear
Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,
Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath;
When they and all had died an idle death.
But then even I forgot to shun the harm
Circe forewarn'd; who will'd I should not arm,
Nor shew myself to Scylla, lest in vain
I ventured life. Yet could not I contain,
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took,
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd
And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.
From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,
And ransack'd all ways. I then took a strait
That gave myself, and some few more, receipt
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; whence we saw
How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which when all abroad
She spit again out, never caldron sod
With so much fervour, fed with all the store
That could enrage it; all the rock did roar
With troubled waters; round about the tops
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops.
But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder'd,
The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd,
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,
Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high,
And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
Their calls to me for help, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.
And as an angler medicine for surprise
Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks,
From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,
And then with his long angle hoists them high
Up to the air, then sleightly hurls them by,
When helpless sprawling on the land they lie;
So easely Scylla to her rock had rapt
My woful friends, and so unhelp'd, entrapt
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape;
Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me
Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
A spectacle so full of miseries.
Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
Scylla, Charybdis) where the king of flames
Hath offerings burn'd to him, our ship put in
The island that from all the earth doth win
The epithet *Faultless;* where the broad of head
And famous oxen, for the Sun are fed,

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With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rod
The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
Put up the forms that late had been imprest
By dread Ææan Circe, and the best
Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer,
The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
Of my return's whole means. Of which this one
In chief he urged; that I should always shun
The island of the man-delighting Sun.
When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd
My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
With all ill fortunes) which was given to me
By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy;
That I should fly the isle where was adored
The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd
Were ambush'd for us there; and therefore will'd
They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd
Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus
A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answering thus:
'Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves al ound
In strength, the more spent; and no toils confound
Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel;
Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
The teeth of Labour and the spoil of Sleep,
And therefore still wet waste us in the deep;
Nor let us land to eat, but madly now
In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.
Who is it that can keep off cruel Death,
If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West?
That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best!
Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease,
And offer to the Morning for the seas.'
This all the rest approved, and then knew I
That past all doubt the devil did apply
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.
But all that might contain them I assay'd,
A sacred oath on all their powers I laid,
That if with herds or any richest flocks
We chanced t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
But quiet sit us down and take such food
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.
They swore all this in all severest sort;
And then we anchor'd in the winding port,
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore
They all flew out to, took in victuals' store,
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.
In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up.
A boisterous spirit he gave it, drave out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driven,
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heaven.
At morn we drew our ships into a cave,
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drave
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
I urged my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
They would observe their oath, and take the food
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
Of those fair herds and flocks; because they were
That dreadful God's that all could see and hear.
They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we been gone; but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole month perpetually did blow
Impetuous Notus; not a breath's repair
But his and Eurus' ruled in all the air.
As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
Stood out amongst them, so long not a head

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Of all those oxen fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut and life.
But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,
Necessity compell'd them then to stray
In rape of fish and fowl; whatever came
In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
Afflicted to it. I then fell to prayer,
And (making to a close retreat repair,
Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands
In liberal heaven, to yield some mean to stay
Their desperate hunger, and set up the way
Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead
Of giving what I pray'd for, power of deed,
A deedless sleep did on my lids distill,
For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
For whiles I slept, there waked no mean to curb
Their headstrong wants; which he that did disturb
My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
Knew well, and of my present absence took
His fit advantage, and their iron strook
At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
In his own entrails, to allay the fire
That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way
To that affection: 'Hear what I shall say,
Though words will stanch no hunger, every death
To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath
You know is hateful; but, all know, to die
The death of Famine is a misery
Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore take
The chief of this fair herd, and offerings make
To all the deathless that in broad heaven live;
And in particular vow, if we arrive
In natural Ithaca, to straight erect
A temple to the haughty-in-aspect,
Rich and magnificent, and all within
Deck it with relics many and divine.
If yet he stands incensed, since we have slain
His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain
Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one;
And all the other Gods that we atone
With our divine rites will their suffrage give
To our design'd return, and let us live.
If not, and all take part, I rather crave
To serve with one sole death the yawning wave,
Than in a desert island lie and sterve,
And with one pined life many deaths observe.'
All cried 'He counsels nobly,' and all speed
Made to their resolute driving; for the feed
Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd, sun-loved beeves
Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
Of seven, most eminent; about their fall
Stood round, and to the States celestial
Made solemn vows; but other rites their ship
Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
Supply of service for their barley-cake.
And on the sacredly-enflamed, for wine,
Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine
Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside
Orderly using. Then did light divide
My low and upper lids; when, my repair
Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
Their roast exhaled. Out instantly I cried,
And said: 'O Jove, and all ye Deified,
Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
As Death descends to. To themselves alone
My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done
A deed so impious, I stand well assured,
That you will not forgive though ye procured.'
Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe
Up to her father with the golden globe,
Ambassadress t' inform him that my men
Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,
He cried: 'Revenge me, Father, and the rest
Both ever-living and for ever blest.
Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
Of those my oxen, that it did me good
To look on, walking all my starry round,
And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.
Without your full amends I'll leave heaven quite;
Dis and the dead adorning with my light.

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The Cloud-herd answer'd : 'Son! thou shalt be ours,
And light those mortals in that mine of flowers;
My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'
This by Calypso I was told, and she
Inform'd it from the verger Mercury.
Come to our ship, I chid and told by name
Each man how impiously he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace ; the beeves were slain.
When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost
Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.
And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ;
And when the seventh day Jove reduced the wind
That all the month raged, and so in did bind
Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd, and we
Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoised, and to sea.
The island left so far that land nowhere
But only sea and sky had power t' appear,
Jove fix'd a cloud above our ship, so black
That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
She ran a good free time, till from the West
Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast
Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
It burst the gables that made sure our mast :
Our masts came tumbling down ; our cattle down
Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull,
And all this wrack but one flaw made at full.
Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.
Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
Till it embraced her round ; her bulk was fill'd
With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,
And there the date of their return was out.
I toss'd from side to side still, till all broke
Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down
Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
Left little undissolved. But to the mast
There was a leather thong left, which I cast
About it and the keel, and so sat tost
With baneful weather, till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny. And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes ;
For back again his blasts expell'd me quite
On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
And had gone up together, if the tree
That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;
To which I leapt, and left my keel, and high
Clambering upon it did as close imply
My breast about it as a reremouse could ;
Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands : the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
The far-spread arms that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
I therefore still must cling ; till up again
She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanced
To me, as to a judge that long advanced
To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars,
At length time frees him from their civil wars,
When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;
So time, at length, released with joys my woes,

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And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
To which, my hand now loosed and now my heel,
I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd;
Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd;
And there row'd off with owers of my hands.
God and man's Father would not from her sands
Let Scylla see me; for I then had died
That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.
Nine days at sea I hover'd: the tenth night
In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
And right renowm'd Calypso, I was cast
By power of Deity; where I lived embraced
With love and feasts. But why should I relate
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate
What I in part to your chaste queen and you
So late imparted. And, for me to grow
A talker over of my tale again,
Were past my free contentment to sustain."

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Opus novem dierum.

Σὸν Θεῷ.

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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES (shipp'd, but in the even,
With all the presents he was given,
And sleeping then) is set next morn
In full scope of his wish'd return,
And treads unknown his country-shore,
Whose search so many winters wore.
The ship (returning, and arrived
Against the city) is deprived
Of form; and, all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.
Ulysses (let to know the strand
Where the Phæacians made him land)
Consults with Pallas, for the life
Of every wooer of his wife.
His gifts she hides within a cave,
And him into a man more grave,
All hid in wrinkles, crooked, gray,
Transform'd; who so goes on his way.

ANOTHER.

Νῦ. Phæacia
Ulysses leaves;
Whom Ithaca,
Unwares, receives.

HE said; and silence all their tongues contain'd,
In admiration, when with pleasure chain'd
Their ears had long been to him. At last brake
Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' Ithacensian, Laertes' son:
"O Ithacus! However over-run
With former sufferings in your way for home,
Since 'twas, at last, your happy fate to come
To my high-roof'd and brass-foundation'd house,
I hope, such speed and pass auspicious
Our loves shall yield you, that you shall no more
Wander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.
You then, whoever that are ever graced
With all choice of authorized power to taste
Such wine with me as warms the sacred rage,
And is an honorary* given to age,
With which ye likewise hear divinely sing,
In honour's praise, the poet of the king,
I move, by way of my command, to this:
That where in an elaborate chest there lies
A present for our guest, attires of price,
And gold engraven with infinite device;
I wish that each of us should add beside
A tripod, and a caldron, amplified
With size, and metal of most rate, and great;
For we, in council of taxation met,
Will from our subjects gain their worth again;
Since 'tis unequal one man should sustain
A charge so weighty, being the grace of all,
Which borne by many is a weight but small."
Thus spake Alcinous, and pleased the rest;
When each man closed with home and sleep his feast.
But when the colour-giving light arose,
All to the ship did* all their speeds dispose,
And wealth, that† honest men makes, brought with them.
All which even he that wore the diadem
Stow'd in the ship himself, beneath the seats
The rowers sat in; stooping, lest their lets
In any of their labours he might prove.
Then home he turn'd, and after him did move
The whole assembly to expected feast.
Among whom he a sacrifice addrest
And slew an ox to weather-wielding Jove;
Beneath whose empire all things are, and move.
The thighs then roasting, they made glorious cheer,
Delighted highly; and amongst them there
The honour'd-of-the-people used his voice,
Divine Demodocus. Yet, through this choice
Of cheer and music, had Ulysses still
An eye directed to the Eastern hill,

* Γερούσιος οἶνος, *quod pro honorario senibus datur*. And because the word so Englished hath no other to express it, sounding well, and helping our language, it is here used.

* Intending in chief the senators, with every man's addition of gift.

† Εὐήνορα χαλκὸν, *bene honestos faciens æs.*

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To see him rising that illustrates all.
For now into his mind a fire did fall
Of thirst for home. And as in hungry vow
To needful food a man at fixed plow
(To whom the black ox all day long hath turn'd
The stubborn fallows up, his stomach burn'd
With empty heat and appetite to food,
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)
At length the long-expected sun-set sees,
That he may sit to food, and rest his knees;
So to Ulysses set the friendly light
The sun afforded, with as wish'd a sight.
Who straight bespake that oar-affecting State;
But did in chief his speech appropriate
To him by name, that with their rule was crown'd.
"Alcinous! of all men most renown'd,
Dismiss me with as safe pass as you vow
(Your offering past), and may the Gods to you
In all contentment use as full a hand;
For now my landing here and stay shall stand
In all perfection with my heart's desire,
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,
And loving gifts; which may the Gods to me
As blest in use make as your acts are free;
Even to the finding firm in love and life,
With all desired event, my friends and wife.
When, as myself shall live delighted there,
May you with your wives rest as happy here,
Your sons and daughters, in particular state,
With every virtue render'd consummate;
And, in your general empire, may ill never
Approach your land; but good your good quit ever."
This all applauded, and all jointly cried:
"Dismiss the stranger: He hath dignified
With fit speech his dismission." Then the king
Thus charged the herald: "Fill for offering
A bowl of wine; which through the whole large house
Dispose to all men; that, propitious
Our father Jove made with our prayers, we may
Give home our guest in full and wished way."
This said, Pontonous commix'd a bowl
Of such sweet wine as did delight the soul.
Which making sacred to the blessed Gods,
That hold in broad heaven their supreme abodes,
God-like Ulysses from his chair arose,
And in the hands of th' empress did impose
The all-round cup; to whom (fair spoke) he said:
"Rejoice, O Queen, and be your joys repaid
By heaven, for me, till age and death succeed;
Both which inflict their most unwelcome need
On men and dames alike. And, first, for me,
I must from hence, to both: Live you here free.
And ever may all living blessings spring;
Your joy in children, subjects, and your king."
This said, divine Ulysses took his way;
Before whom the unalterable sway
Of king Alcinous' virtue did command
A herald's fit attendance to the strand
And ship appointed. With him likewise went
Handmaids, by Arete's injunction sent.
One bore an out and in-weed, fair and sweet,
The other an embroider'd cabinet,
The third had bread to bear, and ruddy wine;
All which, at sea and ship arrived, resign
Their freight conferr'd. With fair attendants then,
The sheets and bedding of the man of men,
Within a cabin of the hollow keel,
Spread, and made soft; that sleep might sweetly seel
His restful eyes; he enter'd, and his bed
In silence took. The rowers ordered
Themselves in several seats, and then set gone
The ship; the gable from the hollow stone
Dissolved, and weigh'd-up; all, together, close
Then beat the sea. His lids in sweet repose
Sleep bound so fast, it scarce gave way to breath
Inexcitable, most dear, next of all to death.

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And as amids a fair field four brave horse
Before a chariot, stung into their course
With fervent lashes of the smarting scourge,
That all their fire blows high, and makes them urge
To utmost speed the measure of their ground;
So bore the ship aloft her fiery bound;
About whom rush'd the billows black and vast,
In which the sea-roars burst. As firm as fast
She plied her course yet; not her winged speed
The falcon gentle could for pace exceed;
So cut she through the waves, and bore a man
Even with the Gods in counsels; that began
And spent his former life in all misease;
Battles of men, and rude waves of the seas;
Yet now securely slept, forgetting all.
And when heaven's brightest star, that first doth call
The early morning out, advanced her head,
Then near to Ithaca the billow-bred
Phæacian ship approach'd. There is a port,
That th' aged sea-God Phorcys makes his fort,
Whose earth the Ithacensian people own.
In which two rocks inaccessible are grown
Far forth into the sea, whose each strength binds
The boisterous waves in from the high-flown winds
On both the out-parts so, that all within
The well-built ships, that once their harbour win
In his calm bosom, without anchor rest,
Safe, and unstirr'd. From forth the haven's high crest
Branch the well-brawn'd arms of an olive-tree;
Beneath which runs a cave from all sun free,
Cool, and delightsome, sacred to th' access
Of Nymphs whose surnames are the Naiades;
In which flew humming bees, in which lay thrown
Stone cups, stone vessels, shittles, all of stone;
With which the Nymphs their purple mantles wove,
In whose contexture art and wonder strove.
In which pure springs perpetually ran;
To which two entries were; the one for man,
On which the North breathed; th' other for the gods,
On which the South; and that bore no abodes
For earthy men, but only deathless feet
Had there free way. This port these men thought meet
To land Ulysses, being the first they knew.
Drew then their ship in, but no further drew
Than half her bulk reach'd, by such cunning hand
Her course was managed. Then her men took land,
And first brought forth Ulysses, bed, and all
That richly furnish'd it, he still in thrall
Of all-subduing sleep. Upon the sand
They set him softly down; and then the strand
They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd
By the renown'd Phæacians, since he show'd
So much Minerva. At the olive root
They drew them then in heap, most far from foot
Of any traveller; lest, ere his eyes
Resumed their charge, they might be others' prize.
These then turn'd home; nor was the sea's supreme
Forgetful of his threats, for Polypheme
Bent at divine Ulysses, yet would prove
(Ere their performance) the decree of Jove.
"Father! no more the Gods shall honour me,
Since men despise me, and those men that see
The light in lineage of mine own loved race.*
I vow'd Ulysses should, before the grace
Of his return, encounter woes enow
To make that purchase dear; yet did not vow
Simply against it, since thy brow had bent
To his reduction, in the fore-consent
Thou hadst vouchsafed it; yet, before my mind
Hath full power on him, the Phæacians find
Their own minds' satisfaction with his pass;
So far from suffering what my pleasure was,

* The Phæacians were descended originally from Neptune.

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That ease and softness now is habited
In his secure breast: and his careless head
Return'd in peace of sleep to Ithaca.
The brass and gold of rich Phæacia
Rocking his temples; garments richly woven,
And worlds of prize, more than was ever stroven
From all the conflicts he sustain'd at Troy,
If safe he should his full share there enjoy."
The shower-dissolver answer'd: "What a speech
Hath pass'd thy palate, O thou great in reach
Of wrackful empire! Far the Gods remain
From scorn of thee; for 'twere a work of pain
To prosecute with ignominies one
That sways our ablest and most ancient throne.
For men, if any so beneath in power
Neglect thy high will, now or any hour
That moves hereafter, take revenge to thee,
Soothe all thy will and be thy pleasure free."
"Why then," said he, "thou blacker of the fumes
That dim the sun, my licensed power resumes
Act from thy speech; but I observe so much
And fear thy pleasure, that, I dare not touch
At any inclination of mine own,
Till thy consenting influence be known.
But now this curious-built Phæacian ship,
Returning from her convoy, I will strip
Of all her fleeting matter, and to stone
Transform and fix it (just when she hath gone
Her full time home, and jets before their prease
In all her trim) amids the sable seas,
That they may cease to convoy strangers still,
When they shall see so like a mighty hill
Their glory stick before their city's grace,
And my* hands cast a mask before her face."
"O friend," said Jove, "it shews to me the best.
Of all earth's objects, that their whole prease, drest
In all their wonder, near their town shall stand,
And stare upon a stone, so near the land,
So like a ship, and dam up all their lights,
As if a mountain interposed their sights."
When Neptune heard this, he for Scheria went,
Whence the Phæacians took their first descent.
Which when he reach'd, and, in her swiftest pride,
The water-treader by the city's side
Came cutting close, close he came swiftly on,
Took her in violent hand, and to a stone
Turn'd all her sylvan substance; all below
Firm'd her with roots, and left her. This strange show
When the Phæacians saw, they stupid stood,
And ask'd each other, who amids the flood
Could fix their ship so in her full speed home,
And quite transparent make her bulk become?
Thus talk'd they; but were far from knowing how
These things had issue. Which their king did show,
And said: "O friends, the ancient prophecies
My father told to me, to all our eyes
Are now in proof. He said, the time would come,
When Neptune, for our safe conducting home
All sorts of strangers, out of envy fired,
Would meet our fairest ship as she retired,
And all the goodly shape and speed we boast
Should like a mountain stand before us lost
Amids the moving waters; which we see
Perform'd in full end to our prophecy.
Hear then my counsel, and obey me then:
Renounce henceforth our convoy home of men,
Whoever shall hereafter greet our town;
And to th' offended Deity's renown
Twelve chosen oxen let us sacred make,
That he may pity us, and from us take
This shady mountain. They, in fear, obey'd,
Slew all the beeves, and to the Godhead pray'd;
The dukes and princes all ensphering round
The sacred altar; while whose tops were crown'd,
Divine Ulysses, on his country's breast
Laid bound in sleep, now rose out of his rest;

* Ἀμφικαλύπτω, *superinjicio aliquid tanquam tegmen seu operimentum.*

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Nor (being so long removed) the region knew.
Besides which absence yet, Minerva threw
A cloud about him, to make strange the more
His safe arrival, lest upon his shore
He should make known his face, and utter all
That might prevent th' event that was to fall.
Which she prepared so well, that not his wife,
Presented to him, should perceive his life;
No citizen, no friend, till righteous fate
Upon the wooers' wrongs were consummate.
Through which cloud all things show'd now to the king
Of foreign fashion: the enflower'd spring
Amongst the trees there; the perpetual waves;
The rocks, that did more high their foreheads raise
To his rapt eye than naturally they did;
And all the haven, in which a man seem'd hid
From wind and weather, when storms loudest chid.
He therefore, being risen, stood and view'd
His country earth; which, not perceived, he rued;
And, striking with his hurl'd-down hands his thighs,
He mourn'd, and said: "O me! Again where lies
My desert way? To wrongful men and rude,
And with no laws of human right endued?
Or are they human, and of holy minds?
What fits my deed with these so many kinds
Of goods late given? What with myself will floods
And errors do? I would to God, these goods
Had rested with their owners; and that I
Had fall'n on kings of more regality,
To grace out my return, that loved indeed,
And would have given me consorts of fit speed
To my distresses' ending! But, as now
All knowledge flies me where I may bestow
My labour'd purchase: here they shall not stay,
Lest what I cared for, others make their prey.
O Gods! I see the great Phæacians then
Were not all just and understanding men:
That land me elsewhere than their vaunts pretended;
Assuring me my country should see ended
My miseries told them, yet now eat their vaunts.
O Jove! great Guardian of poor suppliants,
That others sees, and notes too, shutting in
All in thy plagues that most presume on sin,
Revenge me on them. Let me number now
The goods they gave, to give my mind to know
If they have stolen none in their close retreat."
The goodly caldrons then, and tripods, set
In several ranks from out the heap, he told,
His rich wrought garments too, and all his gold,
And nothing lack'd; and yet this man did mourn
The but supposed miss of his home return,
And creeping to the shore with much complaint;
Minerva (like a shepherd, young, and quaint,
As kings' sons are, a double mantle cast
Athwart his shoulders, his fair goers graced
With fitted shoes, and in his hand a dart)
Appear'd to him, whose sight rejoiced his heart.
To whom he came, and said: "O friend! Since first
I meet your sight here, be all good the worst
That can join our encounter. Fare you fair,
Nor with adverse mind welcome my repair,
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.
As to a God I offer prayers to thee,
And low access make to thy loved knee.
Say truth, that I may know, what country then,
What common people live here, and what men?
Some famous isle is this? Or gives it vent,
Being near the sea, to some rich continent?"
She answer'd: "Stranger, whatsoe'er you are,
Y'are either foolish, or come passing far,
That know not this isle, and make that doubt trouble,
For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,

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But passing many know it; and so many,
That of all nations there abides not any,
From where the morning rises and the sun,
To where the even and night their courses run,
But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and rough,
And so for use of horse unapt enough,
Yet with sad* barrenness not much infested,
Since clouds are here in frequent rains digested,
And flowery dews. The compass is not great,
The little yet well-fill'd with wine and wheat.
It feeds a goat and ox well, being still
Water'd with floods, that ever over-fill
With heaven's continual showers; and wooded so,
It makes a spring of all the kinds that grow.
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name
Of this dominion makes access by fame
From this extreme part of Achaia
As far as Ilion, and 'tis Ithaca."
This joy'd him much, that so unknown a land
Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand
He carried, even of this joy, flown so high
That other end he put to his reply
Than straight to show that joy, and lay abroad
His life to strangers. Therefore he bestow'd
A veil on truth; for evermore did wind
About his bosom a most crafty mind,
Which thus his words show'd: "I have far at sea,
In spacious Crete, heard speak of Ithaca,
Of which myself, it seems, now reach the shore,
With these my fortunes; whose whole value more
I left in Crete amongst my children there,
From whence I fly for being the slaughterer
Of royal Idomen's most-loved son,
Swift-foot Orsilochus, that could out-run
Profess'd men for the race. Yet him I slew,
Because he would deprive me of my due
In Trojan prize; for which I suffer'd so
(The rude waves piercing) the redoubled woe
Of mind and body in the wars of men.
Nor did I gratify his father then
With any service, but, as well as he
Sway'd in command of other soldiery,
So, with a friend withdrawn, we waylaid him,
When gloomy night the cope of heaven did dim,
And no man knew; but, we lodged close, he came,
And I put out to him his vital flame.
Whose slaughter having author'd with my sword,
I instant flight made, and straight fell aboard
A ship of the renown'd Phœnician state;
When prayer, and pay at a sufficient rate,
Obtain'd my pass of men in her command;
Whom I enjoin'd to set me on the land
Of Pylos, or of Elis the divine,
Where the Epeians in great empire shine.
But force of weather check'd that course to them,
Though (loth to fail me) to their most extreme
They spent their willing powers. But, forced from thence,
We err'd, and put in here, with much expence
Of care and labour; and in dead of night,
When no man there served any appetite
So much as with the memory of food,
Though our estates exceeding needy stood.
But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleep
My weary powers invaded, and from ship
They fetching these my riches, with just hand
About me laid them, while upon the sand
Sleep bound my senses; and for Sidon they
(Put off from hence) made sail, while here I lay,
Left sad alone." The Goddess laugh'd, and took
His hand in hers, and with another look
(Assuming then the likeness of a dame,
Lovely and goodly, expert in the frame
Of virtuous housewiferies) she answer'd thus:
"He should be passing sly, and covetous
Of stealth,* in men's deceits, that coted thee
In any craft, though any God should be
Ambitious to exceed in subtilty.
Thou still-wit-varying wretch! Insatiate† In over-reaches: Not secure thy state

* Ἀνερὸς, *velut tristis, jejunaque naturâ.*

* Ἐπίκλοπος, *furandi avidus.*

† Ζχέτλιε ποικιλομῆτα, *varia et multiplicia habens consilia.*

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Without these wiles, though on thy native shore
Thou sett'st safe footing? but upon thy store
Of false words still spend, that even from thy birth
Have been thy best friends? Come, our either worth
Is known to either. Thou of men art far,
For words and counsels, the most singular;
But I above the Gods in both may boast
My still-tried faculties. Yet thou hast lost
The knowledge even of me, the seed of Jove,
Pallas Athenia, that have still out-strove
In all thy labours their extremes, and stood
Thy sure guard ever, making all thy good
Known to the good Phæacians, and received.
And now again I greet thee, to see weaved
Fresh counsels for thee; and will take on me
The close reserving of these goods for thee,
Which the renown'd Phæacian States bestow'd
At thy deduction homewards, only moved
With my both spirit and counsel. All which grace
I now will amplify, and tell what case
Thy household stands in; uttering all those pains
That of mere need yet still must rack thy veins.
Do thou then freely bear, nor one word give
To man nor dame to shew thou yet dost live,
But silent suffer over all again
Thy sorrows past, and bear the wrongs of men."
"Goddess," said he, "unjust men, and unwise,
That author injuries and vanities,
By vanities and wrongs should rather be
Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,
Than just and wise men. What delight hath heaven,
That lives unhurt itself, to suffer given
Up to all domage those poor few that strive
To imitate it, and like the Deities live?
But where you wonder that I know you not
Through all your changes, that skill is not got
By sleight or art, since thy most hard-hit face
Is still distinguish'd by thy free-given grace.
And therefore, truly to acknowledge thee
In thy encounters, is a mastery
In men most knowing; for to all men thou
Takest several likeness. All men think they know
Thee in their wits; but, since thy seeming view
Appears to all, and yet thy truth to few,
Through all thy changes to discern thee right
Asks chief love to thee, and inspired light.
But this I surely know; that some years past,
I have been often with thy presence graced,
All time the sons of Greece waged war at Troy;
But when Fate's full hour let our swords enjoy
Our vows in sack of Priam's lofty town,
Our ships all boarded, and when God had blown
Our fleet in sunder, I could never see
The seed of Jove, nor once distinguish thee
Boarding my ship, to take one woe from me.
But only in my proper spirit involved,
Err'd here and there, quite slain, till heaven dissolved
Me, and my ill; which chanced not, till thy grace
By open speech confirm'd me, in a place
Fruitful of people, where, in person, thou
Didst give me guide, and all their city show;
And that was the renown'd Phæacian earth.
Now then, even by the author of thy birth,
Vouchsafe my doubt the truth (for far it flies
My thoughts that thus should fall into mine eyes
Conspicuous Ithaca, but fear I touch
At some far shore, and that thy wit is such
Thou dost delude me) is it sure the same
Most honour'd earth that bears my country's name?"
"I see," said she, "thou wilt be ever thus
In every worldly good incredulous.
And therefore have no more the power to see
Frail life more plagued with infelicity
In one so eloquent, ingenious, wise.
Another man, that so long miseries

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Had kept from his loved home, and thus return'd
To see his house, wife, children, would have burn'd
In headlong lust to visit. Yet t' inquire
What states they hold, affects not thy desire,
Till thou hast tried if in thy wife there be
A sorrow wasting days and nights for thee
In loving tears, that then the sight may prove
A full reward for either's mutual love.
But I would never credit in you both
Least cause of sorrow; but well knew the troth
Of this thine own return, though all thy friends,
I knew as well, should make returnless ends.
Yet would not cross mine uncle Neptune so
To stand their safeguard, since so high did go
His wrath for thy extinction of the eye
Of his loved son. Come then, I'll shew thee why
I call this isle thy Ithaca, to ground
Thy credit on my words: This haven is own'd
By th' aged sea-god Phorcys, in whose brow
This is the olive with the ample bough,
And here, close by, the pleasant-shaded cave
That to the Fount-Nymphs th' Ithacensians gave,
As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run
The large and cover'd den, where thou hast done
Hundreds of offerings to the Naiades.
Here Mount Neritus shakes his curled tress
Of shady woods." This said, she clear'd the cloud
That first deceived his eyes; and all things show'd
His country to him. Glad he stood with sight
Of his loved soil, and kiss'd it with delight;
And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid
(With hands held up to heaven) these vows, and said:
"Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great seed of Jove,
I had conceit that never more should move
Your sight in these spheres of my erring eyes;
And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice
Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more
I pay your names in offerings as before;
Which here I vow, if Jove's benign descent
The mighty Pillager, with life convent
My person home, and to my saved decease
Of my loved son's sight add the sweet increase."
"Be confident," said Pallas, "nor oppress
Thy spirits with care of these performances;
But these thy fortunes let us straight repose
In this divine cave's bosom, that may close
Reserve their value; and we then may see
How best to order other acts to thee."
Thus enter'd she the light-excluding cave,
And through it sought some inmost nook to save
The gold, the great brass, and robes richly-wrought,
Given to Ulysses. All which in he brought,
Laid down in heap; and she imposed a stone
Close to the cavern's mouth. Then sat they on
The sacred olive's root, consulting how
To act th' insulting wooers' overthrow;
When Pallas said: "Examine now the means
That best may lay hand on the impudence
Of those proud wooers, that have now three years
Thy roof's rule sway'd, and been bold offerers
Of suit and gifts to thy renowned wife,
Who for thy absence all her desolate life
Dissolves in tears till thy desired return.
Yet all her wooers, while she thus doth mourn,
She holds in hope, and every one affords
(In fore-sent message) promise; but her words
Bear other utterance than her heart approves."
"O Gods," said Ithacus, "it now behoves
My fate to end me in the ill decease
That Agamemnon underwent, unless
You tell me, and in time, their close intents.
Advise then means to be revenged events
We both resolve on. Be thyself so kind
To stand close to me, and but such a mind
Breathe in my bosom, as when th' Ilion towers
We tore in cinders. O if equal powers
Thou wouldst enflame amids my nerves as then,
I could encounter with three hundred men,
Thy only self, great Goddess, had to friend,
In those brave ardours thou wert wont t' extend."

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"I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,
"Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me.
When both whose powers combine, I hope the bloods
And brains of some of these that waste thy goods
Shall strew thy goodly pavements. Join we then;
I first will render thee unknown to men,
And on thy solid lineaments make dry
Thy now smooth skin; thy bright-brown curls imply
In hoary mattings; thy broad shoulders clothe
In such a cloak as every eye shall lothe;
Thy bright eyes blear and wrinkle; and so change
Thy form at all parts, that thou shalt be strange
To all the wooers, thy young son, and wife.
But to thy herdsman first present thy life,
That guards thy swine, and wisheth well to thee,
That loves thy son and wife Penelope.
Thy search shall find him set aside his herd,
That are with taste-delighting acorns rear'd,
And drink the dark-deep water of the spring,
Bright Arethusa, the most nourishing
Raiser of herds. There stay, and, taking seat
Aside thy herdsman, of the whole state treat
Of home occurrents; while I make access
To fair-dame-breeding Sparta, for regress
Of loved Telemachus, who went in quest
Of thy loved fame, and lived the welcome guest
Of Menelaus." The much-knower said:
"Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave breast is bred
The art to order all acts, tell in this
His error to him? Let those years of his
Amids the rude seas wander, and sustain
The woes there raging, while unworthy men
Devour his fortunes?" "Let not care extend
Thy heart for him," said she, "myself dispend
His person in thy search, to set his worth
By good fame blown, to such a distance forth.
Nor suffers he in any least degree
The grief you fear; but all variety
That plenty can yield in her quietest fare,
In Menelaus' court, doth sit and share.
In whose return from home, the wooers yet
Lay bloody ambush, and a ship have set
To sea, to intercept his life before
He touch again his birth's attempted shore
All which, my thoughts say, they shall never do,
But rather, that the earth shall overgo
Some one at least of these love-making men,
By which thy goods so much impair sustain."
Thus using certain secret words to him,
She touch'd him with her rod; and every limb
Was hid all-over with a wither'd skin;
His bright eyes blear'd; his brow curls white and thin;
And all things did an aged man present.
Then, for his own weeds, shirt and coat, all-rent,
Tann'd, and all-sootied with noisome smoke,
She put him on; and, over all, a cloke
Made of a stag's huge hide, of which was worn
The hair quite off; a scrip, all patch'd and torn,
Hung by a cord, oft broke and knit again;
And with a staff did his old limbs sustain.
Thus having both consulted of th' event,
They parted both; and forth to Sparta went
The gray-eyed Goddess, to see all things done
That appertain'd to wise Ulysses' son.

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES meets amids the field
His swain Eumæus; who doth yield
Kind guest-rites to him, and relate
Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.

ANOTHER.

Ulysses fains
For his true good:
His pious swain's
Faith understood.

BUT he the rough way took from forth the port,
Through woods and hill-tops, seeking the resort
Where Pallas said divine Eumæus lived;
Who of the fortunes, that were first achieved
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,
Had more true care than all his prosylites.*
He found him sitting in his cottage door,
Where he had raised to every airy blore
A front of great height, and in such a place
That round ye might behold, of circular grace
A walk so wound about it; which the swain
(In absence of his far-gone sovereign)
Had built himself, without his queen's supply,
Or old Laertes', to see safely lie
His housed herd. The inner part he wrought
Of stones, that thither his own labours brought,
Which with an hedge of thorn he fenced about,
And compass'd all the hedge with pales cleft out
Of sable oak, that here and there he fix'd
Frequent and thick. Within his yard he mix'd
Twelve styes to lodge his herd; and every stye
Had room and use for fifty swine to lie;
But those were females all. The male swine slept
Without doors ever; nor was their herd kept
Fair like the females', since they suffer'd still
Great diminution, he being forced to kill
And send the fattest to the dainty feasts
Affected by th' ungodly wooing guests.
Their number therefore but three hundred were
And sixty. By them mastiffs, as austere
As savage beasts, lay ever; their fierce strain
Bred by the herdsman, a mere prince of men,
Their number four. Himself was then applied
In cutting forth a fair-hued ox's hide,
To fit his feet with shoes. His servants held
Guard of his swine; three, here and there, at field,
The fourth he sent to city with a sow,
Which must of force be offer'd to the vow
The wooers made to all satiety,
To serve which still they did those offerings ply.
The fate-born dogs to bark† took sudden view
Of Odysseus, and upon him flew
With open mouth. He, cunning to appal
A fierce dog's fury, from his hand let fall
His staff to earth, and sat him careless down.
And yet to him had one foul wrong been shown
Where most his right lay; had not instantly
The herdsman let his hide fall, and his cry
(With frequent stones flung at the dogs) repell'd
This way and that their eager course they held;
When through the entry past, he thus did mourn:
"O father! How soon had you near been torn

* Πρόσυλος, *materiæ adhærens: item, qui rebus mundanis deditus est.*

† Ὑλακόμορος, *ad latrandum fato quodam natus.*

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By these rude dogs, whose hurt had branded me
With much neglect of you! But Deity
Hath given so many other sighs and cares
To my attendant state, that well unwares
You might be hurt for me, for here I lie
Grieving and mourning for the Majesty
That, God-like, wonted to be ruling here;
Since now I fat his swine for others' cheer,
Where he, perhaps, errs hungry up and down,
In countries, nations, cities, all unknown;
If any where he lives yet, and doth see
The sun's sweet beams. But, father, follow me,
That, cheer'd with wine and food, you may disclose
From whence you truly are, and all the woes
Your age is subject to." This said, he led
Into his cottage, and of osiers spread
A thicken'd hurdle, on whose top he strow'd
A wild-goat's shaggy skin, and then bestow'd
His own couch on it, that was soft and great.
Ulysses joy'd to see him so entreat
His uncouth presence, saying: "Jove requite,
And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight
Thou most desirest, thy kind receipt of me,
O friend to humane hospitality."
Eumæus answer'd: "Guest! If one much worse
Arrived here than thyself, it were a curse
To my poor means, to let a stranger taste
Contempt for fit food. Poor men, and unplaced
In free seats of their own, are all from Jove
Commended to our entertaining love.
But poor is th' entertainment I can give,
Yet free and loving. Of such men as live
The lives of servants, and are still in fear
Where young lords govern, this is all the cheer
They can afford a stranger. There was one
That used to manage this now desert throne,
To whom the Gods deny return, that show'd
His curious favour to me, and bestow'd
Possessions on me, a most-wished wife,
A house, and portion, and a servant's life,
Fit for the gift a gracious king should give;
Who still took pains himself, and God made thrive
His personal endeavour, and to me
His work the more increased, in which you see
I now am conversant. And therefore
His hand had help'd me, had Heaven been such,
He might have here grown old. But gone,
And would to God the whole successi
Of Helen might go with him, since f
So many men died, whose fate did co
My liege to Troy, in Agamemnon's g
To spoil her people, and her t race."
This said, his coat to him he straig gird,
And to his styes went that contain herd;
From whence he took out two, slew and cut
Both fairly up; a fire enflamed, and
To spit the joints; which roasted we set
With spit and all to him, that he mig
From thence his food in all the sin heat,
Yet dredged it first with flour; then his cup
With good sweet wine; sat then, cheer'd him up:
"Eat now, my guest, such lean swi are meat
For us poor swains; the fat the w eat,
In whose minds no shame, no rer doth move,
Though well they know the blest do not love
Ungodly actions, but respect the rig
And in the works of pious men deligh
But these are worse than impious, for
That vow t' injustice, and profess foes
To other nations, enter on their land
And Jupiter (to shew his punishing h
Upon th' invaded, for their penance
Gives favour to their foes, though w men,
To make their prey on them; who, freight
Their ships with spoil enough, weigh straight,
And each man to his house (and ye these,
Doth powerful fear of God's just veng seize
Even for that prize in which they so re
But these men, knowing (having hea voice
Of God by some means) that sad deat reft
The ruler here, will never suffer left

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Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take
Her often answer, and their own roofs make
Their fit retreats; but (since uncheck'd they may)
They therefore will, make still his goods their prey
Without all spare or end. There is no day
Nor night sent out from God, that ever they
Profane with one beast's blood, or only two,
But more make spoil of; and the wrongs they do
In meat's excess, to wine as well extend,
Which as excessively their riots spend,
Yet still leave store; for sure his means were great;
And no heroe, that hath choicest seat
Upon the fruitful neighbour continent,
Or in this isle itself, so opulent
Was as Ulysses; no, nor twenty such,
Put altogether, did possess so much.
Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to every head:
Upon the continent he daily fed
Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of sheep,
As many herds of swine, stalls large and steep,
And equal sort of goats, which tenants there,
And his own shepherds kept. Then fed he here
Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath yield
In the extreme part of a neighbour field.
Each stall his herdsman hath, an honest swain,
Yet every one must every day sustain
The load of one beast (the most fat, and best
Of all the stall-fed) to the wooers' feast.
And I, for my part, of the swine I keep
(With four more herdsmen) every day help steep
The wooers' appetites in blood of one,
The most select our choice can fall upon."
To this Ulysses gave good ear, and fed,
And drunk his wine, and vex'd, and ravished
His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill
His stomach sow'd, to hear his goods go still
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,
And stomach fed to satisfaction;
He drunk a full bowl, all of only wine,
And gave it to the guardian of his swine,
Who took it, and rejoiced; to whom he said:
"O friend, who is it that, so rich, hath paid
Price for thy service, whose commended power,
Thou say'st, to grace the Grecian conquerour,
At Ilion perish'd? Tell me; it may fall
I knew some such. The great God knows, and all
The other deathless Godheads, if I can,
Far having travell'd, tell of such a man."
Eumæus answer'd: "Father, never one,
Of all the strangers that have touch'd upon
This coast, with his life's news could ever yet
Of queen, or loved son, any credit get.
These travellers, for clothes, or for a meal,
At all adventures, any lie will tell.
Nor do they trade for truth. Not any man
That saw the people Ithacensian,
Of all their sort, and had the queen's supplies,
Did ever tell her any news, but lies.
She graciously receives them yet, inquires
Of all she can, and all in tears expires.
It is th' accustom'd law, that women keep,
Their husbands elsewhere dead, at home to weep.
But do thou quickly, father, forge a tale;
Some coat, or cloak, to keep thee warm withal,
Perhaps some one may yield thee; but for him,
Vultures and dogs have torn from every limb
His porous skin, and forth his soul is fled,
His corse at sea to fishes forfeited;
Or on the shore lies hid in heaps of sand,
And there hath he his ebb, his native strand
With friends' tears flowing. But to me past all
Were tears created; for I never shall
Find so humane a royal master more,
Whatever sea I seek, whatever shore.
Nay, to my father, or my mother's love
Should I return, by whom I breathe and move,
Could I so much joy offer; nor these eyes
(Though my desires sustain extremities
For their sad absence) would so fain be blest
With sight of their lives, in my native nest,
As with Ulysses dead; in whose last rest,
O friend, my soul shall love him. He's not here,
Nor do I name him like a flatterer,

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But as one thankful for his love and care
To me a poor man ; in the rich so rare.
And be he past all shores where sun can shine,
I will invoke him as a soul divine."
"O friend," said he, "to say, and to believe,
He cannot live, doth too much license give
To incredulity ; for, not to speak
At needy random, but my breath to break
In sacred oath, Ulysses shall return.
And when his sight recomforts those that mourn
In his own roofs, then give me cloak, and coat,
And garments worthy of a man of note.
Before which, though need urged me never so,
I'll not receive a thread, but naked go.
No less I hate him than the gates of hell
That poorness can force an untruth to tell.
Let Jove then (heaven's chief God) just witness bear ;
And this thy hospitable table here ;
Together with unblamed Ulysses' house,
In which I find receipt so gracious,
What I affirm'd of him shall all be true.
This instant year thine eyes even here shall view
Thy lord Ulysses. Nay, ere this month's end,
Return'd full home, he shall revenge extend
To every one, whose ever deed hath done
Wrong to his wife and his illustrious son."
"O father," he replied, "I'll neither give
Thy news reward, nor doth Ulysses live.
But come, enough of this, let's drink and eat,
And never more his memory repeat.
It grieves my heart to be remember'd thus
By any one, of one so glorious.
But stand your oath in your assertion strong,
And let Ulysses come, for whom I long ;
For whom his wife, for whom his aged sire,
For whom his son consumes his god-like fire ;
Whose chance I now must mourn, and ever shall.
Whom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
As any upright plant, and I had said
He would amongst a court of men have sway'd
In counsels, and for form have been admired
Even with his father, some God misinspired,
Or man took from him his own equal mind,
And pass'd him for the Pylian shore to find
His long-lost father. In return from whence,
The wooers' pride waylays his innocence ;
That of divine Arcesius all the race
May fade to Ithaca, and not the grace
Of any name left to it. But leave we
His state, however ; if surprised he be,
Or if he scape : and may Saturnius' hand
Protect him safely to his native land.
Do you then, father, shew your griefs, and cause
Of your arrival here ; nor break the laws
That truth prescribes you, but relate your name
And of what race you are, your father's fame,
And native city's ; ship and men unfold
That to this isle convey'd you, since I hold
Your here arrival was not all by shore,
Nor that your feet your aged person bore."
He answer'd him : "I'll tell all strictly true,
If time, and food, and wine enough, accrue
Within your roof to us, that freely we
May sit and banquet. Let your business be
Discharged by others ; for, when all is done,
I cannot easely, while the year doth run
His circle round, run over all the woes,
Beneath which, by the course the Gods dispose,
My sad age labours. First, I'll tell you then,
From ample Crete I fetch my native strain ;
My father wealthy, whose house many a life
Brought forth and bred besides by his true wife.
But me a bond-maid bore, his concubine.
Yet tender'd was I as his lawful line
By him of whose race I my life profess,
Castor his name, surnamed Hylacides.
A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan state
For goods, good children, and his fortunate
Success in all acts, of no mean esteem.
But death-conferring Fates have banish'd him
To Pluto's kingdom. After whom his sons
By lots divided his possessions,
And gave me passing little ; yet bestow'd
A house on me, to which my virtues woo'd
A wife from rich men's roofs ; nor was borne low,
Nor last in fight, though all nerves fail me now.
But I suppose that you, by thus much seen,
Know by the stubble what the corn hath been.

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For, past all doubt, affliction past all mean
Hath brought my age on ; but, in seasons past,
Both Mars and Pallas have with boldness graced,
And fortitude, my fortunes, when I chused
Choice men for ambush, prest to have produced
Ill to mine enemies ; my too venturous spirit
Set never death before mine eyes, for merit.
But, far the first advanced still, still I strook
Dead with my lance whoever overtook
My speed of foot. Such was I then for war.
But rustic actions ever fled me far,
And household thrift ; which breeds a famous race.
In oar-driven ships did I my pleasures place,
In battles, light darts, arrows : sad things all,
And into others' thoughts with horror fall.
But what God put into my mind, to me
I still esteem'd as my felicity.
As men of several metals are address'd,
So several forms are in their souls impress'd.
Before the sons of Greece set foot in Troy,
Nine times, in chief, I did command enjoy
Of men and ships against our foreign foe,
And all I fitly wish'd succeeded so.
Yet, after this, I much exploit achieved,
When straight my house in all possessions thrived.
Yet, after that, I great and reverend grew
Amongst the Cretans, till the Thunderer drew
Our forces out in his foe-Troy decrees ;
A hateful service that dissolved the knees
Of many a soldier. And to this was I,
And famous Idomen, enjoin'd to apply
Our ships and powers. Nor was there to be heard
One reason for denial, so preferr'd
Was the unreasonable people's rumour.
Nine years we therefore fed the martial humour,
And in the tenth, de-peopling Priam's town,
We sail'd for home. But God had quickly blown
Our fleet in pieces ; and to wretched me
The counsellor Jove did much mishap decree.
For, only one month, I had leave t' enjoy
My wife and children, and my goods t' employ.
But, after this, my mind for Ægypt stood,
When nine fair ships I rigg'd forth for the flood,
Mann'd them with noble soldiers, all things fit
For such a voyage soon were won to it.
Yet six days after stay'd my friends in feast,
While I in banquets to the Gods addrest
Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.
The seventh, we boarded ; and the Northern skies
Lent us a frank and passing prosperous gale,
'Fore which we bore as free and easy sail
As we had back'd a full and frolic tide ;
Nor felt one ship misfortune for her pride ;
But safe we sat, our sailors and the wind
Consenting in our convoy. When heaven shined
In sacred radiance of the fifth fair day,
To sweetly-water'd Egypt reach'd our way,
And there we anchor'd ; where I charged my men
To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing then
Some scouts to get the hill-tops, and discover,
They (to their own intemperance given over)
Straight fell to forage the rich fields, and thence
Enforce both wives and infants, with th' expence
Of both their bloods. When straight the rumour flew
Up to the city. Which heard, up they drew
By day's first break, and all the field was fill'd
With foot and horse, whose arms did all things gild.
And then the lightning-loving Deity cast
A foul flight on my soldiers ; nor stood fast
One man of all. About whom mischief stood,
And with his stern steel drew in streams the blood
The greater part fed in their dissolute veins ;
The rest were saved, and made enthralled swains
To all the basest usages there bred.
And then, even Jove himself supplied my head
With saving counsel ; though I wish'd to die,
And there in Egypt with their slaughters lie

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So much grief seized me; but Jove made me yield,
Dishelm my head, take from my neck my shield,
Hurl from my hand my lance, and to the troop
Of horse the king led instantly made up,
Embrace, and kiss his knees; whom pity won
To give me safety, and (to make me shun
The people's outrage, that made in amain,
All jointly fired with thirst to see me slain)
He took me to his chariot, weeping, home,
Himself with fear of Jove's wrath overcome;
Who yielding souls receives, and takes most ill
All such as well may save yet love to kill.
Seven years I sojourn'd here, and treasure gat
In good abundance of th' Egyptian state;
For all would give; but when th' eighth year began,
A knowing fellow (that would gnaw a man*
Like to a vermin, with his hellish brain,
And many an honest soul even quick had slain,
Whose name was Phœnix) close accosted me,
And with insinuations, such as he
Practised on others, my consent he gain'd
To go into Phœnicia, where remain'd
His house, and living. And with him I lived
A complete year; but when were all arrived,
The months and days, and that the year again
Was turning round, and every season's reign
Renew'd upon us, we for Libya went;
When, still inventing crafts to circumvent,
He made pretext that I should only go
And help convey his freight; but thought not so;
For his intent was to have sold me there
And made good gain for finding me a year.
Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this;
For, being aboard his ship, I must be his
Of strong necessity. She ran the flood
(Driven with a northern gale, right free, and good)
Amids the full stream, full on Crete. But then
Jove plotted death to him and all his men.

'Ανὴρ ἀπατήλια εἰδὼς, τρώκτης.

For (put off quite from Crete, and so
gone
That shore was lost, and we set eye
none,
But all shew'd heaven and sea) above
keel
Jove pointed right a cloud as black as
Beneath which all the sea hid, and
whence
Jove thunder'd as his hand would
thence,
And thick into our ship he threw his
That 'gainst a rock, or flat, her keel
dash
With headlong rapture.* Of the sulphur
Her bulk did savour; and her men let
Amids the surges, on which all lay tost
Like sea-gulls, round about her sides,
lost.
And so God took all home-return
them.
But Jove himself, though plunged in
extreme,
Recover'd me by thrusting on my hand
The ship's long mast. And, that my
might stand
A little more up, I embraced it round;
And on the rude winds, that did
sound,
Nine days we hover'd. In the tenth
night
A huge sea cast me on Thesprotia's
Where the heroe Phidon, that was
Of all the Thesprots, gave my
relief,
Without the price of that redemption†
That Phœnix fish'd for. Where the
loved son
Came to me, took me by the hand, and
Into his court my poor life, surfeited
With cold and labour; and because
wrack
Chanced on his father's shore, he let
lack
My plight or coat, or cloak, or anything
Might cherish heat in me. And here
king
Said, he received Ulysses as his guest,
Observed him friend-like, and his
addrest
Home to his country, shewing there to
Ulysses' goods, a very treasury
Of brass, and gold, and steel of
frame.
And to the tenth succession of his name

* 'Ελελίχθη, *quit errans rapido motu*
† 'Απριάτην, *sine emptionis seu redemptio*
pretio.

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He laid up wealth enough, to serve beside
In that king's house, so hugely amplified
His treasure was. But from his court the king
Affirm'd him shipp'd for the Dodonean spring,
To hear, from out the high-hair'd oak of Jove,
Counsel from him for means to his remove
To his loved country, whence so many a year
He had been absent; if he should appear
Disguised, or manifest; and further swore
In his mid court, at sacrifice, before
These very eyes, that he had ready there
Both ship and soldiers, to attend and bear
Him to his country. But, before, it chanced
That a Thesprotian ship was to be lanch'd
For the much-corn-renown'd Dulichian land,
In which the king gave to his men command
To take, and bring me under tender hand
To king Acastus. But, in ill design
Of my poor life, did their desires combine,
So far forth, as might ever keep me under
In fortune's hands, and tear my state in sunder.
And when the water-treader far away
Had left the land, then plotted they the day
Of my long servitude, and took from me
Both coat and cloak, and all things that might be
Grace in my habit, and in place put on
These tatter'd rags, which now you see upon
My wretched bosom. When heaven's light took sea,*
They fetch'd the field-works of fair Ithaca,
And in the arm'd ship, with a well-wreath'd cord,
They straitly bound me, and did all disboard
To shore to supper, in contentious rout.
Yet straight the Gods themselves took from about
My pressed limbs the bands, with equal ease,
And I, my head in rags wrapp'd, took the seas,
Descending by the smooth stern, using then
My hands for oars, and made from these bad men
Long way in little time. At last, I fetch'd,
A goodly grove of oaks, whose shore I reach'd,
And cast me prostrate on it. When they knew
My thus-made scape, about the shores they flew,
But, soon not finding, held it not their best
To seek me further, but return'd to rest
Aboard their vessel. Me the Gods lodged close,
Conducting me into the safe repose
A good man's stable yielded. And thus Fate
This poor hour added to my living date."
"O wretch of guests," said he, "thy tale hath stirr'd
My mind to much ruth, both how thou hast err'd
And suffer'd, hearing in such good parts shown.
But what thy changed relation would make known
About Ulysses, I hold neither true,
Nor will believe. And what need'st thou pursue
A lie so rashly, since he sure is so
As I conceive, for which my skill shall go.
The safe return my king lacks cannot be,
He is so envied of each Deity,
So clear, so cruelly. For not in Troy
They gave him end, nor let his corpse enjoy
The hands of friends (which well they might have done,
He managed arms to such perfection,
And should have had his sepulchre, and all,
And all the Greeks to grace his funeral:
And this had given a glory to his son
Through all times future); but his head is run
Unseen, unhonour'd, into Harpies' maws.
For my part, I'll not meddle with the cause;
I live a separate life amongst my swine,
Come at no town for any need of mine,
Unless the circularly-witted queen*
(When any far-come guest is to be seen
That brings her news) commands me bring a brawn,
About which (all things being in question drawn
That touch the king) they sit; and some are sad
For his long absence, some again are glad

* At sunset.

* Περίφρων.

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To waste his goods unwreak'd: all talking still.
But, as for me, I nourish'd little will
T' inquire or question of him, since the man
That feign'd himself the fled Ætolian,
For slaughtering one, through many regions stray'd,
In my stall, as his diversory, stay'd.
Where well entreating him, he told me then,
Amongst the Cretans, with king Idomen,
He saw Ulysses at his ship's repair,
That had been brush'd with the enraged air;
And that in summer, or in autumn, sure,
With all his brave friends and rich furniture,
He would be here; and nothing so, nor so.
But thou, an old man, taught with so much woe
As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,
And brought by his fate, do not here pursue
His gratulations with thy cunning lies;
Thou canst not soak so through my faculties.
For I did never either honour thee
Or give thee love to bring these tales to me;
But in my fear of hospitable Jove
Thou didst to this pass my affections move."
"You stand exceeding much incredulous,"
Replied Ulysses, "to have witness'd thus
My word and oath, yet yield no trust at all.
But make we now a covenant here, and call
The dreadful Gods to witness that take seat
In large Olympus: if your king's retreat
Prove made, even hither, you shall furnish me
With cloak, and coat, and make my passage free
For loved Dulichius: if, as fits my vow,
Your king return not, let your servants throw
My old limbs headlong from some rock most high,
That other poor men may take fear to lie."
The herdsman, that had gifts in him divine,
Replied: "O guest, how shall this fame of mine
And honest virtue, amongst men, remain
Now, and hereafter, without worthy stain,
If I, that led thee to my hovel here,
And made thee fitting hospitable cheer,
Should after kill thee, and thy lov mind
Force from thy bones? Or how shou stand inclined
With any faith my will t' importune Jove
In any prayer hereafter for his love?
Come, now 'tis supper's hour, and insta haste
My men will make home, when our swe repast
We'll taste together." This discourse th held
In mutual kind, when from a neighbo field
His swine and swine-herds came, who their cotes
Inclosed their herds for sleep, which migh throats
Laid out in entering. Then the God-li swain
His men enjoin'd thus: "Bring me to slain
A chief swine female for my strang guest;
When altogether we will take our feast,
Refreshing now our spirits, that all d take
Pains in our swine's good, who may the fore make
For our pains with them all, amends w one;
Since others eat our labours, and ta none."
This said, his sharp steel hew'd down woo and they
A passing fat swine haled out of the sty,
Of five years old, which to the fire th put.
When first Eumæus from the front cut
The sacred hair, and cast it in the fire,
Then pray'd to heaven; for still bef desire
Was served with food, in their so ru abodes,
Not the poor swine-herd would forget Gods.
Good souls they bore, how bad soe were
The habits that their bodies' parts bear.
When all, the deathless Deities besough That wise Ulysses might be safely brou Home to his house; then with a log oak
Left lying by, high lifting it, a stroke
He gave so deadly it made life expire.
Then cut the rest her throat, and all fire

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They hid and singed her, cut her up; and then,
The master took the office from the men,
Who on the altar did the parts impose
That served for sacrifice; beginning close
About the belly, thorough which he went.
And all (the chief fat gathering) gave it vent
(Part dredged with flour) into the sacred flame;
Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,
Drew all from spit, and served in dishes all.
Then rose Eumæus (who was general
In skill to guide each act his fit event)
And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went
To service of the Nymphs and Mercury;
To whose names he did rites of piety
In vows particular; and all the rest
He shared to every one; but his loved guest
He graced with all the chine, and of that king,
To have his heart cheer'd, set up every string.
Which he observing said: "I would to Jove,
Eumæus, thou livedst in his worthy love
As great as mine, that givest to such a guest
As my poor self of all thy goods the best."
Eumæus answer'd: "Eat, unhappy wretch,
And to what here is at thy pleasure reach.
This I have, this thou want'st; thus God will give,
Thus take away, in us, and all that live.
To his will's equal centre all things fall;
His mind he must have, for he can do all."
Thus having eat, and to his wine descended,
Before he served his own thirst, he commended
The first use of it in fit sacrifice
(As of his meat) to all the Deities;
And to the city-racer's hand applied
The second cup, whose place was next his side.
Mesaulius did distribute the meat,
(To which charge was Eumæus solely set,
In absence of Ulysses, by the queen
And old Laertes) and this man had been
Bought by Eumæus, with his faculties,
Employ'd then in the Taphian merchandise.
But now, to food apposed, and order'd thus,
All fell. Desire sufficed, Mesaulius
Did take away. For bed then next they were,
All throughly satisfied with complete cheer.
The night then came, ill, and no taper shined;
Jove rain'd her whole date; th' ever-watery wind
Zephyr blew loud; and Laertiades
(Approving kind Eumæus' carefulness
For his whole good) made far about assay,
To get some cast-off cassock (lest he lay
That rough night cold) of him, or any one
Of those his servants; when he thus begun:
"Hear me, Eumæus, and my other friends,
I'll use a speech that to my glory tends,
Since I have drunk wine past my usual guise,
Strong wine commands the fool and moves the wise.
Moves and impels him too to sing and dance,
And break in pleasant laughters; and, perchance,
Prefer a speech too that were better in.
But when my spirits once to speak begin,
I shall not then dissemble. Would to heaven,
I were as young, and had my forces driven
As close together, as when once our powers
We led to ambush under th' Ilion towers;
Where Ithacus and Menelaus were
The two commanders, when it pleased them there
To take myself for third; when to the town
And lofty walls we led, we couch'd close down,
All arm'd, amids the osiers and the reeds,
Which oftentimes th' o'er-flowing river feeds.
The cold night came, and th' icy northern gale
Blew bleak upon us, after which did fall
A snow so cold, it cut as in it beat
A frozen water, which was all concrete
About our shields like crystal. All made fain
Above our arms to clothe, and clothe again.

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And so we made good shift, our shields beside
Clapp'd close upon our clothes, to rest and hide
From all discovery. But I, poor fool,
Left my weeds with my men, because so cool
I thought it could not prove; which thought my pride
A little strengthen'd, being loth to hide
A goodly glittering garment I had on;
And so I follow'd with my shield alone,
And that brave weed. But when the night near ended
Her course on earth, and that the stars descended
I jogg'd Ulysses, who lay passing near,
And spake to him, that had a nimble ear,
Assuring him, that long I could not lie
Amongst the living, for the fervency
Of that sharp night would kill me, since as then
My evil angel made me with my men
Leave all weeds but a fine one. But I know
'Tis vain to talk; here wants all remedy now.
This said, he bore that understanding part
In his prompt spirit that still show'd his art
In fight and counsel, saying (in a word,
And that low-whisper'd) peace, lest you afford
Some Greek note of your softness. No word more,
But made as if his stern austerity bore
My plight no pity; yet, as still he lay
His head reposing on his hand, gave way
To this invention: 'Hear me friends, a dream
(That was of some celestial light a beam)
Stood in my sleep before me, prompting me
With this fit notice: 'We are far,' said he,
'From out our fleet. Let one go then, and try
If Agamemnon will afford supply
To what we now are strong.' This stirr'd a speed
In Thoas to th' affair; whose purple weed
He left for haste; which then I took, and lay
In quiet after, till the dawn of day.
This shift Ulysses made for one in need,
And would to heaven, that youth such spirit did feed

Now in my nerves, and that my joints w
knit
With such a strength as made me t
held fit
To lead men with Ulysses. I sho
then
Seem worth a weed that fits a herdsm
men;
For two respects, to gain a than
friend,
And to a good man's need a g
extend."
"O father," said Eumæus, "thou
shown
Good cause for us to give thee good
nown,
Not using any word that was
freed
From all least ill. Thou, therefore, s
not need
Or coat, or other thing, that aptly ma
Beseem a wretched suppliant for defra
Of this night's need. But, when her go
throne
The morn ascends, you must resume
own;
For here you must not dream of n
weeds,
Or any change at all. We serve
needs
As you do yours: one back, one
But when
Ulysses' loved son returns, he then
Shall give you coat and cassock,
bestow
Your person where your heart and so
now."
This said, he rose, made near the fir
bed,
Which all with goats' and sheep-skin
bespread.
All which Ulysses with himself did lin
With whom, besides, he changed a g
dine,
Thick lined, and soft; which still he
his shift
When he would dress him 'gainst
horrid drift
Of tempest, when deep winter's s
blows.
Nor pleased it him to lie there wit
sows;
But while Ulysses slept there, and
by
The other younkers, he abroad
lie,
And therefore arm'd him. Whic
cheerful fare
Before Ulysses' heart, to see such car

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Of his goods taken, how far off soever
His fate, his person, and his wealth should sever.
First then, a sharp-edged sword he girt about
His well-spread shoulders, and (to shelter out
The sharp West wind that blew) he put him on
A thick-lined jacket; and yet cast upon
All that the large hide of a goat well-fed.
A lance then took he, with a keen steel head,
To be his keep-off both 'gainst men and dogs.
And thus went he to rest with his male hogs,
That still abroad lay underneath a rock,
Shield to the North wind's ever eager shock.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

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THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA to his native seat
Exhorts Ulysses' son's retreat,
In bed, and waking. He receives
Gifts of Atrides, and so leaves
The Spartan court. And, going aboard,
Doth favourable way afford
To Theoclymenus, that was
The Argive augur, and sought pass,
Fled for a slaughter he had done.
Eumæus tells Laertes' son,
How he became his father's man,
Being sold by the Phœnician
For some agreed-on faculties,
From forth the Syrian Isle made prise.
Telemachus, arrived at home,
Doth to Eumæus' cottage come.

ANOTHER.

O. From Sparta's strand
Makes safe access
To his own land
Ulyssides.

IN Lacedæmon,* large, and apt for dances,
Athenian Pallas her access advances
Up to the great-in-soul Ulysses' seed,
Suggesting his return now fit for deed.
She found both him and Nestor's noble son
In bed, in front of that fair mansion,
Nestorides surprised with pleasing sleep,
But on the watch Ulysses' son did keep;
Sleep could not enter, cares did so excite
His soul, through all the solitary night,
For his loved father. To him, near, she said:
"Telemachus! 'Tis time that now were stay'd
Thy foreign travels; since thy goods are free
For those proud men that all will eat from thee;
Divide thy whole possessions, and leave
Thy too-late presence nothing to receive.
Incite the shrill-voiced Menelaus then,
To send thee to thy native seat again,
While thou mayst yet find in her hono
strong
Thy blameless mother, 'gainst thy fathe
wrong.
For both the father, and the brothers too
Of thy loved mother, will not suffer so
Extended any more her widow's bed,
But make her now her richest wooer wel
Eurymachus, who chiefly may augment
Her gifts, and make her jointure eminen
And therefore haste thee, lest, in t
despite,
Thy house stand empty of thy native rig
For well thou know'st what mind a wom
bears;
The house of him, whoever she endears
Herself in nuptials to, she sees increased
The issue of her first loved lord deceased
Forgotten quite, and never thought
more.
In thy return then, the re-counted store
Thou find'st reserved, to thy most trust
maid
Commit in guard, till heaven's powers ha
purvey'd
A wife, in virtue and in beauty's grace,
Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place.
And this note more I'll give thee, whi
repose
In sure remembrance: The best sort
those
That woo thy mother watchful scouts
dress,
Both in the straits of th' Ithacensian sea
And dusty Samos, with intent t' invade
And take thy life, ere thy return be mad
Which yet I think will fail, and some
them
That waste thy fortunes taste of that
treme
They plot for thee. But keep off far fr
shore,
And day and night sail, for a fore-ri
blore,
Whoever of th' Immortals that vow gua
And scape to thy return, will see prepar
As soon as thou arrivest, dismiss to tow
Thy ship and men; and first of all ma
down

* Εὐρύχορον Λακεδαίμονα, *in quâ ampli ut pulchri chori duci possunt, vel ducuntur*; which the vulgar translations turn therefore, *latam, seu amplam.*

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To him that keeps thy swine, and doth conceive
A tender care to see thee well survive.
There sleep; and send him to the town, to tell
The chaste Penelope, that safe and well
Thou livest in his charge, and that Pylos' sands
The place contain'd from whence thy person lands."
Thus she to large Olympus made ascent.
When with his heel a little touch he lent,
To Nestor's son, whose sleep's sweet chains he loosed,
Bade rise, and see in chariot inclosed
Their one-hooved horse, that they might straight be gone.
"No such haste," he replied; "Night holds her throne,
And dims all way to course of chariot.
The morn will soon get up. Nor see forgot
The gifts with haste, that will, I know, be rich,
And put into our coach with gracious speech
By lance-famed Menelaus. Not a guest
Shall touch at his house, but shall store his breast
With fit mind of an hospitable man,
To last as long as any daylight can
His eyes recomfort, in such gifts as he
Will proofs make of his hearty royalty."
He had no sooner said, but up arose
Aurora, that the golden hills repose.
And Menelaus, good at martial cries,
From Helen's bed raised, to his guest applies
His first appearance. Whose repair made known
T' Ulysses' loved son, on his robe was thrown
About his gracious body, his cloak cast
Athwart his ample shoulders, and in haste
Abroad he went, and did the king accost:
"Atrides, guarded with heaven's deified host,
Grant now remission to my native right,
My mind now urging mine own house's sight."
"Nor will I stay," said he, "thy person long,
Since thy desires to go are grown so strong.
I should myself be angry to sustain
The like detention urged by other men.
Who loves a guest past mean, past mean will hate,
The mean in all acts bears the best estate.
A like ill 'tis to thrust out such a guest
As would not go, as to detain the rest.
We should a guest love, while he loves to stay;
And, when he likes not, give him loving way.
Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose
In coach to thee; which ere our hands enclose,
Thine eyes shall see, lest else our loves may glose.
Besides, I'll cause our women to prepare
What our house yields, and merely so much fare
As may suffice for health. Both well will do,
Both for our honour and our profit too.
And, serving strength with food, you after may
As much earth measure as will match the day.
If you will turn your course from sea, and go
Through Greece and Argos (that myself may so
Keep kind way with thee) I'll join horse, and guide
T' our humane cities. Nor ungratified
Will any one remit us; some one thing
Will each present us, that along may bring
Our pass with love, and prove our virtues blazed;
A caldron, or a tripod, richly-brazed,
Two mules, a bowl of gold, that hath his price
Heighten'd with emblems of some rare device."
The wise prince answered:* "I would gladly go
Home to mine own, and see that govern'd so
That I may keep what I for certain hold,
Not hazard that for only hoped-for gold.
I left behind me none so all ways fit
To give it guard, as mine own trust with it.
Besides, in this broad course which you propose;
My father seeking, I myself may lose."
When this the shrill-voiced Menelaus heard,
He charged his queen and maids to see prepared
Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.
To him rose Eteoneus from his rest;
Whose dwelling was not far off from the court,
And his attendance his command did sort

* ἄλεγον, *poculum emblematis & cælaturis ornatum.*

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With kindling fires, and furthering all the rost,
In act of whose charge heard no time he lost.
Himself then to an odorous room descended,
Whom Megapenthe and his queen attended.
Come to his treasury, a two-ear'd cup
He choosed of all, and made his son bear up
A silver bowl. The queen then taking stand
Aside her chest, where by her own fair hand
Lay vests of all hues wrought, she took out one
Most large, most artful; chiefly fair, and shone
Like to a star; and lay of all the last.
Then through the house with either's gift they past;
When to Ulysses' son Atrides said:
"Telemachus, since so entirely sway'd
Thy thoughts are with thy vow'd return now tender'd,
May Juno's thundering husband see it render'd
Perfect at all parts, action answering thought.
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought,
I give thee here the most in grace and best.
A bowl but silver, yet the brim's comprest
With gold, whose fabric his desert doth bring
From Vulcan's hand, presented by the king
And great heroe of Sidonia's state
When at our parting he did consummate
His whole house-keeping. This do thou command."
This said, he put the round bowl in his hand.
And then his strong son Megapenthe placed
The silver cup before him, amply graced
With work and lustre. Helen (standing by,
And in her hand the robe, her housewifery)
His name remembering, said: "And I present,
Loved son, this gift to thee, the monument
Of the so-many-loved Helen's hands,
Which, at the knitting of thy nuptial bands,
Present thy wife. In mean space, may it lie
By thy loved mother; but to me apply
Thy pleasure in it; and thus take thy way
To thy fair house, and country's wished stay."
Thus gave she to his hands the veil; and he
The acceptation author'd joyfully.
Which in the chariot's chest Pisistratus
Placed with the rest, and held miraculous.
The yellow-headed king then led them all
To seats and thrones placed in his spacious hall.
The hand-maid water brought, and gave it stream
From out a fair and golden ewer to them,
From whose hands to a silver caldron fled
The troubled wave. A bright board then she spread,
On which another reverend dame set bread.
To which more servants store of victuals served.
Eteoneus was the man that kerved,
And Megapenthe fill'd them all their wine.
All fed and drank, till all felt care decline
For those refreshings. Both the guests did go
To horse, and coach, and forth the portico
A little issued, when the yellow King
Brought wine himself, that, with an offering
To all the Gods, they might their journey take.
He stood before the Gods, and thus he spake:
"Farewell young Princes: to grave Nestor's ear
This salutation from my gratitude bear:
That I profess, in all our Ilion wars,
He stood a careful father to my cares."
To whom the wise Ulyssides replied:
"With all our utmost shall be signified,
Jove-kept Atrides, your right royal will;
And would to God, I could as well fulfill
Mine own mind's gratitude, for your free grace,
In telling to Ulysses, in the place
Of my return, in what accomplish'd kind
I have obtain'd the office of a friend
At your deservings; whose fair end you crown
With gifts so many, and of such renown."
His wish, that he might find in his retreat
His father safe return'd (to so repeat
The king's love to him) was saluted thus:
An eagle rose, and in her seres did truss
A goose, all-white, and huge, a household one,
Which men and women (crying out upon)
Pursued, but she, being near the guests, her flight
Made on their right hand, and kept still fore-right

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Before their horses; which observed by them,
The spirits in all their minds took joys extreme;
Which Nestor's son thus question'd: "Jove-kept king,*
Yield your grave thoughts, if this ostentful thing
(This eagle, and this goose) touch us, or you?"
He put to study, and not knowing how
To give fit answer, Helen took on her
Th' ostent's solution, and did this prefer:
"Hear me, and I will play the prophet's part,
As the Immortals cast it in my heart;
And as, I think, will make the true sense known:
As this Jove's bird, from out the mountains flown,
(Where was her eyrie, and whence rose her race,)
Truss'd up this goose, that from the house did graze,
So shall Ulysses, coming from the wild
Of seas and sufferings, reach, unreconciled,
His native home; where even this hour he is;
And on those house-fed wooers those wrongs of his
Will shortly wreak, with all their miseries."
"O," said Telemachus, "if Saturnian Jove
To my desires thy dear presage approve,
When I arrive, I will perform to thee
My daily vows, as to a Deity."
This said, he used his scourge upon the horse,
That through the city freely made their course
To field, and all day made that first speed good.
But when the sun set, and obscureness stood
In each man's way, they ended their access
At Pheras, in the house of Diocles,
Son to Orsilochus, Alpheus' seed,
Who gave them guest-rites; and sleep's natural need
They that night served there. When Aurora rose,
They join'd their horse, took coach, and did dispose
Their course for Pylos; whose high city soon
They reach'd. Nor would Telemachus be won
To Nestor's house, and therefore order'd thus
His speech to Nestor's son, Pisistratus:
"How shall I win thy promise to a grace
That I must ask of thee? We both embrace
The names of bed-fellows; and in that name
Will glory as an adjunct of our fame;
Our fathers' friendship, our own equal age,
And our joint travel, may the more engage
Our mutual concord. Do not then assay,
(My God-loved friend) to lead me from my way
To my near ship, but take a course direct
And leave me there, lest thy old sire's respect,
In his* desire to love me, hinder so
My way for home, that have such need to go."
This said, Nestorides held all discourse
In his kind soul, how best he might enforce
Both promise and performance; which, at last,
He vow'd to venture, and directly cast
His horse about to fetch the ship and shore.
Where come, his friend's most lovely gifts he bore
Aboard the ship, and in her hind-deck placed
The veil that Helen's curious hand had graced,
And Menelaus' gold, and said: "Away,
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay:
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
The old duke, you are past; for passing well
I know his mind to so exceed all force
Of any prayer, that he will stay your course,
Himself make hither, all your course call back,
And, when he hath you, have no thought to rack
Him from his bounty; and to let you part
Without a present: but be vex'd at heart
With both our pleadings, if we once but move
The least repression of his fiery love."

* Nestor's son to Menelaus, his ironical question continuing still Homer's character of Menelaus.

* Ἱέμενος φιλέειν, *cupiens diligere.*

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Thus took he coach, his fair-maned steeds scourged on
Along the Pylian city, and anon
His father's court reach'd; while Ulysses' son
Bade board, and arm; which with a thought was done.
His rowers set, and he rich odours firing
In his hind-deck, for his secure retiring,
To great Athenia,* to his ship came flying
A stranger, and a prophet, as relying
On wished passage, having newly slain
A man at Argos; yet his race's vein
Flow'd from Melampus, who in former date
In Pylos lived, and had a huge estate,
But fled his country; and the punishing hand
Of great-soul'd Neleus, in a foreign land
From that most famous mortal having held
A world of riches, nor could be compell'd
To render restitution in a year.
In mean space, living as close prisoner
In court of Phylacus, and for the sake
Of Neleus' daughter mighty cares did take,
Together with a grievous languor sent
From grave Erinnys,† that did much torment
His vexed conscience; yet his life's expence
He scaped, and drave the loud-voiced oxen thence,
To breed-sheep Pylos, bringing vengeance thus
Her foul demerit to great Neleus,
And to his brother's house reduced his wife.
Who yet from Pylos did remove his life
For feed-horse Argos, where his fate set down
A dwelling for him; and in much renown
Made govern many Argives; where a spouse
He took to him, and built a famous house.
There had he borne to him Antiphates,
And forceful Mantius. To the first of these
Was great Oicleus born: Oicleus gat
Amphiaraus, that the popular state
Had all their health in; whom even from his heart
Jove loved, and Phœbus in the whole desert
Of friendship held him; yet not bless'd so much
That age's threshold he did ever touch,

But lost his life by female bribery.*
Yet two sons author'd his posterity,
Alcmæon, and renown'd Amphilochus.
Mantius had issue Polyphidius,
And Clytus; but Aurora ravish'd him,
For excellence of his admired limb,
And interested him amongst the Gods.
His brother knew men's good and bad abodes
The best of all men, after the decease
Of him that perish'd in unnatural peace
At spacious Thebes. Apollo did inspire
His knowing soul with a prophetic fire.
Who, angry with his father, took his way
To Hyperesia; where (making stay)
He prophesied to all men, and had there
A son call'd Theoclymenus, who here
Came to Telemachus, and found aboard
Himself at sacrifice, whom in a word
He thus saluted: "O friend, since I find,
Even here at ship, a sacrificing mind
Inform your actions, by your sacrifice,
And by that worthy choice of Deities
To whom you offer; by yourself, and all
These men that serve your course maritimal,
Tell one that asks the truth; nor give it glose,
Both who, and whence you are? From what seed rose
Your royal person? And what city's towers
Hold habitation to your parents' powers?"
He answer'd: "Stranger! The sure truth is this:
I am of Ithaca; my father is
(Or was) Ulysses; but austere death now
Takes his state from him; whose event to know,
Himself being long away, I set forth thus
With ship and soldiers." Theoclymenus
As freely said: "And I to thee am fled
From forth my country, for a man strook dead
By my unhappy hand, who was with me
Of one self-tribe; and of his pedigree
Are many friends and brothers: and the sway
Of Achive kindred reacheth far away.
From whom, because I fear their spleens suborn
Blood and black fate against me (being born
To be a wanderer among foreign men)
Make thy fair ship my rescue, and sustain

* Pallas.
† One of the Furies of Hell.

* His wife betrayed him for money.

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My life from slaughter. Thy deservings may
Perform that mercy, and to them I pray."
"Nor will I bar," said he, "thy will to make
My means and equal ship thy aid, but take
(With what we have here, in all friendly use)
Thy life from any violence that pursues."
Thus took he in his lance, and it extended
Aloft the hatches, which himself ascended.
The prince took seat at stern, on his right hand
Set Theoclymenus, and gave command
To all his men to arm, and see made fast
Amidst the hollow keel the beechen mast
With able halsers, hoise sail, launch; which soon
He saw obey'd. And then his ship did run
A merry course; blue-eyed Minerva sent
A fore-right gale, tumultuous, vehement,
Along the air, that her way's utmost yield
The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.
Then set the sun, and night black'd all the ways.
The ship, with Jove's wind wing'd, where th' Epian sways,
Fetch'd Pheras first, then Elis the divine,
And then for those isles made, that sea-ward shine
For form and sharpness like a lance's head;
About which lay the wooers ambushed;
On which he rush'd, to try if he could 'scape
His plotted death, or serve her treacherous rape.
And now return we to Eumæus' shed,
Where (at their food with others marshalled)
Ulysses and his noble herdsman sate.
To try if whose love's curious estate
Stood firm to his abode, or felt it fade,
And so would take each best cause to persuade
His guest to town, Ulysses thus contends:
"Hear me, Eumæus, and ye other friends.
Next morn to town I covet to be gone,
To beg some others' alms, nor still charge one.
Advise me well then, and as well provide
I may be fitted with an honest guide.
For through the streets (since need will have it so)
I'll tread, to try if any will bestow
A dish of drink on me, or bit of bread,
Till to Ulysses' house I may be led;
And there I'll tell all-wise Penelope news,
Mix with the wooers' pride, and (since they use
To fare above the full) their hands excite
To some small feast from out their infinite:
For which, I'll wait, and play the serving-man,
Fairly enough, command the most they can.
For I will tell thee, note me well, and hear,
That, if the will be of Heaven's Messenger,
(Who to the works of men, of any sort,
Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short
Am I of him, that doth to most aspire
In any service; as to build a fire,
To cleave sere wood, to roast or boil their meat,
To wait at board, mix wine, or know the neat;
Or any work, in which the poor-call'd worst
To serve the rich-call'd best in Fate are forced."
He, angry with him, said: "Alas, poor guest,
Why did this counsel ever touch thy breast?
Thou seek'st thy utter spoil beyond all doubt,
If thou givest venture on the Wooers' rout,
Whose wrong and force affects the iron heaven,
Their light delights are far from being given
To such grave servitors. Youths richly trick'd
In coats or cassocks, locks divinely slick'd,
And looks most rapting, ever have the gift
To taste their crown'd cups, and full trenchers shift.
Their tables ever like their glasses shine,
Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.
And thou? go thither? Stay; for here do none
Grudge at thy presence, nor myself, nor one
Of all I feed. But when Ulysses' son
Again shall greet us, he shall put thee on
Both coat and cassock, and thy quick retreat
Set where thy heart and soul desire thy seat."
Industrious Ulysses gave reply:
"I still much wish, that Heaven's chief Deity

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Loved thee, as I do, that hast eased my mind
Of woes and wanderings never yet confined.
Nought is more wretched in a human race,
Than country's want, and shift from place to place.
But for the baneful belly men take care
Beyond good counsel, whosoever are
In compass of the wants it undergoes
By wanderings, losses, or dependent woes.
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home;
Which since thou wilt make here, as overcome
With thy command for stay, I'll take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then Ulysses' sire, and mother, breathe,
Both whom he left in th' age next door to death?
Or are they breathless, and descended where
The dark house is, that never day doth clear?"
"Laertes lives," said he, "but every hour
Beseecheth Jove to take from him the power
That joins his life and limbs; for with a moan
That breeds a marvel he laments his son
Deprived by death; and adds to that another
Of no less depth for that dead son's dead mother,
Whom he a virgin wedded, which the more
Makes him lament her loss, and doth deplore
Yet more her miss, because her womb the truer
Was to his brave son, and his slaughter slew her.
Which last love to her doth his life engage,
And makes him live an undigested age.
O! such a death she died as never may
Seize any one that here beholds the day,
That either is to any man a friend,
Or can a woman kill in such a kind.
As long as she had being, I would be
A still inquirer (since 'twas dear to me,
Though death to her, to hear his name) when she
Heard of Ulysses, for I might be bold;
She brought me up, and in her love did hold
My life, compared with long-veil'd Ctimene,
Her youngest issue (in some small degree
Her daughter yet preferr'd) a brave young dame.
And when of youth the dearly-loved flame*
Was lighted in us, marriage did prefer
The maid to Samos; whence was sent for her
Infinite riches, when the queen bestow'd
A fair new suit, new shoes, and all, and vow'd
Me to the field; but passing loth to part,
As loving me more than she loved her heart.
And these I want now; but their business grows
Upon me daily, which the Gods impose,
To whom I hold all, give account to them,
For I see none left to the diadem
That may dispose all better. So, I drink
And eat of what is here; and whom I think
Worthy or reverend, I have given to, still,
These kinds of guest-rites; for the household ill
(Which, where the queen is, riots) takes her still
From thought of these things. Nor is it delight
To hear, from her plight, of or work or word;
The wooers spoil all. But yet my men will board
Her sorrows often with discourse of all,
Eating and drinking of the festival
That there is kept, and after bring to field
Such things as servants make their pleasures yield.
"O me, Eumæus," said Laertes' son,
"Hast thou then err'd so, of a little one?
(Like me?) from friends and country? pray thee say,
And say a truth, doth vast Destruction lay
Her hand upon the wide-way'd seat of men?†
Where dwelt thy sire and reverend mother then,
That thou art spared there? Or else, set alone
In guard of beeves, or sheep, set th' enemy on,
Surprised, and shipp'd, transferr'd, and sold thee here?
He that bought thee paid well, yet bought not dear."
"Since thou inquirest of that, my guest," said he,
"Hear and be silent; and, mean space, sit free

* ἡ βην πολυήρατον, *Peroptabilem pubem.*
† Supposing him to dwell in a city.

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In use of these cups to thy most delights :
Unspeakable* in length now are the nights.
Those that affect sleep yet, to sleep have leave,
Those that affect to hear, their hearers give.
But sleep not ere your hour ; *much sleep doth grieve.*
Whoever lists to sleep, away to bed,
Together with the morning raise his head,
Together with his fellows break his fast,
And then his lord's herd drive to their repast.
We two, still in our tabernacle here
Drinking and eating, will our bosoms cheer
With memories and tales of our annoys.
Betwixt his sorrows every humane joys,
He most, who most hath felt and furthest err'd.
And now thy will to act shall be preferr'd.
There is an isle above Ortygia,
(If thou hast heard) they call it Syria,
Where, once a day, the sun moves backwards still.
'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill
The fields with oxen, fills them still with sheep,
Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn there cheap.
No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease
That doth with hate us wretched mortals seize.
But when men's varied nations, dwelling there
In any city, enter th' aged year,
The silver-bow-bearer (the Sun) and she
That bears as much renown for archery,
Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike them dead,
As one would sleep, and never keep the bed.
In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom
All things that of the soil's fertility come
In two parts are divided. And both these
My father ruled, Ctesius Ormenides,
A man like the immortals. With these states
The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd rates
Of infinite merchandise in ships brought there,
In which they then were held exempt from peer.
There dwelt within my father's house a dame,
Born a Phœnician, skilful in the frame
Of noble housewiferies, right tall and fair.
Her the Phœnician great-wench-net-layer*
With sweet words circumvented, as she was
Washing her linen. To his amorous pass
He brought her first, shored from his ship to her,
To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,
Which of these breast-exposing dames the hearts
Deceives, though fashion'd of right honest parts.
He ask'd her after, what she was, and whence?
She, passing presently, the excellence
Told of her father's turrets, and that she
Might boast herself sprung from the progeny
Of the rich Sidons, and the daughter was
Of the much-year-revenued Arybas ;
But that the Taphian pirates made her prise,
As she return'd from her field-house-wiferies,
Transferr'd her hither, and, at that man's house
Where now she lived, for value precious
Sold her to th' owner. He that stole her love
Bade her again to her birth's seat remove,
To see the fair roofs of her friends again,
Who still held state, and did the port maintain
Herself reported. She said : 'Be it so,
So you, and all that in your ships shall row,
Swear to return me in all safety hence.'
All swore. Th' oath past, with every consequence,
She bade, 'Be silent now ; and not a word
Do you, or any of your friends, afford,
Meeting me afterward in any way ;
Or at the washing fount ; lest some display
Be made and told the old man, and he then
Keep me strait bound : to you and to your men
The utter ruin, plotting of your lives.
Keep in firm thought then every word that strives
For dangerous utterance. Haste your ship's full freight
Of what you traffic for, and let me straight
Know by some sent friend shet hath all in hold,
And with myself I'll bring thence all the gold

* ἀθέσφατος.

* Πολυπαίπαλος, *admodum vafer, Der. ex* παλεύω, *pertraho in retia, et* παῖς, *puella.*

† Intending the ship.

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I can by all means finger; and, beside,
I'll do my best to see your freight supplied
With some well-weighing burthen of mine own.
For I bring-up in house a great man's son
As crafty as myself; who will with me
Run every way along; and I will be
His leader, till your ship hath made him sure.
He will an infinite great price procure,
Transfer him to what languaged men ye may.'
This said, she gat her home, and there made stay
A whole year with us; goods of great avail
Their ship enriching. Which now fit for sail,
They sent a messenger t' inform the dame;
And to my father's house a fellow came,
Full of Phœnician craft, that to be sold
A tablet brought, the body all of gold,
The verge all amber. This had ocular view
Both by my honour'd mother and the crew
Of her house-handmaids, handled, and the price
Beat; ask'd and promised. And while this device
Lay thus upon the forge, this jeweller
Made privy signs (by winks and wiles) to her
That was his object; which she took, and he,
His sign seeing noted, hied to ship. When she,
(My hand still taking, as she used to do
To walk abroad with her) convey'd me so
Abroad with her, and in the portico
Found cups, with tasted viands, which the guests
That used to flock about my father's feasts
Had left. They gone (some to the council court,
Some to hear news amongst the talking sort),
Her theft three bowls into her lap convey'd,
And forth she went. Nor was my wit so staid
To stay her, or myself. The sun went down,
And shadows round about the world were flown,
When we came to the haven, in which did ride
The swift Phœnician ship; whose fair broad side
They boarded straight, took us up; and all went
Along the moist waves. Wind Saturnius sent.
Six days we day and night sail'd; t
when Jove
Put up the seventh day, She that sha
doth love
Shot dead the woman, who into the pu
Like to a dop-chick dived, and gave
thump
In her sad settling. Forth they cast
then
To serve the fish and sea-calves, no m
men.
But I was left there with a heavy heart;
When wind and water drave them qu
apart
Their own course, and on Ithaca they f
And there poor me did to Laertes sell.
And thus these eyes the sight of this
proved."
"Eumæus," he replied, "thou m
hast moved
The mind in me with all things thou h
said,
And all the sufferance on thy bosom lai
But, truly, to thy ill hath Jove join'd go
That one whose veins are served w
humane blood
Hath bought thy service, that gives co
petence
Of food, wine, cloth to thee; and sure
expence
Of thy life's date here is of good desart,
Whose labours not to thee alone impart
Sufficient food and housing, but to me;
Where I through many a heap'd humar
Have hither err'd, where, though, like th
not sold,
Nor stay'd like thee yet, nor nought ne
ful hold."
This mutual speech they used, nor
they slept
Much time before the much-near-morn
leapt
To her fair throne. And now strook
the men
That served Telemachus, arrived just t
Near his loved shore; where now t
stoop'd the mast,
Made to the port with oars, and anc
cast;
Made fast the ship, and then ashore t
went,
Dress'd supper, fill'd wine; when (t
appetites spent)
Telemachus commanded they should y
The ship to th' owner, while himself at f
Would see his shepherds; when light d
to end
He would his gifts see, and to town
scend;

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And in the morning at a feast bestow
Rewards for all their pains. "And whither, now,"
Said Theoclymenus, "my loved son,
Shall I address myself? whose mansion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewn isle, shall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily
To thy house and thy mother?" He replied:
"Another time I'll see you satisfied
With my house entertainment, but as now
You should encounter none that could bestow
Your fit entreaty, and (which less grace were)
You could not see my mother, I not there;
For she's no frequent object, but apart
Keeps from her wooers, woo'd with her desart,
Up in her chamber, at her housewifery.
But I'll name one to whom you shall apply
Direct repair, and that's Eurymachus,
Renown'd descent to wise Polybius,
A man whom th' Ithacensians look on now
As on a God, since he of all that woo
Is far superior man, and likest far
To wed my mother, and as circular
Be in that honour as Ulysses was.
But heaven-housed Jove knows the yet hidden pass
Of her disposure, and on them he may
A blacker sight bring than her nuptial day."
As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew
A saker, sacred to the God of view,
That in his talons truss'd and plumed a dove;
The feathers round about the ship did rove.
And on Telemachus fell; whom th' augur then
Took fast by th' hand, withdrew him from his men,
And said: "Telemachus, this hawk is sent
From God; I knew it for a sure ostent
When first I saw it. Be you well assured,
There will no wooer be by heaven endured
To rule in Ithaca above your race,
But your powers ever fill the regal place."
"I wish to heaven," said he, "thy word might stand,
Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand
Such gifts and friendship, as would make thee, guest,
Met and saluted as no less than blest."
This said, he call'd Piræus, Clytus' son,
His true associate, saying: "Thou hast done
(Of all my followers to the Pylian shore)
My will in chief in other things, once more
Be chiefly good to me; take to thy house
This loved stranger, and be studious
T' embrace and greet him with thy greatest fare,
Till I myself come and take off thy care."
The famous for his lance said: "If your stay
Take time for life here, this man's care I'll lay
On my performance, nor what fits a guest
Shall any penury withhold his feast."
Thus took he ship, bade them board, and away.
They boarded, sat, but did their labour stay
Till he had deck'd his feet, and reach'd his lance.
They to the city; he did straight advance
Up to his styes, where swine lay for him store;
By whose sides did his honest swine-herd snore;
Till his short cares his longest nights had ended;
And nothing worse to both his lords intended.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

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THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Prince at field, he sends to town
Eumæus, to make truly known
His safe return. By Pallas' will
Telemachus is given the skill
To know his father. Those that lay
In ambush, to prevent the way
Of young Ulyssides for home,
Retire, with anger overcome.

ANOTHER.

Πῖ. To his most dear
Ulysses shows.
The wise son here
His father knows.

ULYSSES and divine Eumæus rose
Soon as the morning could her eyes unclose,
Made fire, brake fast, and to their pasture send
The gather'd herds, on whom their swains attend.
The self-tire barking dogs all fawn'd upon,
Nor bark'd, at first sight of Ulysses' son.
The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet
Ulysses' ears, and sounds of certain feet;
Who thus bespake Eumæus: "Sure some friend,
Or one well-known, comes, that the mastives spend
Their mouths no louder. Only some one near
They whine, and leap about, whose feet I hear."
Each word of this speech was not spent, before
His son stood in the entry of the door.
Out-rush'd amazed Eumæus, and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,
Cleansed for the neat wine; did the prince surprise,
Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,
Both his white hands, and tender tears distill'd.
There breathed no kind-soul'd father that was fill'd
Less with his son's embraces, that had lived
Ten years in far-off earth, now new retrieved;
His only child too, gotten in his age,
And for whose absence he had felt the rage
Of griefs upon him, than for this divined
So much for form was this divine for mind;
Who kiss'd him through, who grew about him kissing,
As fresh from death scaped. Whom so long time missing,
He wept for joy, and said: "Thou yet art come,
Sweet light, sweet sun-rise, to thy cloudy home.
O, never I look'd, when once shipp'd away
For Pylos' shores, to see thy turning day.
Come, enter, loved son, let me feast my heart
With thy sweet sight, new come, so far apart.
Nor, when you lived at home, would you walk down
Often enough here, but stay'd still at town;
It pleas'd you then to cast such forehand view
About your house on that most damned* crew."
"It shall be so then, friend," said he, "but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know
If still my mother in her house remain,
Or if some wooer hath aspired to gain
Of her in nuptials; for Ulysses' bed,
By this, lies all with spiders' cobwebs spread,
In penury of him that should supply it."
"She still," said he, "holds her most constant quiet,

* Ἀΐδηλον ὄμιλον, ἀΐδηλος of ἀΐδης, *orcus*, and signifies properly *tenebricosus*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damned* for that crew of dissolute Wooers. The phrase being now used to all so licentious.

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Aloft thine own house, for the bed's respect;
But, for her lord's sad loss, sad nights and days
Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their rays."
This said, Eumæus took his brazen spear,
And in he went; when, being enter'd near
Within the stony threshold, from his seat
His father rose to him, who would not let
Th' old man remove, but drew him back and prest
With earnest terms his sitting, saying:
"Guest,
Take here your seat again, we soon shall get
Within our own house here some other seat.
Here's one will fetch it." This said, down again
His father sat, and to his son his swain
Strew'd fair green osiers, and imposed thereon
A good soft sheepskin, which made him a throne.
Then he apposed to them his last-left roast,
And in a wicker basket bread engrost,
Fill'd luscious wine, and then took opposite seat
To the divine Ulysses. When, the meat
Set there before them, all fell to, and eat.
When they had fed, the prince said:
"Pray thee say,
Whence comes this guest? what seaman gave him way
To this our isle? I hope these feet of his
Could walk no water: who boasts he he is?"
"I'll tell all truly, son: From ample Crete
He boasts himself, and says, his erring feet
Have many cities trod; and God was he
Whose finger wrought in his infirmity.
But, to my cottage, the last scape of his
Was from a Thesprot's ship. Whate'er he is,
I'll give him you, do what you please; his vaunt
Is, that he is, (at most) a suppliant."
"Eumæus," said the prince, "to tell me this,
You have afflicted my weak faculties;
For how shall I receive him to my house
With any safety, that suspicious
Of my young forces (should I be assay'd
With any sudden violence) may want aid
To shield myself? Besides, if I go home,
My mother is with two doubts overcome;
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care
For all such guests as there seek guestive fare,
Her husband's bed respecting, and her fame
Amongst the people; or her blood may frame
A liking to some wooer, such as best
May bed her in his house, not giving lest.
And thus am I unsure of all means free
To use a guest there, fit for his degree.
But, being thy guest, I'll be his supply
For all weeds, such as mere necessity
Shall more than furnish. Fit him with a sword,
And set him where his heart would have been shored;
Or (if so pleased) receive him in thy shed;
I'll send thee clothes, I vow, and all the bread
His wish would eat, that to thy men and thee
He be no burthen. But that I should be
His mean to my house, where a company
Of wrong-professing wooers wildly live,
I will in no sort author; lest they give
Foul use to him, and me as gravely grieve.
For what great act can any one achieve
Against a multitude, although his mind
Retain a courage of the greatest kind?
For all minds have not force in one degree."
Ulysses answer'd: "O friend, since 'tis free
For any man to change fit words with thee,
I'll freely speak: Methinks, a wolvish power
My heart puts on to tear and to devour,
To hear your affirmation; that, in spite
Of what may fall on you, made opposite,
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
These wooers should in such injustice rage.
What should the cause be? Do you wilfully
Endure their spoil? Or hath your empery
Been such amongst your people, that all gather
In troop, and one voice (which even God doth father)
And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?
Or blame your kinsfolk's faiths, before th' extreme
Of your first stroke hath tried them, whom a man,
When strifes to blows rise, trusts, though battle ran

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In huge and high waves? Would to heaven my spirit
Such youth breathed, as the man that must inherit
Yet-never-touch'd Ulysses, or that he,
But wandering this way, would but come, and see
What my age could achieve (and there is Fate
For Hope yet left, that he may recreate
His eyes with such an object) this my head
Should any stranger strike off, if stark dead
I strook not all; the house in open force
Entering with challenge. If their great concourse
Did over-lay me, being a man alone,
(Which you urge for yourself) be you that one.
I rather in mine own house wish to die
One death for all, than so indecently
See evermore deeds worse than death applied;
Guests wrong'd with vile words and blow-giving pride;
The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the fair house, and in corners blind
Made serve the rapes of ruffians; food devour'd
Idly and rudely; wine exhaust, and pour'd
Through throats profane; and all about a deed
That's ever wooing, and will never speed."
"I'll tell you, guest, most truly," said his son,
"I do not think that all my people ron
One hateful course against me; nor accuse
Kinsfolks that I in strifes of weight might use;
But Jove will have it so, our race alone
(As if made singular) to one and one
His hand confining. Only to the king,
Jove-bred Arcesius, did Laertes spring;
Only to old Laertes did descend
Ulysses; only to Ulysses' end
Am I the adjunct, whom he left so young,
That from me to him never comfort sprung.
And to all these now, for their race, arise
Up in their house a brood of enemies.
As many as in these isles bow men's knees,
Samos, Dulichius, and the rich in trees
Zacynthus, or in this rough isle's command,
So many suitors for the nuptials stand,
That ask my mother; and, mean space, prefer
Their lusts to all spoil, that dishonour her.
Nor doth she, though she loathes, deny the suits.
Nor they denials take, though taste the fruits.
But all this time the state of all things ther
Their throats devour, and I must shortl bear
A part in all: and yet the periods
Of these designs lie in the knees of Gods.
Of all loves then, Eumæus, make quick wa
To wise Penelope, and to her say
My safe return from Pylos; and alone
Return thou hither, having made it known
Nor let, besides my mother, any ear
Partake thy message, since a number bea
My safe return displeasure." He replied
"I know, and comprehend you: yo divide
Your mind with one that understands yo well.
But, all in one yet; may I not reveal
To th' old hard-fated Arcesiades*
Your safe return? who, through his whol distress
Felt for Ulysses, did not yet so grieve,
But with his household he had will to liv
And served his appetite with wine an food,
Survey'd his husbandry, and did his bloo
Some comforts fitting life; but since yo took
Your ship for Pylos, he would never broo
Or wine or food, they say, nor cast an e
On any labour, but sits weeping by,
And 'sighing out his sorrows, ceasele moans
Wasting his body, turn'd all skin an bones."
"More sad news still," said he, "ye mourn he still;
For if the rule of all men's works be will,
And his will his way goes, mine stan inclined
T' attend the home-turn of my nearer kind
Do then what I enjoin; which given effe
Err not to field to him, but turn direct,
Entreating first my mother, with mo speed,
And all the secrecy that now serves need,
To send this way their store-house gua dian,
And she shall tell all to the aged man."‡

* Laertes.

† Intending his father, whose return thou he were far from knowing, or fully expectin yet he desired to order all things as he we present.

‡ Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæ would have told.

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He took his shoes up, put them on, and went.
Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent,
Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
A goodly woman's shape that all works knew,
And, standing in the entry, did prefer
Her sight t' Ulysses; but, though meeting her,
His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew.
The Gods' clear presences are known to few.
Yet, with Ulysses, even the dogs did see,
And would not bark, but, whining lovingly,
Fled to the stalls' far side. When she her eyne
Moved to Ulysses; he knew her design,
And left the house, pass'd the great sheep-cote's wall,
And stood before her. She bade utter all
Now to his son, nor keep the least unloosed,
That, all the wooers' deaths being now disposed,
They might approach the town; affirming, she
Not long would fail t' assist to victory.
This said, she laid her golden rod on him,
And with his late-worn weeds graced every limb,
His body straighten'd, and his youth instill'd,
His fresh blood call'd up, every wrinkle fill'd
About his broken eyes, and on his chin
The brown hair spread. When his whole trim wrought in,
She issued, and he enter'd to his son,
Who stood amazed, and thought some God had done
His house that honour, turn'd away his eyes,
And said: "Now guest, you grace another guise
Than suits your late shew. Other weeds you wear,
And other person. Of the starry sphere
You certainly present some deathless God.
Be pleased, that to your here vouchsafed abode
We may give sacred rites, and offer gold,
To do us favour." He replied: "I hold
No deified state. Why put you thus on me
A God's resemblance? I am only he
That bears thy father's name; for whose loved sake
Thy youth so grieves; whose absence makes thee take
Such wrongs of men." Thus kiss'd he him, nor could
Forbear those tears that in such mighty hold
He held before; still held, still issuing ever;
And now, the shores once broke, the springtide never
Forbore earth from the cheeks he kiss'd. His son,
By all these violent arguments not won
To credit him his father, did deny
His kind assumpt, and said, some Deity
Feign'd that joy's cause, to make him grieve the more;
Affirming, that no man, whoever wore
The garment of mortality, could take,
By any utmost power his soul could make,
Such change into it, since, at so much will,
Not Jove himself could both remove and fill
Old age with youth, and youth with age so spoil,
In such an instant. "You wore all the soil
Of age but now, and were old; and but now
You bear that young grace that the Gods endow
Their heaven-born forms withal." His father said:
"Telemachus! Admire, nor stand dismay'd,
But know thy solid father; since within
He answers all parts that adorn his skin.
There shall no more Ulysseses come here.
I am the man, that now this twentieth year
(Still under sufferance of a world of ill)
My country earth recover. 'Tis the will
The prey-professor Pallas puts in act,
Who put me thus together, thus distract
In aged pieces as even now you saw,
This youth now rendering. 'Tis within the law
Of her free power sometimes to shew me poor,
Sometimes again thus amply to restore
My youth and ornaments, she still would please.
The Gods can raise, and throw men down, with ease."
This said, he sat; when his Telemachus pour'd
Himself about him; tears on tears he shower'd,
And to desire of moan increased the cloud.
Both wept and howl'd, and laid out shrieks more loud

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Than or the bird-bone-breaking eagle rears,
Or brood-kind vulture with the crooked seres,
When rustic hands their tender eyries draw,
Before they give their wings their full-plumed law.
But miserably pour'd they from beneath
Their lids their tears, while both their breasts did breathe
As frequent cries; and, to their fervent moan,
The light had left the skies, if first the son
Their dumb moans had not vented, with demand
What ship it was that gave the natural land
To his blest feet? He then did likewise lay
Hand on his passion, and gave these words way:
"I'll tell thee truth, my son: The men that bear
Much fame for shipping, my reducers were
To long-wish'd Ithaca, who each man else
That greets their shore give pass to where he dwells.
The Phæacensian peers, in one night's date,
While I fast slept, fetch'd th' Ithacensian state,
Graced me with wealthy gifts; brass, store of gold,
And robes fair-wrought; all which have sacred hold
In caves that by the Gods' advice I chused.
And now Minerva's admonitions used
For this retreat, that we might here dispose
In close discourse the slaughters of our foes.
Recount the number of the wooers then,
And let me know what name they hold with men,
That my mind may cast over their estates
A curious measure; and confer the rates
Of our two powers and theirs, to try, if we
Alone may propagate to victory
Our bold encounters of them all, or prove
The kind assistance of some others' love."
"O father," he replied, "I oft have heard
Your counsels and your force of hand preferr'd
To mighty glory, but your speeches now
Your venturous mind exceeding mighty show.
Even to amaze they move me; for, in right
fit counsel, should be brought to
ght
Two men 'gainst th' able faction of a throng.
No one two, no one ten, no twice ten strong
These wooers are, but more by much. For know,
That from Dulichius there are fifty-two,
All choice young men; and every one of these
Six men attend. From Samos cross'd the seas
Twice twelve young gallants. From Zacynthus came
Twice ten. Of Ithaca, the best of name,
Twice six. Of all which all the state they take
A sacred poet and a herald make.
Their delicacies two, of special sort
In skill of banquets, serve. And all this port
If we shall dare t' encounter, all thrust up
In one strong roof, have great care lest the cup,
Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste,
And your retreat commend not to your haste
Your great attempt, but make you say, you buy
Their pride's revenges at a price too high.
And therefore, if you could. 'twere well you thought
Of some assistant. Be your spirit wrought
In such a man's election, as may lend
His succours freely, and express a friend."
His father answer'd: "Let me ask of thee;
Hear me, consider, and then answer me.
Think'st thou, if Pallas and the King of skies
We had to friend, would their sufficiencies
Make strong our part? Or that some other yet
My thoughts must work for? "These," said he, "are set
Aloft the clouds, and are found aids indeed,
As powers not only that these men exceed,
But bear of all men else the high command,
And hold of Gods an overruling hand."
"Well then," said he, "not these shall sever long
Their force and ours in fights assured and strong.
And then 'twixt us and them shall Mars prefer
His strength, to tand our great distinguisher,

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When in mine own roofs I am forced to blows.
But when the day shall first her fires disclose,
Go thou for home, and troop up with the wooers,
Thy will with theirs join'd, power with their rude powers;
And after shall the herdsman guide to town
My steps, my person wholly overgrown
With all apparance of a poor old swain,
Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdain
Of my vile presence make them my desert
Affect with contumelies, let thy loved heart
Beat in fix'd confines of thy bosom still,
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.
Ay, though they drag me by the heels about
Mine own free earth, and after hurl me out,
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their darts
They beat and bruise me, bear. But these foul parts
Persuade them to forbear, and by their names
Call all with kind words; bidding, for their shames,
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yield not way,
There breaks the first light of their fatal day.
In mean space, mark this: When the chiefly wise
Minerva prompts me, I'll inform thine eyes
With some given sign, and then all th' arms that are
Aloft thy roof in some near room prepare
For speediest use. If those brave men inquire
Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire
In fair cool words, and say: 'I bring them down
To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown
That one would think all fumes, that ever were
Breathed since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.
These are not like the arms he left behind,
In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind
In their remove apart thus with this thought,
That, if in heighth of wine there should be wrought
Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean
To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean
From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented
Of present feast, perhaps even then presented
My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows.
Steel itself, ready, draws a man to blows.
Thus make their thoughts secure; to us alone
Two swords, two darts, two shields left; which see done
Within our readiest reach, that at our will
We may resume, and charge, and all their skill
Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,
May darken with secureness to their death.
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,
And as thy veins mine own true blood combine:
Let, after this, none know Ulysses near,
Not any one of all the household there,
Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be
Made privy, nor herself Penelope;
But only let thyself and me work out
The women's thoughts of all things borne about
The wooers' hearts; and then thy men approve,
To know who honours, who with reverence love,
Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won
To fail thy fit right, though my only son."
"You teach," said he, "so punctually now,
As I knew nothing, nor were sprung from you.
I hope, hereafter, you shall better know
What soul I bear, and that it doth not let
The least loose motion pass his natural seat.
But this course you propose will prove, I fear,
Small profit to us; and could wish your care
Would weigh it better as too far about.
For time will ask much, to the sifting out
Of each man's disposition by his deeds;
And, in the mean time, every wooer feeds
Beyond satiety, nor knows how to spare.
The women yet, since they more easy are
For our inquiry, I would wish you try;
Who right your state, who do it injury.
The men I would omit, and these things make
Your labour after. But, to undertake

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The wooers war, I wish your utmost speed,
Especially if you could cheer the deed
With some ostent from Jove." Thus, as the sire
Consented to the son, did here expire
Their mutual speech. And now the ship was come,
That brought the young prince and his soldiers home.
The deep haven reach'd, they drew the ship ashore,
Took all their arms out, and the rich gifts bore
To Clitius' house. But to Ulysses' court
They sent a herald first, to make report
To wise Penelope, that safe at field
Her son was left; yet, since the ship would yield
Most haste to her, he sent that first, and them
To comfort with his utmost the extreme
He knew she suffer'd. At the court now met
The herald and the herdsman, to repeat
One message to the queen. Both whom arrived
Within the gates, both to be foremost strived
In that good news. The herald, he for haste
Amongst the maids bestow'd it, thinking placed
The queen amongst them. "Now," said he, "O queen,
Your loved son is arrived." And then was seen
The queen herself, to whom the herdsman told
All that Telemachus enjoin'd he should;
All which discharged, his steps he back bestows,
And left both court and city for his sows.
The wooers then grew sad, soul-vex'd, and all
Made forth the court; when, by the mighty wall
They took their several seat, before the gates.
To whom Eurymachus initiates
Their utter'd grievance. "O," said he, "my friends,
A work right great begun, as proudly ends.
We said, Telemachus should never make
His voyage good, nor this shore ever take
For his return's receipt; and yet we fail,
And he performs it. Come, let's man a sail,
The best in our election, and bestow
Such soldiers in her as can swiftest row,
To tell our friends that way-lay his retrea
'Tis safe perform'd, and make them quick
get
Their ship for Ithaca." This was not sai
Before Amphinomus in port display'd
The ship arrived, her sails then unde
stroke,
And oars resumed; when, laughing, thu
he spoke:
"Move for no messenger: these me
are come:
Some God hath either told his turnin
home,
Or they themselves have seen his ship goo
by,
Had her in chase, and lost her." Instantl
They rose, and went to port; found draw
to land
The ship, the soldiers taking arms in hand
The wooers themselves to council went i
throng,
And not a man besides, or old, or young,
Let sit amongst them. Then Eupithe
son,
Antinous, said: "See what the Gods hav
done:
They only have deliver'd from our ill
The men we way-laid. Every windy hill
Hath been their watch-tower, where b
turns they stood
Continual sentinel. And we made good
Our work as well, for, sun once set, w
never
Slept wink ashore all night, but made sa
ever,
This way and that, even till the mornin
kept
Her sacred station, so to intercept
And take his life for whom our ambush la
And yet hath God to his return given wa
But let us prosecute with counsels here
His necessary death, nor anywhere
Let rest his safety; for if he survive,
Our sails will never in wish'd havens arriv
Since he is wise, hath soul, and counsel t
To work the people, who will never do
Our faction favour. What we then inten
Against his person, give we present end,
Before he call a council; which, believe,
His spirit will haste, and point where
doth grieve,
Stand up amongst them all, and urge h
death
Decreed amongst us. Which complai
will breathe
A fire about their spleens, and blow n
praise
On our ill labours. Lest they therefo
raise

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Power to exile us from our native earth,
And force our lives' societies to the birth
Of foreign countries, let our speeds prevent
His coming home to this austere complaint,
At field and far from town, or in some way
Of narrow passage, with his latest day
Shewn to his forward youth, his goods and lands
Left to the free division of our hands,
The moveables made all his mother's dower,
And his, whoever Fate affords the power
To celebrate with her sweet Hymen's rites.
Or if this please not, but your appetites
Stand to his safety, and to give him seat
In his whole birth-right, let us look to eat
At his cost never more, but every man
Haste to his home, and wed with whom he can
At home, and there lay first about for dower;
And then the woman give his second power
Of nuptial-liking, and, for last, apply
His purpose with most gifts and destiny."
This silence caused; whose breach, at last, begun
Amphinomus, the much renowned son
Of Nisus surnamed Aretiades,
Who from Dulichius full of flowery leas
Led all the wooers, and in chief did please
The queen with his discourse, because it grew
From roots of those good minds* that did endue
His goodly person; who, exceeding wise,
Used this speech: "Friends, I never will advise
The prince's death; for 'tis a damned thing
To put to death the issue of a king.
First, therefore, let's examine, what applause
The Gods will give it: If the equal laws
Of Jove approve it, I myself will be
The man shall kill him, and this company
Exhort to that mind: If the Gods remain
Adverse and hate it, I advise, refrain."
This said Amphinomus, and pleased them all;
When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall
Took seat again. Then to the queen was come
The wooers' plot, to kill her son at home,
Since their abroad design had miss'd success;
The herald Medon (who the whole address
Knew of their counsels) making the report.
The Goddess of her sex with her fair sort
Of lovely women, at the large hall's door
(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she wore)
Stood, and directed to Antinous
Her sharp reproof, which she digested thus:
"Antinous! composed of injury,
Plotter of mischief! Though reports that fly
Amongst our Ithacensian people say
That thou, of all that glory in their sway,
Art best in words and counsels, th' art not so.
Fond, busy fellow, why plott'st thou the woe
And slaughter of my son? and dost not fear
The presidents of suppliants, when the ear
Of Jove stoops to them? 'Tis unjust to do
Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,
Mischief for kindness. Death for life sought, then,
Is an injustice to be loathed of men.
Serves not thy knowledge to remember when
Thy father fled to us; who (moved to wrath
Against the Taphian thieves) pursued with scath
The guiltless Thesprots; in whose people's fear,
Pursuing him for wreak, he landed here;
They after him, professing both their prize
Of all his chiefly valued faculties,
And more prized life. Of all whose bloodiest ends
Ulysses curb'd them, though they were his friends.
Yet thou, like one that no law will allow
The least true honour, eat'st his house up now
That fed thy father; woo'st for love his wife,
Whom thus thou grievest and seek'st her sole son's life.
Cease, I command thee, and command the rest
To see all thought of these foul fashions ceased."
Eurymachus replied: "Be confident,
Thou all of wit made, the most famed descent
Of king Icarius. Free thy spirits of fear:
There lives not any one, nor shall live here
Now, nor hereafter, while my life gives heat
And light to me on earth, that dares entreat

* Φρεσὶ ἀγαθῇσιν, *bonis mentibus*, the plural number used ever by Homer.

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With any ill touch thy well-loved son,
But here I vow, and here will see it done,
His life shall stain my lance. If on his knees
The city-racer,* Laertiades,
Hath made me sit, put in my hand his food,
And held his red wine to me, shall the blood
Of his Telemachus on my hand lay
The least pollution, that my life can stay?
No: I have ever charged him not to fear
Death's threat from any. And for that most dear
Love of his father, he shall ever be
Much the most loved of all that live to me.
Who kills a guiltless man from man may fly;
From God his searches all escapes deny."
Thus cheer'd his words, but his affections still
Fear'd not to cherish foul intent to kill
Even him whose life to all lives he preferr'd.
The queen went up, and to her love appear'd
Her lord so freshly, that she wept, till sleep
(By Pallas forced on her) her eyes did steep
In his sweet humour. When the even was come,
The God-like herdsman reach'd the whole way home.
Ulysses and his son for supper drest
A year-old swine, and ere their host and guest
Had got their presence, Pallas had put by
With her fair rod Ulysses' royalty,
And render'd him an aged man again,
With all his vile integuments, lest his swain
Should know him in his trim and tell
queen,
In these deep secrets being not deeply se
He seen, to him the prince these wo
did use:
"Welcome divine Eumæus: Now w
news
Employs the city? Are the wooers co
Back from their scout dismay'd? Or h
at home
Will they again attempt me?" He repli
"These touch not my care: I was satis
To do, with most speed, what I went
do;
My message done, return. And yet, no
Came my news first; a herald (met w
there)
Forestall'd my tale, and told how safe
were.
Besides which merely necessary thing,
What in my way chanced I may over-bri
Being what I know, and witness'd w
mine eyes.
Where the Hermæan sepulchre doth
Above the city, I beheld take port
A ship, and in her many a man of sort
Her freight was shields and lances; a
methought,
They were the wooers; but, of knowled
nought
Can therein tell you." The prince smi
and knew
They were the wooers, casting secret v
Upon his father. But what they inten
Fled far the herdsman: whose swa
labours ended,
They dress'd the supper, which, past w
was eat.
When all desire sufficed of wine and m
Of other human wants they took suppli
At Sleep's soft hand, who sweetly clo
their eyes.

* Ulysses.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

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THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, return'd to town,
Makes to his curious mother known,
In part, his travels. After whom
Ulysses to the court doth come,
In good Eumæus' guide, and prest
To witness of the Wooers' feast;
Whom, though twice ten years did bestow
In far-off parts, his dog doth know.

ANOTHER.

Pã. Ulysses shows
Through all disguise.
Whom his dog knows;
Who knowing dies.

BUT when air's rosy birth, the morn, arose,
Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps; and took to his command
His fair long lance, well sorting with his hand;
Thus parting with Eumæus: "Now, my friend,
I must to town, lest too far I extend
My mother's moan for me, who, till her eyes
Mine own eyes witness, varies tears and cries
Through all extremes. Do then this charge of mine,
And guide to town this hapless guest of thine,
To beg elsewhere his further festival.
Give they that please, I cannot give to all;
Mine own wants take up for myself my pain.
If it incense him, he the worst shall gain;
The lovely truth I love, and must be plain."
"Alas, friend," said his father, "nor do I
Desire at all your further charity.
'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,
And take the worst a beggar's fortune yields.
Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,
However; ever the great chief before
The poor ranks must to every step obey.
But go; your man in my command shall sway,
Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires
Have comforted the cold heat age expires,
And when the sun's flame hath besides corrected
The early air abroad, not being protected
By these my bare weeds from the morning's frost,
Which (if so much ground is to be engrost
By my poor feet as you report) may give
Too violent charge to th' heat by which I live."
This said, his son went on with spritely pace,
And to the wooers studied little grace.
Arrived at home, he gave his javelin stay
Against a lofty pillar, and bold way
Made further in. When having so far gone
That he transcended the fair porch of stone,
The first by far that gave his entry eye
Was nurse Euryclea; who th' embroidery
Of stools there set was giving cushions fair;
Who ran upon him, and her rapt repair
Shed tears for joy. About him gather'd round
The other maids; his head and shoulders crown'd
With kisses and embraces. From above
The Queen herself came, like the Queen of Love,
Or bright Diana; cast about her son
Her kind embraces, with effusion
Of loving tears; kiss'd both his lovely eyes,
His cheeks, and forehead; and gave all supplies
With this entreaty: "Welcome, sweetest light;
I never had conceit to set quick sight
On thee thus soon, when thy loved father's fame
As far as Pylos did thy spirit inflame;
In that search ventured all unknown to me.
O say, by what power camest thou now to be
Mine eyes' dear object?" He return'd reply:
"Move me not now, when you my scape descry
From imminent death, to think me fresh entrapp'd;
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I scaped.

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Double not needless passion on a heart
Whose joy so green is, and so apt t' invert;
But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take
Your women with you, that ye all may make
Vows of full hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Godheads, if their only Sire
Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
Is to protect as being their Deity.
My way shall be directed to the hall
Of common concourse, that I thence may call
A stranger, who from off the Pylian shore
Came friendly with me; whom I sent before
With all my soldiers, but in chief did charge
Piræus with him, wishing him t' enlarge
His love to him at home, in best affair,
And utmost honours, till mine own repair."
Her son thus spoken, his words could not bear
The wings too easely through her either ear,
But putting pure weeds on, made vows entire
Of perfect hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Deities, if their only Sire
Vouchsafed revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
Was to protect as being their Deity.
Her son left house, in his fair hand his lance,
His dogs attending; and, on every glance
His looks cast from them, Pallas put a grace
That made him seem of the celestial race.
Whom, come to concourse, every man admired.
About him throng'd the wooers, and desired
All good to him in tongues, but in their hearts
Most deep ills threaten'd to his most deserts.
Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad eye
On some that, long before his infancy,
Were with his father great and gracious;
Grave Halitherses, Mentor, Antiphus;
To whom he went, took seat by them, and they
Inquired of all things since his parting day.
To them Piræus came, and brought his guest
[illegible]ng the city thither, whom not least
The prince respected, nor was long before
He rose and met him. The first word yet bore
Piræus from them both; whose haste besought
The prince to send his women to see brought
The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,
Which his own roofs, he thought, would better save.
The wise prince answer'd: "I can scarce conceive
The way to these works. If the wooers reave
By privy stratagem my life at home,
I rather wish Piræus may become
The master of them, than the best of these.
But, if I sow in their fields of excess
Slaughter and ruin, then thy trust employ,
And to me joying bring thou those with joy."
This said, he brought home his grief-practised guest;
Where both put off, both oil'd, and did invest
Themselves in rich robes, wash'd, and sate, and eat.
His mother, in a fair chair taking seat
Directly opposite, her loom applied;
Who, when her son and guest had satisfied
Their appetites with feast, said: "O my son,
You know that ever since your sire was won
To go in Agamemnon's guide to Troy,
Attempting sleep, I never did enjoy
One night's good rest, but made my quiet bed
A sea blown up with sighs, with tears still shed
Embrued and troubled; yet, though all your miss
In your late voyage hath been made for this,
That you might know th' abode your father made,
You shun to tell me what success you had.
Now then, before the insolent access
The wooers straight will force on us, express
What you have heard." "I will," said he, "and true.
We came to Pylos, where the studious due
That any father could afford his son,
(But new-arrived from some course he had run
To an extreme length, in some voyage vow'd),
Nestor, the pastor of the people, show'd

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To me arrived, in turrets thrust up high,
Where not his brave sons were more loved than I.
Yet of th' unconquer'd ever-sufferer,
Ulysses, never he could set his ear,
Alive or dead, from any earthy man.
But to the great Lacedemonian,
Atrides, famous for his lance, he sent,
With horse and chariots, me, to learn th' event
From his relation; where I had the view
Of Argive Helen, whose strong beauties drew,
By wills of Gods, so many Grecian states,
And Trojans, under such laborious fates.
Where Menelaus ask'd me, what affair
To Lacedemon render'd my repair.
I told him all the truth, who made reply:
'O deed of most abhorr'd indecency!
A sort of impotents attempt his bed
Whose strength of mind hath cities levelled!
As to a lion's den, when any hind
Hath brought her young calves, to their rest inclined,
When he is ranging hills, and herby dales,
To make of feeders there his festivals,
But, turning to his lustre, calves and dam,
He shows abhorr'd death, in his anger's flame;
So, should Ulysses find this rabble housed
In his free turrets, courting his espoused,
Foul death would fall them. O, I would to Jove,
Phœbus, and Pallas, that, when he shall prove
The broad report of his exhausted store
True with his eyes, his nerves and sinews wore
That vigour then that in the Lesbian towers,
Provoked to wrastle with the iron powers
Philomelides vaunted, he approved;
When down he hurl'd his challenger, and moved
Huge shouts from all the Achives then in view.
If, once come home, he all those forces drew
About him there to work, they all were dead,
And should find bitter his attempted bed.
But what you ask and sue for, I, as far
As I have heard the true-spoke mariner,
Will tell directly, nor delude your ear:
He told me that an island did ensphere,
In much discomfort, great Laertes' son;
And that the Nymph Calypso, overrun
With his affection, kept him in her caves;
Where men, nor ship, of power to brook the waves,
Were near his convoy to his country's shore,
And where herself importuned evermore
His quiet stay; which not obtain'd, by force
She kept his person from all else recourse.'
This told Atrides, which was all he knew.
Nor stay'd I more, but from the Gods there blew
A prosperous wind, that set me quickly here."
This put his mother quite from all her cheer.
When Theoclymenus the augur said:
"O woman, honour'd with Ulysses' bed,
Your son, no doubt, knows clearly nothing more,
Hear me yet speak, that can the truth uncore,
Nor will be curious. Jove then witness bear,
And this thy hospitable table here,
With this whole household of your blameless lord,
That at this hour his royal feet are shored
On his loved country earth, and that even here
Coming, or creeping, he will see the cheer
These wooers make; and in his soul's field sow
Seeds that shall thrive to all their overthrow.
This, set a ship-board, I knew sorted thus,
And cried it out to your Telemachus."
Penelope replied: "Would this would prove,
You well should witness a most friendly love,
And gifts such of me, as encountering Fame
Should greet you with a blessed mortal's name."
This mutual speech past, all the wooers were
Hurling the stone, and tossing of the spear,
Before the palace, in the paved court,
Where otherwhiles their petulant resort
Sat plotting injuries. But when the hour
Of supper enter'd, and the feeding power
Brought sheep from field, that fill'd up every way
With those that used to furnish that purvey;
Medon, the herald (who of all the rest
Pleased most the wooers, and at every feast

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Was ever near) said: "You whose kind consort
Make the fair branches of the tree our court,
Grace it within now, and your suppers take.
You that for health, and fair contention's sake,
Will please your minds, know, bodies must have meat;
Play's worse than idleness in times to eat."
This said, all left, came in, cast by, on thrones
And chairs, their garments. Their provisions
Were sheep, swine, goats, the chiefly great and fat,
Besides an ox that from the herd they gat.
And now the king and herdsman, from the field,
In good way were to town; 'twixt whom was held
Some walking conference, which thus begun
The good Eumæus: "Guest, your will was won,
Because the prince commanded, to make way
Up to the city, though I wish'd your stay,
And to have made you guardian of my stall;
But I, in care and fear of what might fall
In after anger of the prince, forbore.
The checks of princes touch their subjects sore.
But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,
And cold airs still are in the even extended."
"I know't," said he, "consider all; your charge
Is given to one that understands at large.
Haste then. Hereafter, you shall lead the way;
Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay,
That I may use it; since you say our pass
Is less friend to a weak foot than it was."
Thus cast he on his neck his nasty scrip,
All patch'd and torn; a cord, that would not slip
For knots and bracks about the mouth of it,
Made serve the turn; and then his swain did fit
His forced state with a staff. Then plied they hard
Their way to town, their cottage left in guard
To swains and dogs. And now Eumæus led
The king along, his garments to a thread
All bare and burn'd, and he himself had bore
Upon his staff, at all parts like a poor
And sad old beggar. But when now they got
The rough highway, their voyage wanted not
Much of the city, where a fount they reach'd,
From whence the town their choicest water fetch'd,
That ever overflow'd, and curious art
Was shewn about it; in which three had part
Whose names Neritus and Polyctor were,
And famous Ithacus. It had a sphere
Of poplar, that ran round about the wall;
And into it a lofty rock let fall
Continual supply of cool clear stream.
On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme
In those parts' loves, a stately altar rose,
Where every traveller did still impose
Devoted sacrifice. At this fount found
These silly travellers a man renown'd
For guard of goats, which now he had in guide,
Whose huge-stored herd two herdsmen kept beside,
For all herds it excell'd, and bred a feed
For wooers only. He was Dolius' seed,
And call'd Melanthius. Who casting eye
On these two there, he chid them terribly,
And so past mean, that even the wretched fate
Now on Ulysses he did irritate.
His fume to this effect he did pursue:
"Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,
That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train
With like his like. Why, thou unenvied swain,
Whither dost thou lead this same victless leaguer,
This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar?
Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors;
Who, with his standing in so many doors,
Hath broke his back; and all his beggary tends
To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends,
As asking swords, or with activity
To get a caldron. Wouldst thou give him me,

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To farm my stable, or to sweep my yard,
And bring browse to my kids, and that preferr'd
He should be at my keeping for his pains,
To drink as much whey as his thirsty veins
Would still be swilling (whey made all his fees)
His monstrous belly would oppress his knees.
But he hath learn'd to lead base life about,
And will not work, but crouch among the rout
For broken meat to cram his bursten gut.
Yet this I'll say, and he will find it put
In sure effect, that if he enters where
Ulysses' roofs cast shade, the stools will there
About his ears fly, all the house will throw,
And rub his ragged sides with cuffs enow."
Past these reviles, his manless rudeness spurn'd
Divine Ulysses; who at no part turn'd
His face from him, but had his spirit fed
With these two thoughts, if he should strike him dead
With his bestowed staff, or at his feet
Make his direct head and the pavement meet.
But he bore all, and entertain'd a breast
That in the strife of all extremes did rest.
Eumæus, frowning on him, chid him yet,
And, lifting up his hands to heaven, he set
This bitter curse at him: "O you that bear
Fair name to be the race of Jupiter,
Nymphs of these fountains! If Ulysses ever
Burn'd thighs to you, that, hid in fat, did never
Fail your acceptance of, or lamb or kid;
Grant this grace to me: let the man thus hid
Shine through his dark fate, make some God his guide,
That, to thee, goatherd, this same palate's pride,*
Thou drivest afore thee, he may come and make
The scatterings of the earth, and overtake
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to ever err
About the city, hunted by his fear.
And in the mean space may some slothful swains
Let lousy sickness gnaw thy cattle's veins."

"O Gods!" replied Melanthius, "what a curse
Hath this dog bark'd out, and can yet do worse!
This man shall I have given into my hands,
When in a well-built ship to far-off lands
I shall transport him, that, should I want here,
My sale of him may find me victuals there.
And, for Ulysses, would to heaven his joy
The silver-bearing-bow God would destroy,
This day, within his house, as sure as he
The day of his return shall never see."
This said, he left them going silent on;
But he out-went them, and took straight upon
The palace royal, which he enter'd straight,
Sat with the wooers, and his trencher's freight
The carvers gave him of the flesh there vented,
But bread the reverend butleress presented.
He took against Eurymachus his place,
Who most of all the wooers gave him grace.
And now Ulysses and his swain got near,
When round about them visited their ear
The hollow harp's delicious-stricken string,
To which did Phemius, near the wooers, sing.
Then by the hand Ulysses took his swain,
And said: "Eumæus, one may here see plain,
In many a grace, that Laertiades*
Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others these,
His whole court arm'd with such a goodly wall,
The cornice, and the cope, majestical,
His double gates, and turrets, built too strong
For force or virtue ever to expugn.
I know the feasters in it now abound,
Their cates cast such a savour; and the sound
The harp gives, argues an accomplish'd feast.
The Gods made music banquet's dearest guest."
"These things," said he, "your skill may tell with ease,
Since you are graced with greater knowledges.
But now consult we how these works shall sort,
If you will first approach this praised court,

* Intending his fat herd, kept only for the wooers' dainty palates.

* Ulysses.

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And see these wooers, I remaining here;
Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear.
But be not you too tedious in your stay,
Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away.
Brain hath no fence for blows; look to 't, I pray."
"You speak to one that comprehends," said he,
"Go you before, and here adventure me.
I have of old been used to cuffs and blows;
My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes
Of many a sour event in waves and wars,
Where knocks and buffets are no foreigners.
And this same harmful belly by no mean
The greatest abstinent can ever wean.
Men suffer much bane by the belly's rage;
For whose sake ships in all their equipage
Are arm'd, and set out to th' untamed seas,
Their bulks full-fraught with ills to enemies."
Such speech they changed; when in the yard there lay
A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
Assumed for Ilion, Ulysses bred,
Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
As being too young; but, growing to his grace,
Young men made choice of him for every chace,
Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts.
But his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,
Before the oxstall, and mules' stable door,
To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands,
While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands,
The dog, with ticks (unlook'd-to) over-grown.
But by this dog no sooner seen but known
Was wise Ulysses, who new enter'd there,
Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,
Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern,
Couch'd close his ears, and lay so; nor discern*
Could evermore his dear-loved lord again.
Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain
From shedding tears; which (far-off seeing his swain)
He dried from his sight clean; to whom he thus
His grief dissembled: "'Tis miraculous,
That such a dog as this should have his lai
On such a dunghill, for his form is fair.
And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb;
Or he lived empty of those inward things,
As are those trencher-beagles tending kings,
Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's, sake,
Or fashion, they into their favour take."
"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead
A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
For form and quality, of such a height,
As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilion fight,
Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes
Would then admire to see him use his thighs
In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,
Nor anything let scape. If once his eye
Seized any wild beast, he knew straight his scent;
Go where he would, away with him he went.
Nor was there ever any savage stood
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him down;
As well by that true hunting to be shown
In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace
In any open lawn. For in deep chace
He was a passing wise and well-nosed hound.
And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
With any grace here now; nor he more fed
Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
Far from his country; and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care.
Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done.
That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sun-burn'd with the servile day."
This said, he enter'd the well-builded towers,
Up bearing right upon the glorious wooers,
And left poor Argus dead; his lord's first sight
Since that time twenty years bereft his light.
Telemachus did far the first behold
Eumæus enter, and made signs he should
Come up to him. He, noting, came, and took
On earth his seat. And then the master cook

* The dog died as soon as he had seen Ulysses.

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Served in more banquet ; of which, part he set
Before the wooers, part the prince did get,
Who sate alone, his table placed aside ;
To which the herald did the bread divide.
After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king,*
Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,
Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad
As would have made his mere beholder sad.
Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,
And 'gainst a cypress threshold stay'd his head,
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct
Tried by the plumb and by the architect.
The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,
The finest there, and see that prostrated
At-all-parts plight of his given all the cheer
His hands could turn to : "Take," said he, "and bear
These cates to him, and bid him beg of all
These wooers here, and to their festival
Bear up with all the impudence he can ;
Bashful behaviour fits no needy man."
He heard, and did his will. "Hold guest," said he,
"Telemachus commends these cates to thee,
Bids thee bear up, and all these wooers implore.
Wit must make impudent whom Fate makes poor."
"O Jove," said he, "do my poor prayers the grace
To make him blessed'st of the mortal race,
And every thought now in his generous heart
To deeds that further my desires convert."
Thus took he in with both his hands his store,
And in the uncouth scrip, that lay before
His ill-shod feet, reposed it ; whence he fed
All time the music to the feasters play'd.
Both jointly ending, then began the wooers
To put in old act their tumultuous powers ;
When Pallas standing close did prompt her friend,
To prove how far the bounties would extend
Of those proud wooers ; so, to let him try
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.
However, no thought touch'd Minerva's mind,
That any one should scape his wreak design'd.
He handsomely became all, crept about
To every wooer, held a forced hand out,
And all his work did in so like a way,
As he had practised begging many a day.
And though they knew all beggars could do this,
Yet they admired it as no deed of his ;
Though far from thought of other, used expence
And pity to him, who he was, and whence,
Inquiring mutually. Melanthius then :
"Hear me, ye wooers of the far-famed queen,
About this beggar : I have seen before
This face of his ; and know for certain more,
That this swain brought him hither. What he is,
Or whence he came, flies me." Reply to this
Antinous made, and mock'd Eumæus thus :
"O thou renowned herdsman, why to us
Brought'st thou this beggar? Serves it not our hands,
That other land-leapers, and cormorands,
Profane poor knaves, lie on us, unconducted,
But you must bring them? So amiss instructed
Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know
Thy lord's goods wrack'd in this their overflow?
Which think'st thou nothing, that thou call'st in these?"
Eumæus answer'd : "Though you may be wise,
You speak not wisely. Who calls in a guest
That is a guest himself? None call to feast
Other than men that are of public use,
Prophets, or poets, whom the Gods produce,
Physicians for men's ills, or architects.
Such men the boundless earth affords respects
Bounded in honour, and may call them well.
But poor men who calls? Who doth so excel
In others' good to do himself an ill?
But all Ulysses' servants have been still
Eye-sores in your way more than all that woo,
And chiefly I. But what care I for you,
As long as these roofs hold as thralls to none
The wise Penelope and her godlike son?"
"Forbear," said he, "and leave this tongue's bold ill.
Antinous uses to be crossing still,
And give sharp words ; his blood that humour bears,
To set men still together by the ears.

* Ulysses' ruthful fashion of entry to his own hall.

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But," turning then t' Antinous, "O," said he,
"You entertain a father's care of me,
To turn these eating guests out. 'Tis advice
Of needful use for my poor faculties.
But God doth not allow this; there must be
Some care of poor men in humanity.
What you yourselves take, give; I not envy,
But give command that hospitality
Be given all strangers. Nor shall my powers fear,
If this mood in me reach my mother's ear;
Much less the servants', that are here to see
Ulysses' house kept in his old degree.
But you bear no such mind, your wits more cast
To fill yourself than let another taste."
Antinous answer'd him: "Brave-spoken man!
Whose mind's free fire see check'd no virtue can.
If all we wooers here would give as much
As my mind serves, his* largess should be such
As would for three months serve his far off way
From troubling your house with more cause of stay."
This said, he took a stool up, that did rest,
Beneath the board, his spangled feet at feast,
And offer'd at him; but the rest gave all,
And fill'd his fulsome scrip with festival.
And so Ulysses for the present was,
And for the future, furnish'd, and his pass
Bent to the door to eat. Yet could not leave
Antinous so, but said: "Do you too give,
Loved lord; your presence makes a shew to me
As you not worst were of the company,
But best; and so much that you seem the king,
And therefore you should give some better thing
Than bread, like others. I will spread your praise
Through all the wide world, that have in my days
Kept house myself, and trod the wealthy ways
Of other men even to the title Blest;
And often have I given an erring guest
(How mean soever) to the utmost gain
Of what he wanted, kept whole troops of men,
And had all other comings in, with which
Men live so well, and gain the fame of rich.
Yet Jove consumed all; he would have it so;
To which, his mean was this: He made me go
Far off, for Egypt, in the rude consort
Of all-ways-wandering pirates, where, in port,
I bade my loved men draw their ships ashore,
And dwell amongst them; sent out some t' explore
Up to the mountains, who, intemperate,
And their inflamed bloods bent to satiate,
Foraged the rich fields, haled the women thence
And unwean'd children, with the foul expence
Both of their fames and bloods. The cry then flew
Straight to the city; and the great fields grew
With horse and foot, and flamed with iron arms;
When Jove (that breaks the thunder in alarms)
An ill flight cast amongst my men; not one
Inspired with spirit to stand, and turn upon
The fierce pursuing foe; and therefore stood
Their ill fate thick about them; some in blood,
And some in bondage; toils led by constraint
Fastening upon them. Me along they sent
To Cyprus with a stranger-prince they met,
Dmetor Iasides, who th' imperial seat
Of that sweet island sway'd in strong command.
And thus feel I here need's contemned hand."
"And what God sent," said he, "this suffering bane
To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane
My board so boldly, lest I shew thee here
Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there.
You are a saucy set-faced vagabond.
About with all you go, and they, beyond
Discretion give thee, since they find not here
The least proportion set down to their cheer.

* Intending Ulysses.

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But every fountain hath his under-floods.
It is no bounty to give others' goods."
"O Gods," replied Ulysses, "I see now,
You bear no soul in this your goodly show.
Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get
Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought meat;
Since, sitting where another's board is spread,
That flows with feast, not to the broken bread
Will your allowance reach." "Nay then," said he,
And look'd austerely, "if so saucy be
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear
You shall not scape without some broken cheer."
Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit
The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.
He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart
Not stirr'd Ulysses; who in his great heart
Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close
He bound in silence, shook his head, and went
Out to the entry, where he then gave vent
To his full scrip, sat on the earth, and eat,
And talk'd still to the wooers: "Hear me yet,
Ye wooers of the Queen. It never grieves
A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,
Or other main possessions, a man fights;
But for his harmful belly this man smites,
Whose love to many a man breeds many a woe.
And if the poor have Gods, and Furies too,
Before Antinous wear his nuptial wreath,
He shall be worn upon the dart of death."
"Harsh guest," said he, "sit silent at your meat,
Or seek your desperate plight some safer seat,
Lest by the hands or heels youths drag your years,
And rend your rotten rags about your ears."
This made the rest as highly hate his folly,
As he had violated something holy.
When one, even of the proudest, thus began:
"Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man
On such an errant wretch. O ill disposed!
Perhaps some sacred Godhead goes enclosed
Even in his abject outside; for the Gods
Have often visited these rich abodes
Like such poor stranger pilgrims, since their powers
(Being always shapeful) glide through towns and towers,
Observing, as they pass still, who they be
That piety love, and who impiety."
This all men said, but he held sayings cheap.
And all this time Telemachus did heap
Sorrow on sorrow on his beating heart,
To see his father stricken; yet let part
No tear to earth, but shook his head, and thought
As deep as those ills that were after wrought.
The Queen now, hearing of her poor guest's stroke,
Said to her maid (as to her wooer she spoke),
"I wish the famous-for-his-bow, the Sun,
Would strike thy heart so." Her wish, thus begun,
Her lady, fair Eurynome, pursued
Her execration, and did thus conclude:
"So may our vows call down from heaven his end,
And let no one life of the rest extend
His life till morning." "O Eurynome,"
Replied the Queen, "may all Gods speak in thee,
For all the wooers we should rate as foes,
Since all their weals they place in others' woes.
But this Antinous we past all should hate,
As one resembling black and cruel Fate.
A poor strange wretch begg'd here, compell'd by need,
Ask'd all, and every one gave in his deed,
Fill'd his sad scrip, and eased his heavy wants,
Only this man bestow'd unmanly taunts,
And with a cruel blow, his force let fly,
'Twixt neck and shoulders shew'd his charity."
These minds, above, she and her maids did show,
While, at his scrip, Ulysses sat below.
In which time she Eumæus call'd, and said:
"Go, good Eumæus, and see soon convey'd
The stranger to me; bid him come and take
My salutations for his welcome's sake,

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And my desire serve, if he hath not heard
Or seen distress'd Ulysses? who hath err'd
Like such a man, and therefore chance may fall
He hath by him been met and spoke withal."
"O Queen," said he, "I wish to heaven your ear
Were quit of this unreverend noise you hear
From these rude wooers, when I bring the guest;
Such words your ear would let into your breast
As would delight it to your very heart.
Three nights and days I did my roof impart
To his fruition (for he came to me
The first of all men since he fled the sea)
And yet he had not given a perfect end
To his relation of what woes did spend
The spite of Fate on him, but as you see*
A singer, breathing out of Deity
Love-kindling lines, when all men seated near
Are rapt with endless thirst to ever hear;
So sweeten'd he my bosom at my meat,
Affirming that Ulysses was in Crete,
Where first the memories of Minos were,
A guest to him there dwelling then, as dear
As his true father; and from thence came he
Tired on with sorrows, toss'd from sea to sea,
To cast himself in dust, and tumble here,
At wooers' feet, for blows and broken cheer.
But of Ulysses, where the Thesprots dwell,
A wealthy people, Fame, he says, did tell
The still survival; who his native light
Was bound for now, with treasure infinite."
"Call him," said she, "that he himself may say
This over to me. We shall soon have way
Given by the wooers; they, as well at gate,
As set within doors, use to recreate
Their high-fed spirits. As their humours lead
They follow; and may well; for still they tread
Uncharged ways here, their own wealth lying unwasted
In poor-kept houses, only something tasted
Their bread and wine is by their household swains;
But they themselves let loose continual reins
To our expenses, making slaughter still
Of sheep, goats, oxen, feeding past the fill,
And vainly lavishing our richest wine;
All these extending past the sacred line,
For here lives no man like Ulysses now
To curb these ruins. But should he once show
His country light his presence, he and his
Would soon revenge these wooers' injuries."
This said, about the house in echo round,
Her son's strange neesings* made a horrid sound;
At which the Queen yet laugh'd, and said
"Go call
The stranger to me. Heard'st thou not to all
My words last utter'd, what a neesing brake
From my Telemachus? From whence make
This sure conclusion: That the dear and fate
Of every wooer here is near his date.
Call then the guest, and if he tell true
What I shall ask him, coat, cloak, all things new,
These hands shall yield him." This said down he went,
And told Ulysses, that the Queen had sent
To call him to her, that she might inquire
About her husband what her sad desire
Urged her to ask; and, if she found him true,
Both coat, and cassock (which he needed new
Her hands would put on him; and the bread,
Which now he begg'd amongst the common tread,
Should freely feed his hunger now from her,
Who all she wish'd would to his wants prefer."
His answer was: "I will with fit speed tell
The whole truth to the Queen; for passing well

* Simile, in which Ulysses is compared with a poet for the sweetness of his speech.

* Neezing a good omen.

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I know her lord, since he and I have shared
In equal sorrows. But I much am scared
With this rude multitude of wooers here,
The rage of whose pride smites heaven's brazen sphere.
Of whose rout when one strook me for no fault,
Telemachus nor none else turn'd th' assault
From my poor shoulders. Therefore, though she haste,
Beseech the Queen her patience will see past
The day's broad light, and then may she inquire.
'Tis but my closer pressing to the fire
In th' evening's cold, because my weeds, you know,
Are passing thin; for I made bold to show
Their bracks to you, and pray'd your kind supply."
He heard, and hasted; and met instantly
The Queen upon the pavement in his way,
Who ask'd: "What! bring'st thou not? what cause of stay
Find his austere supposes? Takes he fear
Of th' unjust wooers? Or thus hard doth bear
On any other doubt the house objects?
He does me wrong, and gives too nice respects
To his fear'd safety." "He does right," said he,
"And what he fears should move the policy
Of any wise one; taking care to shun
The violent wooers. He bids bide, till sun
Hath hid his broad light. And, believe it, Queen,
'Twill make your best course, since you two, unseen,
May pass th' encounter; you to speak more free,
And he your ear gain less distractedly."
"The guest is wise," said she, "and well doth give
The right thought use. Of all the men that live,
Life serves none such as these proud wooers are,
To give a good man cause to use his care."
Thus, all agreed, amongst the wooers goes
Eumæus to the prince, and, whispering close,
Said: "Now, my love, my charge shall take up me,
(Your goods and mine). What here is, you must see
In fit protection. But, in chief, regard
Your own dear safeguard; whose state study hard,
Lest sufferance seize you. Many a wicked thought
Conceal these wooers; whom just Jove see brought
To utter ruin, ere it touch at us."
"So chance it, friend," replied Telemachus,
"Your bever taken, go. In first of day
Come, and bring sacrifice the best you may.
To me and to th' Immortals be the care
Of whatsoever here the safeties are.
This said, he sat in his elaborate throne.
Eumæus (fed to satisfaction)
Went to his charge, left both the court and walls
Full of secure and fatal festivals,
In which the wooers' pleasures still would sway.
And now begun the even's near-ending day.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

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THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses and rogue Irus fight.
Penelope vouchsafes her sight
To all her Wooers; who present
Gifts to her, ravish'd with content.
A certain parley then we sing,
Betwixt a Wooer and the King.

ANOTHER.

Σίγμα. The beggar's glee.
The King's high fame.
Gifts given to see
A virtuous dame.

There came a common beggar to the court,
Who in the city begg'd of all resort,
Excell'd in madness of the gut, drunk, ate,
Past intermission, was most hugely great,
Yet had no fibres in him nor no force;
In sight a man, in mind a living corse.
His true name was Arnæus, for his mother
Imposed it from his birth, and yet another
The city youth would give him (from the course
He after took, derived out of the force
That need held on him, which was up and down
To run on all men's errands through the town)
Which sounded Irus. When whose gut was come,
He needs would bar Ulysses his own home,
And fell to chiding him: "Old man," said he,
"Your way out of the entry quickly see
Be with fair language taken, lest your stay
But little longer see you dragg'd away.
See, sir, observe you not how all these make
Direct signs at me, charging me to take
Your heels, and drag you out? But I take shame.
Rise yet, y' are best, lest we two play a game
At cuffs together." He bent brows, and said:
"Wretch! I do thee no ill, nor once upbraid
Thy presence with a word, nor, what mi
eye
By all hands sees thee given, one thoug
envy.
Nor shouldst thou envy others. Th
may'st see
The place will hold us both; and seem
to me
A beggar like myself; which who c
mend?
The Gods give most to whom they least
friend.
The chief goods Gods give, is in good to e
But to the hands' strife, of which y' are
free,
Provoke me not, for fear you anger me
And lest the old man, on whose scorn y
stood,
Your lips and bosom make shake har
in blood.
I love my quiet well, and more will love
To-morrow than to-day. But if you mo
My peace beyond my right, the war y
make
Will never after give you will to take
Ulysses' house into your begging walk."
"O Gods," said he, "how volubly d
talk
This eating gulf! And how his fu
breaks out,
As from an old crack'd oven! whom
will clout
So bitterly, and so with both hands ma
His chaps together, that his teeth shall
As plain seen on the earth as any sow's
That ruts the corn-fields, or devours
mows.
Come, close we now, that all may see w
wrong
An old man tempts that takes at cuff
young."
Thus in the entry of those lofty towe
These two, with all spleen, spent their j
ring powers.
Antinous took it, laugh'd, and said: '
friends,
We never had such sport: This guest c
tends

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With this vast beggar at the buffets' fight.
Come, join we hands, and screw up all their spite."
All rose in laughters; and about them bore
All the ragged rout of beggars at the door.
Then moved Antinous the victor's hire
To all the wooers thus: "There are now at fire
Two breasts of goat; both which let law set down
Before the man that wins the day's renown,
With all their fat and gravy. And of both
The glorious victor shall prefer his tooth,
To which he makes his choice of, from us all,
And ever after banquet in our hall,
With what our boards yield; not a beggar more
Allow'd to share, but all keep out at door."
This he proposed; and this they all approved.
To which Ulysses answer'd: "O most loved,
By no means should an old man, and one old
In chief with sorrows, be so over-bold
To combat with his younger; but, alas,
Man's own ill-working belly needs will pass
This work upon me, and enforce me, too,
To beat this fellow. But then, you must do
My age no wrong, to take my younger's part,
And play me foul play, making your strokes' smart
Help his to conquer; for you easily may
With your strengths crush me. Do then right, and lay
Your honours on it in your oaths, to yield
His part no aid, but equal leave the field."
All swore his will. But then Telemachus
His father's scoffs with comforts serious
Could not but answer, and made this reply:
"Guest! If thine own powers cheer thy victory,
Fear no man's else that will not pass it free.
He fights with many that shall touch but thee.
I'll see thy guest-right paid. Thou here art come
In my protection; and to this the sum
Of all these wooers (which Antinous are
And King Eurymachus) conjoin their care."
Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying by
His upper weed, his inner beggary
Near shew'd his shame, which he with rags prevented
Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so presented
Their goodly sight, which were so white and great,
And his large shoulders were to view so set
By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and all,
So broad, and brawny (their grace natural
Being help'd by Pallas, ever standing near)
That all the wooers his admirers were
Beyond all measure, mutual whispers driven
Through all their cluster, saying; sure as heaven
Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows.
Through his thin garment what a thigh he shows!"
They said. But Irus felt. His coward mind
Was moved at root. But now he needs must find
Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts fit
The servants brought him, all his arteries smit
With fears and tremblings. Which Antinous saw,
And said: "Nay, now too late comes fear. No law
Thou shouldst at first have given thy braggart vein,
Nor should it so have swell'd, if terrors strain
Thy spirits to this pass, for a man so old,
And worn with penuries that still lay hold
On his ragged person. Howsoever, take
This vow from me for firm: That if he make
Thy forces stoop, and prove his own supreme,
I'll put thee in a ship, and down the stream
Send thee ashore where King Echetus reigns,
(The roughest tyrant that the world contains)
And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear,
Thy shame cut off, and give it dogs to tear."
This shook his nerves the more. But both were now
Brought to the lists; and up did either throw
His heavy fists. Ulysses, in suspense
To strike so home that he should fright from thence

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His coward soul, his trunk laid prostrate there,
Or let him take more leisure to his fear,
And stoop him by degrees. The last shew'd best,
To strike him slightly, out of fear the rest
Would else discover him. But, peace now broke,
On his right shoulder Irus laid his stroke.
Ulysses strook him just beneath the ear,
His jaw-bone broke, and made the blood appear;
When straight he strew'd the dust, and made his cry
Stand for himself; with whom his teeth did lie,
Spit with his blood out; and against the ground
His heels lay sprawling. Up the hands went round
Of all the wooers, all at point to die
With violent laughters. Then the king did ply
The beggar's feet, and dragged him forth the hall,
Along the entry, to the gates and wall;
Where leaving him, he put into his hand
A staff, and bade him there use his command
On swine and dogs, and not presume to be
Lord of the guests, or of the beggary,
Since he of all men was the scum and curse;
And so bade please with that, or fare yet worse.
Then cast he on his scrip, all-patch'd and rent,
Hung by a rotten cord, and back he went
To greet the entry's threshold with his seat.
The wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
With gentle words his conquest; laughing still,
Pray'd Jove and all the Gods to give his will
What most it wish'd him, and would joy him most,
Since he so happily had clear'd their coast
Of that unsavoury morsel; whom they vow'd
To see with all their utmost haste bestow'd
Aboard a ship, and for Epirus sent
To King Echetus, on whose throne was spent
The worst man's seat that breathed. And thus was graced
Divine Ulysses, who with joy embraced
Even that poor conquest. Then was set to him
The goodly goat's breast promised (that did swim
In fat and gravy) by Antinous.
And from a basket, by Amphinomus,
Were two breads given him; who, besides, renown'd
His banquet with a golden goblet crown'd,
And this high salutation: "Frolic, guest,
And be those riches that you first possest
Restored again with full as many joys,
As in your poor state I see now annoys."
"Amphinomus," said he, "you seem to me
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny
Of such a father as authentic Fame
Hath told me was so, one of honour'd name,
And great revenues in Dulichius,
His fair name Nisus. He is blazon'd thus;
And you to be his son, his wisdom heiring,
As well as wealth, his state in nought impairing.
To prove which all ways, let me tell you this,
(As warning you to shun the miseries
That follow full states, if they be not held
With wisdom still at full, and so compell'd
To courses that abode not in their brows,
By too much swinge, their sudden overthrows)
Of all things breathing, or that creep on earth,
Nought is more wretched than a human birth.
Bless'd men think never they can cursed be,
While any power lasts to move a knee.
But when the blest Gods make them feel that smart,
That fled their faith so, as they had no heart
They bear their sufferings, and, what well they might
Have clearly shunn'd, they then meet in despite.
The mind of man flies still out of his way,
Unless God guide and prompt it every day.
I thought me once a blessed man with men,
And fashion'd me to all so counted then,
Did all injustice like them; what for lust,
Or any pleasure, never so unjust
I could by power or violence obtain
And gave them both in all their powers the rein,
Bold of my fathers and my brothers still;
While which held good my arts seem'd never ill.

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And thus is none held simply good or bad,
But as his will is either miss'd or had.
All goods God's gifts man calls, howe'er he gets them,
And so takes all, what price soe'er God sets them,
Says nought how ill they come, nor will control
That ravine in him, though it cost his soul.
And these parts here I see these wooers play,
Take all that falls, and all dishonours lay
On that man's Queen, that, tell your friends, doth bear
No long time's absence, but is passing near.
Let God then guide thee home, lest he may meet
In his return thy undeparted feet;
For when he enters, and sees men so rude,
The quarrel cannot but in blood conclude."
This said, he sacrificed, then drunk, and then
Referr'd the given bowl to the guide of men;
Who walk'd away, afflicted at his heart,
Shook head, and fear'd that these facts would convert
To ill in th' end; yet had not grace to fly,
Minerva stay'd him, being ordain'd to die
Upon the lance of young Ulyssides.
So down he sat; and then did Pallas please
T' incline the Queen's affections to appear
To all the wooers, to extend their cheer
To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death,
And made her put on all the painted sheath,
That might both set her wooers' fancies high,
And get her greater honour in the eye
Even of her son and sovereign than before.
Who laughing yet, to shew her humour bore
No serious appetite to that light show,
She told Eurynome, that not till now
She ever knew her entertain desire
To please her wooers' eyes, but oft on fire
She set their hate, in keeping from them still;
Yet now she pleased t' appear, though from no will
To do them honour, vowing she would tell
Her son that of them that should fit him well
To make use of; which was, not to converse
Too freely with their pride, nor to disperse
His thoughts amongst them, since they used to give
Good words, but through them ill intents did drive.
Eurynome replied: "With good advise
You vow his counsel, and your open guise.
Go then, advise your son, nor keep more close
Your cheeks, still drown'd in your eyes' overflows,
But bathe your body, and with balms make clear
Your thicken'd countenance. *Uncomposed cheer,*
And ever mourning, will the marrow wear.
Nor have you cause to mourn; your son hath now
Put on that virtue which, in chief, your vow
Wish'd, as your blessing, at his birth, might deck
His blood and person." "But forbear to speak
Of baths, or balmings, or of beauty, now,"
The Queen replied, "lest, urging comforts, you
Discomfort much; because the Gods have won
The spoil of my looks since my lord was gone.
But these must serve. Call hither then to me
Hippodamia and Antonoe,
That those our train additions may supply
Our own deserts. And yet, besides, not I,
With all my age, have learn'd the boldness yet
T' expose myself to men, unless I get
Some other gracers." This said, forth* she went
To call the ladies, and much spirit spent
To make their utmost speed, for now their Queen
Would both herself shew, and make them be seen.
But now Minerva other projects laid,
And through Icarius'† daughter's veins convey'd
Sweet sleep's desire; in whose soft fumes involved
She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolved
Were all her lineaments. The Goddess then
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beams
That glister in the deified supremes,

* Eurynome. † Penelope.

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She clear'd her mourning countenance up withal.
Even such a radiance as doth round empall
Crown'd Cytherea,* when her order'd places
Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her own; more plump, more high,
And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
Rendering her parts and presence. This grace done,
Away the Deity flew; and up did run
Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
That blew the soft chains from her sleeping joys;
When she her fair eyes wiped, and, gasping, said:
"O me unblest! How deep a sweet sleep spread
His shades about me! Would Diana pleased
To shoot me with a death no more diseased,
As soon as might be, that no more my moan
Might waste my blood in weepings never done,
For want of that accomplish'd virtue sphered
In my loved lord, to all the Greeks preferr'd."
Then she descended with her maids, and took
Place in the portal; whence her beamy look
Reach'd every wooer's heart; yet cast she on
So thin a veil, that through it quite there shone
A grace so stolen, it pleased above the clear,
And sunk the knees of every wooer there,
Their minds so melted in love's vehement fires,
That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.
The prince then coming near, she said:
"O son,
Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet put on
That constancy in what becomes their good,
Which all expect in thee. Thy younger blood
Did sparkle choicer spirits; but, arrived
At this full growth, wherein their form hath thrived
Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when now,
Beholders should affirm, 'This man doth grow
Like the rare son of his [most] matchless Sire,
(His goodliness, his beauty, and his fire
Of soul aspired to), thou makest nothing good
Thy fate, nor fortune, nor thy height of blood,
In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of foul desert hath thy gross sufferance freed
Beneath thine own roof! A poor stranger here
Used most unmanly! How will this appear
To all the world, when Fame shall trumpet out,
That thus, and thus, are our guests beat about
Our court unrighted? 'Tis a blaze will show
Extremely shameful to your name and you."
"I blame you not, O mother," he replied,
"That, this clear wrong sustain'd by me, you chide;
Yet know I both the good and bad of all,
Being past the years in which young errors fall.
But, all this known, skill is not so exact
To give, when once it knows, things fit their fact.
I well may doubt the prease of strangers here,
Who, bent to ill, and only my nerves near,
May do it in despite. And yet the jar
Betwixt our guest and Irus was no war
Wrought by the wooers; nor our guest sustain'd
Wrong in that action, but the conquest gain'd.
And would to Jove, Minerva, and the Sun,
That all your wooers might serve Contention
For such a purchase as the beggar made,
And wore such weak heads: Some should death invade,
Strew'd in the entry, some embrue the hall,
Till every man had vengeance capital,
Sattled like Irus at the gates, his head
Every way nodding, like one forfeited
To reeling Bacchus, knees nor feet his own,
To bear him where he's better loved or known."
Their speeches given this end, Eurymachus
Began his courtship, and express'd it thus:
"Most wise Icarius' daughter; If all those,
That did for Colchos venturous sail dispose

* Venus.

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For that rich purchase, had before but seen
Earth's richer prize in th' Ithacensian Queen,
They had not made that voyage, but to you
Would all their virtues and their beings vow.
Should all the world know what a worth you store,
To-morrow than to-day, and next light, more
Your court should banquet; since to all dames you
Are far preferr'd, both for the grace of show,
In stature, beauty, form in every kind
Of all parts outward, and for faultless mind."
"Alas," said she, "my virtue, body, form,
The Gods have blasted with that only storm
That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my lord,
For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods aboard.
If he, return'd, should come and govern here
My life's whole state, the grace of all things there
His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore;
Which dead in me lives, given him long before.
A sad course I live now; Heaven's stern decree
With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded me.
He took life with him, when he took my hand
In parting from me to the Trojan strand,
These words my witness: 'Woman! I conceive
That not all th' Achives bound for Troy shall leave
Their native earth their safe returned bones,
Fame saying, that Troy trains up approved sons
In deeds of arms, brave putters off of shafts,
For winging lances masters of their crafts,
Unmatched riders, swift of foot, and straight
Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.
Hope then can scarce fill all with life's supply,
And of all any failing, why not I?
Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me
Amongst the safe-return'd; or his decree
Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.
However, all cares be thy burthens here;
My sire and mother tend as much as now,
I further off, more near in cares be you.
Your son to man's state grown, wed whom you will;
And, you gone, his care let his household fill.'
Thus made my lord his will, which Heaven sees proved
Almost at all parts; for the Sun removed
Down to his set, ere long, will lead the night
Of those abhorred nuptials, that should fright
Each worthy woman, which her second are
With any man that breathes, her first lord's care
Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead;
Which, I fear I shall yield to, and so wed
A second husband; and my reason is,
Since Jove hath taken from me all his bliss.
Whom God gives over they themselves forsake,
Their griefs their joys, their God their devil, make.
And 'tis a great grief, nor was seen till now
In any fashion of such men as woo
A good and wealthy woman, and contend
Who shall obtain her, that those men should spend
Her beeves and best sheep, as their chiefest ends;
But rather that herself and all her friends
They should with banquets and rich gifts entreat.
Their life is death that live with others' meat."
Divine Ulysses much rejoiced to hear
His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in cheer
Their hearts with hope that she would wed again,
Her mind yet still her first intent retain.
Antinous saw the wooers won to give,
And said: "Wise Queen, by all your means receive
Whatever bounty any wooer shall use.
Gifts freely given 'tis folly to refuse.
For know, that we resolve not to be gone
To keep our own roofs, till of all some one,
Whom best you like, your long-woo'd love shall win."
This pleased the rest, and every one sent in
His present by the herald. First had place
Antinous' gift: a robe of special grace,

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Exceeding full and fair, and twenty hues
Changed lustre to it; to which choice of shews,
Twelve massy plated buttons, all of gold,
Enrich'd the substance, made to fairly hold
The robe together, all laced down before,
Where keeps and catches both sides of it wore.
Eurymachus a golden tablet gave,
In which did Art her choicest works engrave;
And round about an amber verge did run,
That cast a radiance from it like the Sun.
Eurydamas two servants had that bore
Two goodly earrings, whose rich hollows wore
Three pearls in either, like so many eyes,
Reflecting glances radiant as the skies.
The king Pisander, great Polyctor's heir,
A casket gave, exceeding rich and fair.
The other other wealthy gifts commended
To her fair hand; which took, and straight ascended
This Goddess of her sex her upper state.
Her ladies all her gifts elaborate
Up bearing after. All to dancing then
The wooers went, and song's delightful strain;
In which they frolick'd, till the evening came,
And then raised sable Hesperus his flame.
When, for their lights within, they set up there
Three lamps, whose wicks were wood exceeding sere,
And passing porous; which they caused to burn,
Their matter ever minister'd by turn
Of several handmaids. Whom Ulysses seeing
Too conversant with wooers, ill agreeing
With guise of maids, advised in this fair sort:
"Maids of your long-lack'd King, keep you the port
Your Queen's chaste presence bears? Go up to her,
Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye there:
I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these lords' dances
Last till Aurora cheer'd us with their glances.
They cannot weary me, for I am one
Born to endure when all men else have done."
They wantonly brake out in laughters all,
Look'd on each other; and to terms did fall
Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolius' seed,
Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty bread
Fit for her daughter; and yet won not so
Her heart to her to share in any woe
She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great
With great Eurymachus, and her love's heat
In his bed quench'd. And this choleric thing
Bestow'd this railing language on the King:
"Base stranger, you are taken in your brain,
You talk so wildly. Never you again
Can get where you were born, and seek your bed
In some smith's hovel, or the market-stead;
But here you must take confidence to prate
Before all these; for fear can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like
To prove your native garb, your tongue will strike
On this side of your mouth still, being at best.
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest?
Or proud because he beat the roguish beggar?
Take heed, Sir, lest some better man beleager
Your ears with his fists, and set headlong hence
Your bold abode here with your blood's expence."
He, looking sternly on her, answer'd her:
"Dog! What broad language givest thou? I'll prefer
Your usage to the prince, that he may fall
Foul on your fair limbs till he tell them all."
This fray'd the wenches, and all straight got gone
In fear about their business, every one
Confessing he said well. But he stood now
Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow
On all men there; his brain employ'd about
Some sharper business than to dance it out,
Which had not long to go. Nor therefore would
Minerva let the wooers' spleens grow cold
With too good usage of him, that his heart
Might fret enough, and make his cholet smart.

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Eurymachus provoked him first, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetch'd far from what was spoken long before,
That his poor form perhaps some Deity bore.
"It well may chance," said he, "some God doth bear
This man's resemblance, for, thus standing near
The glistering torches, his slick'd head doth throw
Beams round about it as those cressets do,
For not a hair he hath to give it shade.
Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a trade
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence
To walk my grounds, and look to every fence,
Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise thy forces
Food store, and clothes. But these same idle courses
Thou art so prompt in that thou wilt not work,
But forage up and down, and beg, and lurk
In every house whose roofs hold any will
To feed such fellows. That thy gut may fill,
Gives end to all thy being." He replied:
"I wish, at any work we two were tried,
In height of spring-time, when heaven's lights are long;
I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and strong,
You such another, where the grass grew deep,
Up by day-break, and both our labours keep
Up till slow darkness eased the labouring light,
Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night;
We then should prove our either workmanship.
Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip
Were apt t' obey before a tearing plow,
Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,
Alike in labour, and alike in strength,
Our task four acres, to be till'd in length
Of one sole day; again then you should try
If the dull glebe before the plow should fly,
Or I a long stitch could bear clean and even.
Or lastly, if the guide of earth and heaven
Should stir stern war up, either here or there,
And that at this day I had double spear,
And shield, and steel casque fitting for my brows:
At this work likewise, 'midst the foremost blows,
Your eyes should note me, and get little cause
To twit me with my belly's sole applause.
But you affect t' affect with injury,
Your mind ungentle, seem in valour high,
Because 'gainst few, and those not of the best,
Your conversation hath been still profest.
But if Ulysses, landed on his earth,
And enter'd on the true right of his birth,
Should come and front ye, straight his ample gates
Your feet would hold too narrow for your fates."
He frowned, raged, call'd him wretch, and vow'd
To be his death, since he durst prove so proud
Amongst so many, to tell him so home
What he affected: ask'd, if overcome
With wine he were, or, as his minion said,
Talk'd still so idly, and were palsied
In his mind's instruments, or was proud because
He gat from Irus off with such applause?
With all which, snatching up a stool, he threw;
When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew
Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
His aged object, and his page's hand
(A boy that waited on his cup's command,
Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.
Down fell the sounding ewer, and after it
The guiltless page lay sprawling in the dust,
And crying out. When all the wooers thrust
A tumult up amongst them, wishing all
The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,
Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up,
And with rude speeches spice their pleasures' cup.
And all this for a beggar, to fulfil
A filthy proverb: *Good still yields to ill.*
The prince cried out on them, to let the bad
Obscure the good so; told them they were mad,
Abused their banquet, and affirm'd some God
Tried masteries with them: bade them take their load
Of food and wine, sit up, or fall to bed
At their free pleasures; and since he gave head

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To all their freedoms, why should they mistake
Their own rich humours for a beggar's sake?
All bit their lips to be so taken down,
And taught the course that should have been their own,
Admired the prince, and said he bravely spoke.
But Nisus' son then strook the equal stroke,
And said: "O friends, let no man here disdain
To put up equal speeches; nor maintain
With serious words an humour; nor with stroke
A stranger in another's house provoke;
Nor touch the meanest servant; but confine
All these dissensions in a bowl of wine;
Which fill us, cup-bearer, that, having done
Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone
Our powers with sleep, resigning first the guest
Up to the prince, that holds all interest
In his disposure here; the house being his
In just descent, and all the faculties."
This all approved; when noble Mulius,
Herald in chief to lord Amphinomus,
The wine distributed with reverend grace
To every wooer; when the Gods given place
With service fit, they served themselves, and took
Their parting cups; till (when they all had shook
The angry humour off) they bent to rest,
And every wooer to several roofs addrest.

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

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THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES and his son eschew
Offending of the Wooers' view
With any armour. His birth's seat,
Ulysses tells his Queen, is Crete.
Euryclea the truth yet found,
Discover'd by a scar-heal'd wound,
Which in Parnassus' tops a boar,
Strook by him in his chace, did gore.

ANOTHER.

Τεῦ. The King still hid
By what he said;
By what he did
Informs his maid.

YET did divine Ulysses keep his roof,
And with Minerva plotted still the proof
Of all the wooers' deaths; when thus his son
He taught with these fore-counsels: "We must run
A close course with these arms, and lay them by,
And to the wooers make so fair a sky
As it would never thunder. Let me then,
That you may well retain, repeat again
What in Eumæus' cottage I advised:
If when they see your leisure exercised
In fetching down your arms, and ask what use
Your mind will give them, say, 'tis their abuse
With smoke and rust that makes you take them down,
This not being like the armoury well-known
To be the leavings of Laertes' son
Consorting the design for Ilion;
Your eyes may see how much they are infected,
As all fires' vapours ever since reflected
On those sole arms. Besides, a graver thought
Jove graves within you, lest, their spirits wrought
Above their pitch with wine, they might contend
At some high banquet, and to wounds transcend,
Their feast inverting; which, perhaps, may be
Their nuptial feast with wise Penelope.
The ready weapon, when the blood is up,
Doubles the uproar heighten'd by the cup.
Wrath's means for act, curb all the ways ye can,
As loadstones draw the steel, so steel draws man.
Retain these words; nor what is good think, thus
Received at second hand, superfluous."
The son, obeying, did Euryclea call,
And bade her shut in th' utter porches all
The other women, till himself brought down
His father's arms, which all were overgrown
By his neglect with rust, his father gone,
And he too childish to spend thoughts upon
Those manly implements; but he would now
Reform those young neglects, and th' arms bestow
Past reach of smoke. The loving nurse replied:
"I wish, O son, your powers would once provide
For wisdom's habit, see your household were
In thrifty manage, and tend all things there.
But if these arms must down, and every maid
Be shut in utter rooms, who else should aid
Your work with light?" He answer'd: "This my guest.
There shall no one in my house taste my feast,
Or join in my nave,* that shall idly live,
However far hence he his home derive."

* Κοίνικος ἅψηται, they will needs turn this, *quadram* (for *modium*) *gustet*. Though the words bear no such signification, but give a proverb then in use repetition, which was: *he shall not join or make a spoke in the nave of my chariot, or chariot-wheel.* Κοίνικον, or κοίνικις, signifying *modiolus rotæ*, and ἅπτω, *necto*.

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He said, and his words stood. The doors she shut
Of that so well-fill'd house; and th' other put
Their thoughts in act; best shields, helms, sharpen'd lances,
Brought down; and Pallas before both advances
A golden cresset, that did cast a light
As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.
When, half amazed, the prince said: "O my father,
Mine eyes my soul's powers all in wonder gather,
For though the walls, and goodly wind-beams here,
All all these pillars, that their heads so rear,
And all of fir, they seem yet all of fire.
Some God is surely with us." His wise sire
Bade peace, and keep the counsels of the Gods,
Nor ask a word: "These Powers, that use abodes
Above the stars, have power from thence to shine
Through night and all shades to earth's inmost mine.
Go thou for sleep, and leave me here to wake
The women, and the Queen; whose heart doth ache
To make inquiry for myself of me."
He went to sleep where lights did endlessly
Burn in his night-rooms; where he feasted rest,
Till day's fair weed did all the world invest.
Thus was divine Ulysses left alone
With Pallas, plotting foul confusion
To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queen;
Phœbe, with golden Cytherea seen,
Her port presented. Whom they set a chair
Aside the fire, the fashion circular,
The substance silver and rich elephant;
Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt
Of great Icmalius, who besides had done
A footstool for her that did suit her throne,
On which they cast an ample skin, to be
The cushion for her other royalty.
And there she sat; about whom came her maids,
Who brought upon a table store of breads,
And bowls that with the wooers' wine were crown'd.
The embers then they cast upon the ground
From out the lamps, and other fuel added,
That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladded.
Melantho, seeing still Ulysses there,
Thus she held out her spleen: "Still, stranger, here?
Thus late in night? To see what ladies do?
Avaunt, you wretch, hence, go without doors, go;
And quickly, too, lest ye be singed away
With burning fire-brands." He, thus seeing their fray
Continued by her with such spleen, replied:
"Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide
My presence still? Is it because you see
I shine not in your wanton bravery,
But wear these rags? It fits the needy fate
That makes me beg thus of the common state.
Such poor souls, and such beggars, yet are men;
And even my mean means, means had to maintain
A wealthy house, and kept a manly press,
Was counted blessed, and the poor access
Of any beggar did not scorn, but feed
With open hand, and any man of need
Relieved as fitted; kept my servants, too,
Not few, but did with those additions go
That call choice men *The Honest*, who are styled
The rich, the great. But what such great ones build
Jove oft pulls down, as thus he ruin'd me;
His will was such, which is his equity.
And therefore, woman, bear your fitting hand
On your behaviour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,
And cherish'd with your beauties, when they wane,
Comes down, your pride now being then your bane;
And in the mean space shun the present danger,
Lest your bold fashion breed your sovereign's anger,
Or lest Ulysses come, of whom even yet
Hope finds some life in fate. Or, be his seat
Amongst the merely ruin'd, yet his son,
Whose life's heat Phœbus saves, is such a one
As can discover who doth well deserve
Of any woman here, his years now serve."

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The Queen gave ear, and thus suppress'd the flame :
"Thou quite without a brow, past female shame,
I hear thy monstrous boldness, which thy head
Shall pay me pains for. Thou hast heard it said,
And from myself too, and at every part
Thy knowledge serves thee, that, to ease my heart
So punish'd in thy witness, my desire
Dwelt on this stranger, that I might inquire
My lost friend's being. But 'tis ever tried,
Both man and God are still forgot with pride.
Eurynome ! bring here this guest a seat,
And cushion on it, that we two may treat
Of the affair in question. Set it near,
That I may softly speak, yet he well hear."
She did this little freely ; and he sat
Close by the Queen, who ask'd him, Whence, and what
He was himself? And what th' inhabited place
Where lived his parents? whence he fetch'd his race?
"O woman," he replied, "with whom no man,
That moves in earth's unbounded circle, can
Maintain contention for true honour given ;
Whose fame hath reach'd the* fairly-flowing heaven,
Who, like a never-ill-deserving king,
That is well spoke of, first, for worshipping,
And striving to resemble God in empire ;
Whose equal hand impartially doth temper
Greatness and Goodness ; to whom therefore bears
The black earth store of all grain, trees confers
Cracking with burthen, long-lived herds creates,
All which the sea with her sorts emulates ;
And all this feeds beneath his powerful hand
Men, valiant, many, making strong his land
With happy lives led ; nothing else the cause
Of all these blessings, but well-order'd laws ;
Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,
And all the bliss that deifies a dame.

And therefore do not mix this with a moan
So wretched as is now in question.
Ask not my race nor country, lest you fill
My heart yet fuller with repeated ill ;
For I must follow it with many tears,
Though 'tis not seemly to sit wounding ears
In public roofs with our particular life :
Time's worst expense is still-repeated grief.
I should be irksome to your ladies here,
And you yourself would say you urged your ear
To what offends it, my still-broken eyne
Supposing wounded with your too much wine."
"Stranger," said she, "you fear your own excess
With giving me too great a nobleness.
The Gods my person, beauty, virtue too,
Long since subverted, when the Ilian woe
The Greek design attempted ; in which went
My praise and honour. In his government
Had I deserved your utmost grace, but now
Sinister Deity makes dishonour woo,
In show of grace, my ruin. All the peers,
Sylvan Zacynthus and Dulichius spheres,
Samos and Ithaca, strange strifes have shown
To win me, spending on me all mine own ;
Will wed me, in my spite ; and these are those
That take from me all virtue to dispose
Or guest or suppliant, or take any course
Amongst my heralds, that should all disburse,
To order anything. Though I need none
To give me grief at home, abroad errs one
That my veins shrink for, whom these, holding gone,
Their nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.
Good spirits prompted me to make a show
Of undertaking a most curious task,
That an unmeasured space of time would ask ;
Which they enduring long would often say,
When ends thy work? I soon had my delay,
And pray'd their stay ; for though my lord were dead,
His father's life yet matter ministered
That must employ me ; which, to tell them true,
Was that great work I named. For now near drew
Laertes' death, and on my hand did lie
His funeral robe ; whose end, being now so nigh,

* ουρανον ευρυν.

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I must not leave, and lose so much begun;
The rather lest the Greek dames might be won
To tax mine honour, if a man so great
Should greet his grave without his winding sheet.
Pride made them credulous, and I went on;
When whatsoever all the day had done
I made the night help to undo again,
Though oil and watch it cost, and equal pain.
Three years my wit secured me undiscern'd,
Yet, when the fourth came, by my maids discern'd,
False careless wenches, how they were deluded;
When, by my light discern'd, they all intruded,
Used threatening words, and made me give it end;
And then could I to no more length extend
My linger'd nuptials; not a counsel more
Was to be stood upon; my parents bore
Continual hand on me to make me wed;
My son grew angry that so ruined
His goods were by them. He is now a man
Wise in a great degree, and one that can
Himself give order to his household fare;
And Jove give equal glory to his care.
But thus you must not pass me; I must know,
It may be for more end, from whence doth grow
Your race and you; for I suppose you none
Sprung of old oak, or justled out of stone."
He answer'd: "O Ulysses' reverend wife!
Yet hold you purpose to inquire my life?
I'll tell you, though it much afflict me more
Than all the sorrows I have felt before.
As worthily it may, since so long time
As I have wander'd from my native clime,
Through humane cities, and in sufferance still,
To rip all wounds up; though of all their ill
I touch but part, must actuate all their pain.
But, ask you still, I'll tell, though still sustain.
In middle of the sable sea there lies
An isle call'd Crete, a ravisher of eyes,
Fruitful, and mann'd with many an infinite store;
Where ninety cities crown the famous shore,
Mix'd with all-languaged men. There Greeks survive,
There the great-minded Eteocretans live;
There the Dorensians never out of war,
The Cydons there, and there the singular
Pelasgian people. There doth Gnossus stand,
That mighty city, where had most command
Great Jove's disciple (Minos) who nine years
Conferr'd with Jove; both great familiars
In mutual counsels. And this Minos' son.
The mighty-minded king Deucalion,
Was sire to me and royal Idomen,
Who with Atrides went to Ilion then,
My elder brother and the better man,
My name Aethon. At that time began
My knowledge of Ulysses, whom my home
Received with guest-rites. He was thither come
By force of weather, from the Malean coast
But new got off, where he the navy lost,
Then under sail for Troy, and wind-bound lay
Long in Amnisus; hardly got away
From horrid storms, that made him anchor there,
In havens that sacred to Lucina were,
Dreadful and dangerous, in whose bosom crept
Lucina's cavern. But in my roof slept
Ulysses, shored in Crete; who first inquired
For royal Idomen, and much desired
To taste his guest-rites, since to him had been
A welcome guest my brother Idomen.
The tenth or 'leventh light on Ulysses shined
In stay at Crete, attending then the wind
For threaten'd Ilion. All which time my house
With love and entertainments curious
Embraced his person, though a number more
My hospitable roofs received before.
His men I likewise call'd, and from the store
Allow'd them meal and heat-exciting wine,
And oxen for their slaughter, to confine
In my free hand the utmost of their need.
Twelve days the Greeks stay'd, ere they got them freed,

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A gale so bitter blew out of the north,
That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth
By some stern God. But on the thirteenth day
The tempest ceased, and then went Greeks their way."
Thus many tales Ulysses told his wife
At most but painting, yet most like the life;
Of which her heart such sense took through her ears,
It made her weep as she would turn to tears.
And as from off the mountains melts the snow,
Which Zephyr's breath conceal'd, but was made flow
By hollow Eurus, which so fast pours down,
That with their torrent floods have overflown;
So down her fair cheeks her kind tears did glide,
Her miss'd lord mourning set so near her side.
Ulysses much was moved to see her mourn,
Whose eyes yet stood as dry as iron or horn
In his untroubled lids, which in his craft
Of bridling passion he from issue saft.
When she had given her moan so many tears,
That now 'twas satiate, her yet loving fears
Ask'd thus much further: "You have thus far tried
My love's credulity, but if gratified
With so long stay he was with you, you can
Describe what weed he wore, what kind of man
Both he himself was, and what followers
Observed him there." "Alas," said he, "the years
Have grown so many since (this making now
Their twentieth revolution) that my show
Of these slight notes will set my memory sore;
But, to my now remembrance, this he wore:
A double purple robe, drawn close before
With golden buttons, pleated thick, and bore
A facing where a hundred colours shined:
About the skirts a hound, a freckled hind
In full course hunted; on the foreskirts, yet,
He pinch'd and pull'd her down, when with her feet,
And all her force, she struggled hard for flight.
Which had such life in gold, that to the sight
It seem'd the hind itself for every hue,
The hound and all so answering the view,
That all admired all. I observed beside
His inner weed, so rarely beautified
That dumb amaze it bred, and was as thin
As any dry and tender onion-skin;
As soft 'twas, too, and glister'd like the sun.
The women were to loving wonder won
By him and by his weeds. But, by the way,
You must excuse me, that I cannot say
He brought this suit from home, or had it there
Sent for some present; or, perhaps, elsewhere
Received it for his guest-gift; for your lord
Had friends not few, the fleet did not afford
Many that had not fewer. I bestow'd
A well-edged sword on him, a robe that flow'd
In folds and fulness, and did reach his feet,
Of richest purple; brought him to his fleet
With all my honour; and besides, to add
To all this sifted circumstance, he had
A herald there, in height a little more
Put from the earth, that thicker shoulders wore,
A swarth complexion and a curled head,
His name Eurybates; and much in stead
He stood your king, employ'd in most command,
Since most of all his mind could understand."
When all these signs she knew for chiefly true,
Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,
And yet (even that desire sufficed) she said:
"Till this, my guest, a wretched state array'd
Your ill-used person, but from this hour forth
You shall be honour'd, and find all the worth
That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands bestow'd
From out my wardrobe; those gold buttons sew'd
Before for closure and for ornament.
But never more must his return present
The person that gave those adornments state;
And therefore, under an abhorred fate,
Was he induced to feed the common fame,
To visit vile Troy; ay, too vile to name."

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"No more yet mourn," said he, "nor thus see pined
Your lovely person. *Weeping wastes the mind.*
And yet I blame you not; for any dame
That weds one young, and brings to him his name,
Whatever man he is, will mourn his loss.
Much more respectful then must shew your woes
That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,
Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.
But where no cause is there must be no moan,
And therefore hear me, my relation
Shall lay the clear truth naked to your view:
I heard amongst the Thesprots for most true,
That lord Ulysses lived, and stood just now
On his return for home; that wealth did flow
In his possession, which he made not known,
But begg'd amongst the people, since alone
He quite was left, for all his men were lost
In getting off from the Trinacrian coast;
Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape
Made of his oxen, and no man let scape
The rugged deeps of Neptune; only he,
The ship's keel only keeping, was by sea
Cast on the fair Phæacian continent,
Where men survive that are the Gods' descent,
And like a God received him, gave him heaps
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
Themselves safe home; which he might long ago
His pleasure make, but profit would not so.
He gather'd going, and had mighty store
Of gold in safeguard; so beyond the shore
That common sails kept, his high flood of wit
Bore glorious top, and all the world for it
Hath far exceeded. All this Phædon told,
That doth the sceptre of Thesprotia hold,
Who swore to me, in household sacrifice,
The ship was launch'd, and men to man the prise,
That soon should set him on his country earth,
Shew'd me the goods, enow to serve the birth
That in the tenth age of his seed should spring,
Yet in his court contain'd. But then the king,
Your husband, for Dodona was in way,
That from th' oraculous Oak he might display
Jove's will; what course for home would best prevail;
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail.
But me the king dispatch'd in course before,
A ship then bound for the Dulichian shore.
So thus you see his safety whom you mourn;
Who now is passing near, and his return
No more will punish with delays, but see
His friends and country. All which truth to thee
I'll seal with sacred oath. Be witness, Jove,
Thou first and best of all the throned above;
And thou house of the great Laertes' heir,
To whose high roofs I tender my repair,
That what I tell the Queen event shall crown:
This year Ulysses shall possess his own:
Nay ere the next month ends, shall here arrive;
Nay, ere it enters, here abide alive."
"O may this prove," said she; "gifts, friendship, then
Should make your name the most renown'd of men.
But 'tis of me received, and must so sort,
That nor my lord shall ever see his court,
Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now
The alter'd house doth no such man allow
As was Ulysses, if he ever were,
To entertain a reverend passenger,
And give him fair dismission. But, maids, see
Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,
Best sheets and blankets, make his bed, and lay
Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodged warm, he may
Even till the golden-seated morning's ray
Enjoy good rest; and then, with her first light,
Bathe, and give alms, that cherish'd appetite
He may apply within our hall, and sit
Safe by Telemachus. Or, if th' unfit
And harmful mind of any be so base
To grieve his age again, let none give grace
Of doing any deed he shall command,
How wroth soever, to his barbarous hand.

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For how shall you, guest, know me for a dame
That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the fame
Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame
Of household usage, if your poor thin weeds
I let draw on you want, and worser deeds,
That may, perhaps, cause here your latest day?
The life of man is short and flies away.
And if the ruler's self of households be
Ungentle, studying inhumanity,
The rest prove worse, but he bears all the blame;
All men will, living, vow against his name
Mischiefs and miseries, and, dead, supply
With bitter epitaphs his memory.
But if himself be noble (noble things
Doing and knowing) all his underlings
Will imitate his noblesse, and all guests
Give it, in many, many interests."
"But worthiest Queen," said he, "where you command
Baths and rich beds for me, I scorn to stand
On such state now; nor ever thought it yet
Since first I left the snowy hills of Crete.
When once I fell a-shipboard those thoughts fled;
I love to take now, as long since, my bed.
Though I began the use with sleepless nights,
I many a darkness with right homely rites
Have spent ere this hour, and desired the morn
Would come, and make sleep to the world a scorn.
Nor run these dainty baths in my rude head;
Nor any handmaid, to your service bred,
Shall touch my ill-kept feet, unless there live
Some poor old drudge here, that hath learn'd to give
Old men good usage, and no work will fly,
As having suffer'd ill as much as I.
But if there live one such in your command,
I will not shame to give my foot her hand."
She gave this answer: "O my loved guest,
There never enter'd these kind roofs for rest,
Stranger or friend that so much wisdom laid
In gage for guest-rites, as your lips have paid.
There lives an old maid in my charge that knows
The good you speak of by her many woes;
That nourish'd and brought up, with curious care,
Th' unhappy man, your old familiar,
Even since his mother let him view the light,
And oft hath felt in her weak arms his weight;
And she (though now much weaker) shall apply
Her maiden service to your modesty.
Euryclea, rise, and wash the feet of one
That is of one age with your sovereign gone:
Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace:
Much grief in men will bring on change apace."
She, from her aged slumber waked, did clear
Her heavy eyes, and instantly, to hear
Her sovereign's name, had work enough to dry
Her cheeks from tears, and to his memory
These moans did offer: "O my son," said she,
"I never can take grief enough for thee,
Whom Goodness hurts, and whom even Jove's high spleen,
Since thou art Jove-like, hates the most of men.
For none hath offer'd him so many thighs,
Nor such whole hecatombs of sacrifice,
Fat and selected, as thy zeal hath done;
For all, but praying that thy noble son,
Thy happy age might see at state of man.
And yet hath Jove with mists Cimmerian
Put out the light of his returning day.
And as yourself, O father, in your way
Took these fair roofs for hospitable rites,
Yet find, for them, our dogged women's spites;
So he, in like course, being driven to proof,
Long time ere this, what such a royal roof
Would yield his miseries, found such usage there.
And you, now flying the foul language here,
And many a filthy fact of our fair dames,
Fly me like them, and put on causeless shames
To let me cleanse your feet. For not the cause
The Queen's command yields is the power that draws
My will to wash your feet, but what I do
Proceeds from her charge and your reverence too;

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Since I in soul am stricken with a ruth
Of your distresses, and past show* of truth;
Your strangeness claiming little interest
In my affections. And yet many a guest
Of poor condition hath been harbour'd here,
But never any did so right appear
Like king Ulysses as yourself, for state
Both of your stature, voice, and very gait."
"So all have said," said he, "that ever yet
Had the proportions of our figures met
In their observances; so right your eye
Proves in your soul your judging faculty."
Thus took she up a caldron brightly scour'd,
To cleanse his feet in; and into it pour'd
Store of cold wave, which on the fire she set;
And therein bathed, being temperately heat,
Her sovereign's feet. Who turn'd him from the light,
Since suddenly he doubted her conceit,
So rightly touching at his state before,
A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore
An old note to discern him, might descry
The absolute truth; which, witness'd by her eye,
Was straight approved. He first received this sore
As in Parnassus' tops a white-tooth'd boar
He stood in chase withal, who strook him there,
At such time as he lived a sojourner
With his grandsire, Autolycus; who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descent, ingenious Mercury,
Who did bestow it, since so many a thigh
Of lambs and kids he had on him bestow'd
In sacred flames; who therefore when he vow'd
Was ever with him. And this man imposed
Ulysses' name, the light being first disclosed
To his first sight then, when his grandsire came
To see the then preferrer of his fame,
His loved daughter. The first supper done,
Euryclea put in his lap her son,
And pray'd him to bethink and give his name,
Since that desire did all desires inflame.

* Intending with truth itself, not his shew only.

"Daughter and son-in-law," said he, "let then
The name that I shall give him stand with men.
Since I arrived here at the hour of pain,
In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes;
And when so many men's and women's woes,
In joint compassion met, of humane birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many-feeding earth;
Let Odysseus* be his name, as one
Exposed to just constraint of all men's moan.
When here at home he is arrived at state
Of man's first youth he shall initiate
His practised feet in travel made abroad,
And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
And chief means lie, address his way, where I
Will give him from my open'd treasury
What shall return him well, and fit the fame
Of one that had the honour of his name."
For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands and words in him and all his race.
Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
Applied her to his love, withal, to do
In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,
And brows; and then commanded to assist
Were all her sons by their respected sire,
In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
Their minds with his command; who home straight led
A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and flead,
Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
Spitted, and roasted, and his every part
Divided orderly. So all the day
They spent in feast; no one man went his way
Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,
And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het
Th' enlighten'd earth; and then on hunting went
Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.

* Autolycus gives his grandchild Ulysses his name: from whence the Odysseys is derived. Ὀδυσσεύς, derived of ὀδύσσομαι, *ex ὀδύνη factum*; signifying *dolorem propriæ corporis, nam ira ex dolore oritur.*

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In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose fore-
head grow
All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they
reach'd
The concaves, whence air's sounding
vapours fetch'd
Their loud descent. As soon as any sun
Had from the ocean, where his waters run
In silent deepness, raised his golden head,
The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
Their hounds before them on the searching
trail,
They near, and ever eager to assail:
Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the
chance.
Then found they lodged a boar of bulk
extreme,
In such a queach as never any beam
The sun shot, pierced, nor any pass let find,
The moist impressions of the fiercest wind;
Nor any storm the sternest winter drives;
Such proof it was; yet all within lay leaves
In mighty thickness; and through all this
flew
The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the
tumult threw,
And all together, roused the boar, that
rush'd
Amongst their thickest, all his bristles
push'd
From forth his rough neck, and with
flaming eyes
Stood close, and dared all. On which
horrid prise
Ulysses first charged; whom above the
knee
The savage strook, and raced it crookedly
Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was
thrown,
At his right shoulder entering; at his left
The bright head passage to his keenness
cleft,
And shew'd his point gilt with the gushing
gore.
Down in the dust fell the extended boar,
And forth his life flew. To Ulysses round
His uncle drew; who, woful for his
wound,
With all art bound it up, and with a charm
Stay'd straight the blood, went home, and,
when the harm
Received full cure, with gifts, and all event
Of joy and love to his loved home they sent
Their honour'd nephew; whose return his
sire
And reverend mother took with joys entire;
Enquired all passages, all which he gave
In good relation, nor of all would save
His wound from utterance; by whose scar
he came
To be discover'd by this aged dame.
Which when she cleansing felt, and noted
well,
Down from her lap into the caldron fell
His weighty foot, that made the brass re-
sound;
Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrued
ground
Spilt all the water. Joy and grief together
Her breast invaded; and of weeping
weather
Her eyes stood full; her small voice stuck
within
Her part expressive; till at length his chin
She took and spake to him: "O son," said
she,
"Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other be;
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
I had gone over with the warmed spring."
Then look'd she for the Queen to tell
her all;
And yet knew nothing sure, though nought
could fall
In compass of all thoughts to make her
doubt.
Minerva that distraction strook throughout
Her mind's rapt forces that she might not
tell.
Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
With one hand took her chin, and made
all shew
Of favour to her, with the other drew
Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
She, whose kind breast had nursed so
tenderly
His infant life, would now his age destroy,
Though twenty years had held him from
the joy
Of his loved country? But, since only she,
God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas
he,
He charged her silence, and to let no ear
In all the court more know his being there,
Lest, if God gave into his wreakful hand
Th' insulting wooers' lives, he did not
stand
On any partial respect with her,
Because his nurse; and to the rest prefer
Her safety therefore: but, when they should
feel
His punishing finger, give her equal steel.
"What words," said she, "fly your re-
tentive powers?
You know you lock your counsels in your
towers

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In my firm bosom, and that I am far
From those loose frailties. Like an iron bar,
Or bolt of solid'st stone, I will contain ;
And tell you this besides : that if you gain,
By God's good aid, the wooers' lives in yours,
What dames are here their shameless paramours,
And have done most dishonour to your worth,
My information well shall paint you forth."
"It shall not need," said he, "myself will soon,
While thus I mask here, set on every one
My sure observance of the worst and best.
Be thou then silent, and leave God the rest."
This said, the old dame for more water went,
The rest was all upon the pavement spent
By known Ulysses' foot. More brought, and he
Supplied besides with sweetest ointments, she
His seat drew near the fire, to keep him warm,
And with his pieced rags hiding close his harm.
The Queen came near, and said : "Yet, guest, afford
Your further patience, till but in a word
I'll tell my woes to you ; for well I know
That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders now,
When all poor men, how much soever grieved,
Would gladly get their woe-watch'd powers relieved.
But God hath given my grief a heart so great
It will not down with rest, and so I set
My judgment up to make it my delight.
All day I mourn, yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge both in my work and maids ;
And when the night brings rest to others' aids
I toss my bed ; Distress, with twenty points,
Slaughtering the powers that to my turning joints
Convey the vital heat. And as all night
Pandareus' daughter, poor Edone, sings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
When she for Itylus, her loved son,
By Zethus' issue in his madness done
To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,
And draws the ears to her of every one ;
So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
And here and there gives my discourse the wind,
Uncertain whether I shall with my son
Abide still here, the safe possession
And guard of all goods, reverence to the bed
Of my loved lord, and to my far-off spread
Fame with the people, putting still in use,
Or follow any best Greek I can chuse
To his fit house, with treasure infinite,
Won to his nuptials. While the infant plight
And want of judgment kept my son in guide,
He was not willing with my being a bride,
Nor with my parting from his court ; but now,
Arrived at man's state, he would have me vow
My love to some one of my wooers here,
And leave his court ; offended that their cheer
Should so consume his free possessions.
To settle then a choice in these my moans,
Hear and expound a dream that did engrave
My sleeping fancy : 'Twenty geese I have,
All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting wheat
In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat ;
When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a hill
Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all did kill ;
When, all left scatter'd on the pavement there,
She took her wing up to the Gods' fair sphere.
I, even amid my dream, did weep and mourn
To see the eagle, with so shrewd a turn,
Stoop my sad turrets ; when, methought, there came
About my mournings many a Grecian dame,
To cheer my sorrows ; in whose most extreme
The hawk came back, and on the prominent beam
That cross'd my chamber fell, and used to me
A human voice, that sounded horribly,
And said : 'Be confident, Icarius' seed,
This is no dream, but what shall chance indeed.
The geese the wooers are, the eagle, I,
Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply

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Thy husband's being, and am come to give
The wooers death that on my treasure live.'
With this sleep left me, and my waking way
I took, to try if any violent prey
Were made of those my fowls, which well enough
I, as before, found feeding at their trough
Their yoted wheat." "O woman," he replied,
"Thy dream can no interpretation bide
But what the eagle made, who was your lord,
And said himself would sure effect afford
To what he told you; that confusion
To all the wooers should appear, and none
Escape the fate and death he had decreed."
She answer'd him: "O guest, these dreams exceed
The art of man t' interpret; and appear
Without all choice of form; nor ever were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
To these light dreams, that like thin vapours fare,
Two two-leaved gates; the one of ivory,
The other horn. Those dreams, that fantasy
Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
The dreamer ever, and no truth include;
Those, that the glittering horn-gate lets abroad,
Do evermore some certain truth abode.
But this my dream I hold of no such sort
To fly from thence; yet, whichsoever port
It had access from, it did highly please
My son and me. And this my thoughts profess:
That day that lights me from Ulysses' court
Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
I therefore purpose to propose them now,
In strong contention, Ulysses' bow;
Which he that easely draws, and from his draft
Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his shaft,
All set up in a row, and from them all
His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes shall
Dispose, and take me to his house from hence,
Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
Of feast and riches; such a court here then
As I shall ever in my dreams retain."
"Do not," said he, "defer the gameful prize,
But set to task their importunities
With something else than nuptials; for your lord
Will to his court and kingdom be restored
Before they thread those steels, or draw his bow."
"O guest," replied Penelope, "would you
Thus sit and please me with your speech, mine ears
Would never let mine eyelids close their spheres;
But none can live without the death of sleep.
Th' Immortals in our mortal memories keep
Our ends and deaths by sleep; dividing so
(As by the fate and portion of our woe)
Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
That while we live, as much as live we die.
In which use I will to my bed ascend,
Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past end
Through all my hours spent, since I lost my joy
For vile, lewd, never-to-be-named Troy.
Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take you here,
Or on the earth, if that your custom were,
Or have a bed, disposed for warmer rest."
Thus left she with her ladies her old guest,
Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
Tears for her lord; which still her eyes did steep,
Till Pallas shut them with delightsome sleep.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

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THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, in the Wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the maids;
That sentence giving off, his care
For other objects doth prepare.

ANOTHER.

Jove's thunder chides,
But cheers the King,
The Wooers' prides
Discomfiting.

Ulysses in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox-hide newly flead,
Above him sheep-fells store; and over those
Eurynome cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill
He wish'd the wooers; who came by him still
With all their wenches, laughing, wanton-ing,
In mutual lightness; which his heart did sting,
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead,
Or let that night be last, and take th' ex-treme
Of those proud wooers, that were so su-preme
In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
His heart did bark within him to surprise
Their sports with spoils; no fell she-mastiff can,
Amongst her whelps, fly eagerer on a man
She doth not know, yet scents him some-thing near,
And fain would come to please her tooth, and tear,
Than his disdain, to see his roof so filed
With those foul fashions, grew within him wild
To be in blood of them. But, finding best
In his free judgment to let passion rest,
He chid his angry spirit, and beat his breast,
And said: "Forbear, my mind, and think on this:
There hath been time when bitter agonies
Have tried thy patience. Call to mind the day
In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly sway
Of violent strength, devour'd thy friends; thou then
Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish den
Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought but death
Thy thoughts resolved on." This discourse did breathe
The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
Lay in that æsture, without end his ill
Yet manly suffering. But from side to side
It made him toss apace. You have not tried
A fellow roasting of a pig before
A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
To have it roast, and would not have it burn,
Than this and that way his unrest made turn
His thoughts and body, would not quench the fire,
And yet not have it heighten his desire
Past his discretion, and the fit enough
Of haste and speed, that went to all the proof
His well-laid plots, and his exploits re-quired,
Since he, but one, to all their deaths as-pired.
In this contention Pallas stoop'd from heaven,
Stood over him, and had her presence given
A woman's form, who sternly thus began:
"Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated man
Of all that breathe! yet liest thou thus awake?
The house in which thy cares so toss and take
Thy quiet up, is thine; thy wife is there;
And such a son, as if thy wishes were
To be sufficed with one they could not mend."
"Goddess," said he, "'tis true; but I contend

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To right their wrongs, and, though I be but one,
To lay unhelp'd and wreakful hand upon
This whole resort of imprudents, that here
Their rude assemblies never will forbear.
And yet a greater doubt employs my care,
That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
And I perform them, Jove and you not pleased,
How shall I fly their friends? and would stand seised
Of counsel to resolve this care in me."
"Wretch," she replied, "a friend of worse degree
Might win thy credence, that a mortal were,
And used to second thee, though nothing near
So powerful in performance nor in care;
Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share
In thy achievements, and thy person's guard,
Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
To credit anything above thy power;
And that must come from heaven; if every hour
There be not personal appearance made,
And aid direct given, that may sense invade.
I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly: If there were
Of divers languaged men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and besiege us round,
Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them confound.
Let sleep then seize thee. *To keep watch all night*
Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight."
Thus pour'd the Goddess sleep into his eyes,
And reascended the Olympian skies.
When care-and-lineament-resolving sleep
Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
His wise-in-chaste-wit-worthy wife did rise;
(First sitting up in her soft bed) her eyes
Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
Which now her friends resolved to terminate
To more delays, and make her marry one.
Her silent tears then ceased, her orison
This Queen of women to Diana made:
"Reverend Diana, let thy darts invade
My woful bosom, and my life deprive,
Now at this instant, or soon after drive
My soul with tempests forth, and give it way
To those far-off dark vaults, where never day
Hath power to shine, and let them cast it down
Where refluent Oceanus doth crown
His curled head, where Pluto's orchard is,
And entrance to our after miseries.
As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that stream
Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to them
Had reft their parents, and them left alone
(Poor orphan children) in their mansion;
Whose desolate life did Love's sweet Queen incline
To nurse with pressed milk and sweetest wine;
Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other dames
With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving flames;
Whom Phœbe goodliness of stature render'd;
And to whose fair hands wise Minerva tender'd
The loom and needle in their utmost skill;
And while Love's Empress scaled th' Olympian hill
To beg of lightning-loving Jove (since he
The means to all things knows, and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd grace
Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies prey'd
On every good and miserable maid,
And to the hateful Furies gave them all
In horrid service; yet, may such fate fall
From steep Olympus on my loathed head,
Or fair-chair'd Phœbe strike me instant dead,
That I may undergo the gloomy shore
To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse.
And yet, beneath how desperate a curse
Do I live now! It is an ill that may
Be well endured, to mourn the whole long day,
So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man forget
Both bad and good, in some degree would let
My thoughts leave grieving; but, both day and night,
Some cruel God gives my sad memory sight.

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This night, methought, Ulysses graced my bed
In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army; which gave joys extreme
To my distress, esteeming it no dream,
But true indeed; and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.
Such cruel fates command in my life's guide."
By this the morning's orient dews had dyed
The earth in all her colours; when the King,
In his sweet sleep, supposed the sorrowing
That she used waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there; who straight arose,
And did again within the hall dispose
The carpets and the cushions, where before
They served the seats. The hide without the door
He carried back, and then, with held-up hands,
He pray'd to him that heaven and earth commands:
"O Father Jove, if through the moist and dry
You, willing, brought me home, when misery
Had punish'd me enough by your free dooms,
Let some of these within those inner rooms,
(Startled with horror of some strange ostent)
Come here, and tell me that great Jove hath bent
Threatenings without at some lewd men within."
To this his prayer Jove shook his sable chin,
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above
The breathing air, in bright Olympus move.
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar.
Report of which a woman-miller bore
Straight to his ears; for near to him there ground
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found
Continual motion, grinding barley-meal,
And wheat, man's marrow. Sleep the eyes did seal
Of all the other women, having done
Their usual task; which yet this dame alone
Had scarce given end to, being, of all the rest,
Least fit for labour. But when these sounds prest
Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill,
She let that stand, look'd out, and heaven's steep hill
Saw clear and temperate; which made her (unware
Of giving any comfort to his care,
In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus invoke:
"O King of men and Gods, a mighty stroke
Thy thundering hand laid on the cope of stars,
No cloud in all the air; and therefore wars
Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent:
Perform to me, poor wretch, the main event,
And make this day the last, and most extreme,
In which the wooers' pride shall solace them
With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,
That, with sad toil to grind them meal enough,
Have quite dissolved my knees. Vouchsafe, then, now
Thy thunders may their latest feast foreshow."
This was the boon* Ulysses begg'd of Jove,
Which, with his thunder, through his bosom drove
A joy, that this vaunt breathed: "Why now these men,
Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me pain."
By this had other maids, than those that lay
Mix'd with the wooers, made a fire like day
Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall;
And then the Prince, like a Celestial,
Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied
Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied,
Took to his hand his sharp-piled lance, and met,
Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
His haste at sudden stand; to whom he said:
"O, my loved nurse, with what grace have you laid

* Viz. That some from within might issue, and witness in his hearing some wreakful ostent to his enemies from heaven.

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And fed my guest here? Could you so neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet
Affirm it fail'd in this; for she hath set
At much more price a man of much less worth,
Without his person's note, and yet casts forth
With ignominious hands, for his form sake,
A man much better." "Do not faulty make,
Good son, the faultless. He was given his seat
Close to her side, and food till he would eat,
Wine till his wish was served; for she required
His wants, and will'd him all things he desired;
Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,
But he, as one whom sorrow only fed
And all infortune, would not take his rest
In bed, and coverings fit for any guest,
But in the entry, on an ox's hide
Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
In warm sheep-fells; yet over all we cast
A mantle, fitting for a man more graced."
He took her answer, left the house, and went,
Attended with his dogs, to sift th' event
Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire
In common counsel. Then the crew entire
Of all the household maids Euryclea bade
Bestir them through the house, and see it clad
In all best form; gave all their parts; and one
She set to furnish every seat and throne
With needleworks, and purple clothes of state;
Another set to scour and cleanse the plate;
Another all the tables to make proud
With porous sponges; others she bestow'd
In all speed to the spring, to fetch from thence
Fit store of water; all at all expence
Of pains she will'd to be; for this to all
Should be a day of common festival,
And not a wooer now should seek his home,
Elsewhere than there, but all were bid to come
Exceeding early, and be raised to heaven
With all the entertainment could be given.
They heard with greedy ears, and everything
Put straight in practice. Twenty to the spring
Made speed for water; many in the house
Took pains; and all were both laborious
And skill'd in labour; many fell to fell
And cleave their wood; and all did more than well.
Then troop'd the lusty wooers in; and then
Came all from spring; at their heels loaded men
With slaughter'd brawns, of all the herd the prize,
That had been long fed up in several styes;
Eumæus and his men convey'd them there.
He (seeing now the king) began to cheer,
And thus saluted him: "How now, my guest?
Have yet your virtues found more interest
In these great wooers' good respects? Or still
Pursue they you with all their wonted ill?"
"I would to heaven, Eumæus," he replied,
"The Deities once would take in hand their pride;
That such unseemly fashions put in frame
In others' roofs, as shew no spark of shame."
Thus these; and to these came Melanthius,
Great guardian of the most egregious
Rich wooers' herds, consisting all of goats;
Which he, with two more, drave, and made their cotes
The sounding porticos of that fair court.
Melanthius, seeing the king, this former sort
Of upland language gave: "What? still stay here,
And dull these wooers with thy wretched cheer?
Not gone for ever, yet? why now I see
This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
That yesterday assay'd to get thee gone,
And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I set on thee; thy ragg'd impudence
Is so fast footed. Are there not beside
Other great banquetants, but you must ride
At anchor still with us?" He nothing said,
But thought of ill enough, and shook his head.

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Them came Philœtius, a chief of men,
That to the wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats; for they
In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had utterance there.
And for these likewise the fair porches were
Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair.
Philœtius took note in his repair
Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
Given to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
Or do the drudgery that the blood desired,
And, standing near Eumæus, this inquired:
"What guest is this that makes our house of late
His entertainer? whence claims he the state
His birth in this life holds? what nation?
What race? what country stands his speech upon?
O'er-hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates,
The structure of his lineaments relates
A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
Even thus in these rags. But poor erring men,
That have no firm home, but range here and there
As need compels, God keep in this earth's sphere,
As under water, and this tune he sings,
When he is spinning even the cares of kings."
Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding near
With mere imagination of his worth,
This salutation he sent loudly forth:
"Health! Father stranger; in another world
Be rich and happy, though thou here art hurl'd
At feet of never such insulting Need.
O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
More ill to man than thou. Thou takest no ruth
(When thou thyself hast got him in most truth)
To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
And in the curse of others' wickedness.
My brows have swet to see it, and mine eyes
Broke all in tears, when this being still the guise
Of worthiest men, I have but only thought,
That down to these ills was Ulysses wrought,
And that, thus clad, even he is error-driven,
If yet he live and sees the light of heaven.
But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,
O me! O good Ulysses! That my weal
Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
Amongst the people Cephalenian,
His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
One in that youth; which now is grown a herd
Unspeakable for number, and feed there
With their broad heads, as thick as of his ear
A field of corn is to a man. Yet these
Some men advise me that this noted prease
Of wooers may devour, and wish me drive
Up to their feasts with them, that neither give
His son respect, though in his own free roof,
Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible proof
Of heavenly vengeance, but make offer now
The long-lack'd King's possessions to bestow
In their self shares. Methinks the mind in me
Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea
A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in
To fishy death those swimmers in their sin;
Or feeds a motion as circular
To drive my herds away. But while the son
Bears up with life, 'twere hainous wrong to run
To other people with them, and to trust
Men of another earth. And yet more just
It were to venture their laws, the main right
Made still their masters, than at home lose quite
Their right and them, and sit and grieve to see
The wrong authorized by their gluttony.
And I had long since fled, and tried th' event
With other proud kings, since more insolent
These are than can be borne, but that even still
I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
Would one day come from some coast, and their last
In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast."
"Herdsman," said he, "because thou art in show
Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know

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There rules in thee an understanding soul,
I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
All doubt of what I swear: be witness, Jove,
That sway'st the first seat of the throned above,
This hospitable table, and this house,
That still hold title for the strenuous
Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
Arrived at home, and all these men that reign
In such excesses here shall here lie slain."
He answer'd: "Stranger I would just Jove would sign
What you have sworn: in your eyes' beams should shine
What powers I manage, and how these my hands
Would rise and follow where he first commands."
So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky
That wise Ulysses might arrive and try.
Thus while they vow'd, the wooers sat as hard
On his son's death, but had their counsels scared,
For on their left hand did an eagle soar,
And in her seres a fearful pigeon bore.
Which seen, Amphinomus presaged: "O friends,
Our counsels never will receive their ends
In this man's slaughter: let us therefore ply
Our bloody feast, and make his oxen die."
Thus came they in, cast off on seats their cloaks,
And fell to giving sacrificing strokes
Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and great,
Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a neat.
The inwards roasted they disposed betwixt
Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.
The bowls Eumæus brought, Philœtius bread,
Melanthius fill'd the wine. Thus drank and fed
The feastful wooers. Then the prince, in grace
Of his close project, did his father place
Amids the paved entry, in a seat
Seemless and abject, a small board and meat
Of th' only inwards; in a cup of gold
Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink bold,
All his approaches he himself would free
Gainst all the wooers, since he would not see
His court made popular, but that his sire
Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire
Blown in the wooers' spleens he bade suppress,
And that in hands nor words they should digress
From that set peace his speech did then proclaim.
They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim
In that brave language; when Antinous said:
"Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere upbraid,
Yet this time give it pass. The will of Jove
Forbids the violence of our hands to move,
But of our tongues we keep the motion free;
And, therefore, if his further jollity
Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's check
His growing insolence, though pride to speak
Fly passing high with him." The wise prince made
No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.
And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb; to whose renown
The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and beneath
Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire; which, made enough, they drew,
Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were
Disposers of the feast did equal cheer
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,
With all the wooers' souls; it so did please
Telemachus to charge them. And for these
Minerva would not see the malices
The wooers bore too much contain'd, that so
Ulysses' moved heart yet might higher flow
In wreakful anguish. There was wooing there,
Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests profane,
His name Ctesippus, born a Samian;
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch
His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife;
And this man said: "Hear me, my lords, in strife

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For this great widow. This her guest did share
Even feast with us, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it; for 'tis not good
Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
And specially whatever guest makes way
To that house where Telemachus doth sway;
And therefore I will add to his receit
A gift of very hospitable weight,
Which he may give again to any maid
That bathes his grave feet, and her pains see paid,
Or any servant else that the divine
Ulysses' lofty battlements confine."
Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand, from out
The poor folks' common basket, a neat's foot,
And threw it at Ulysses; who his head
Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed
His malice on the wall; the suffering man
A laughter raising most Sardinian,
With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the Samian.
Whom thus the prince reproved: "Your valour wan
Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath eased your mind
With mighty profit, yet you see it find
No mark it aim'd at; the poor stranger's part
Himself made good enough, to scape your dart.
But should I serve thee worthily, my lance
Should strike thy heart through, and, in place t' advance
Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy sire
Should make thy tomb here; that the foolish fire
Of all such valours may not dare to show
These foul indecencies to me. I now
Have years to understand my strength, and know
The good and bad of things, and am no more
At your large sufferance, to behold my store
Consumed with patience, see my cattle slain,
My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
Spent on your license; for to one then young
So many enemies were match too strong.
But let me never more be witness to
Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds ye do;
For, should ye kill me in my offer'd wreak,
I wish it rather; and my death would speak
Much more good of me, than to live and see
Indignity upon indignity,
My guests provoked with bitter words and blows,
My women-servants dragg'd about my house
To lust and rapture." This made silence seize
The house throughout; till Damastorides
At length the calm brake, and said: "Friend, forbear
To give a just speech a disdainful ear:
The guest no more touch, nor no servant here.
Myself will to the Prince and Queen commend
A motion grateful, if they please to lend
Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
To his return in our conceits, so long
The Queen's delays to our demands stood strong
In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus
With guests, the Queen, or her Telemachus,
Set never foot amongst our liberal feast;
For should the King return, though thought deceased,
It had been gain to us, in finding him,
To lose his wife. But now, since nothing dim
The days breaks out that shews he never more
Shall reach the dear touch of his country shore,
Sit by your mother, in persuasion
That now it stands her honour much upon
To choose the best of us, and, who gives most,
To go with him home. For so, all things lost
In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear
Recover in our no more concourse here,
Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and drink,
And never more on our disgraces think."
"By Jove, no, Agelaus: for I swear
By all my father's sorrows, who doth err,
Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
I am so far from spending but my breath
To make my mother any more defer
Her wished nuptials, that I'll counsel her
To make her free choice; and besides will give
Large gifts to move her. But I fear to drive
Or charge her hence; for God will not give way
To any such course, if I should assay."

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At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
The wooers mad, and roused their late annoy
To such a laughter as would never down.
They laugh'd with others' cheeks, eat meat o'erflown
With their own bloods, their eyes stood full of tears
For violent joys; their souls yet thought of fears,
Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said:
"O wretches! Why sustain ye, well apaid,
Your imminent ill? A night, with which Death sees,
Your heads and faces hides beneath your knees;
Shrieks burn about you; your eyes thrust out tears;
These fixed walls, and that main beam that bears
The whole house up, in bloody torrents fall;
The entry full of ghosts stands; full the hall
Of passengers to hell; and under all
The dismal shades; the sun sinks from the poles;
And troubled air pours bane about your souls."
They sweetly laugh'd at this. Eurymachus
To mocks disposed, and said: "This new-come-t'-us
Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light
In th' open market-place; he thinks 'tis night
Within the house." "Eurymachus," said he,
"I will not ask for any guide of thee,
I both my feet enjoy, have ears and eyes,
And no mad soul within me; and with these
Will I go forth the doors, because I know
That imminent mischief must abide with you,
Which not a man of all the wooers here
Shall fly or scape. Ye all too highly bear
Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye commit,
And every man affect with forms unfit."
This said, he left the house, and took his way
Home to Pirseus; who, as free as day,
Was of his welcome. When the wooers' eyes
Changed looks with one another, and, their guise
Of laughters still held on, still eased their breasts
Of will to set the Prince against his guests,
Affirming that of all the men alive
He worst luck had, and proved it worst to give
Guests entertainment; for he had one there
A wandering hunter out of provender,
An errant beggar every way, yet thought
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and victuals, nor knew how to do,
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
But lived an idle burthen to the earth.
Another then stepp'd up, and would lay forth
His lips in prophecy, thus: "But, would he hear
His friends' persuasions, he should find it were
More profit for him to put both aboard
For the Sicilian people, that afford
These feet* of men good price; and this would bring
Good means for better guests." These words made wing
To his ears idly, who had still his eye
Upon his father, looking fervently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On those proud wooers. And, within command
Of all this speech that pass'd, Icarius' heir,
The wise Penelope, her royal chair
Had placed of purpose. Their high dinner then
With all pleased palates these ridiculous men
Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
Such store of banquet. But there did not reign
A bitterer banquet planet in all heaven
Than that which Pallas had to that day driven,
And, with her able friend now, meant t' appose,
Since they till then were in deserts so gross.

* ἀνδραποδίσεται.

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

PENELOPE proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses' bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumæus and Philœtius
Gives charge for guarding of the gates;
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

ANOTHER.

℣. The nuptial vow
And game rehearsed,
Drawn is the bow,
The steels are pierced.

PALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling eyes,
Excites Penelope t' object the prize,
The bow and bright steels, to the wooers' strength;
And here began the strife and blood at length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber; of whose door her fair
And half transparent hand received the key,
Bright, brazen, bitted passing curiously,
And at it hung a knob of ivory.
And this did lead her where was strongly kept
The treasure-royal; in whose store lay heapt
Gold, brass, and steel, engraven with infinite art;
The crooked bow, and arrowy quiver, part
Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear.
The bow was given by kind Eurytides
Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities,
To young Ulysses, when within the roof
Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof
Of mutual meeting in Messena; where
Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were
The whole Messenian people bound, since they
From Ithaca had forced a wealthy prey
Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships they thrust
Three hundred sheep together; for whose just
And instant rendry old Laertes sent
Ulysses his ambassador, that went
A long way in the ambassy, yet then
Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men;
His father sending first to that affair
His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.
Iphitus made his way there, having lost
Twelve female horse, and mules commended most
For use of burthen; which were after cause
Of death and fate to him; for, past all laws
Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,*
Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
Close by his house, though at that time his guest,
Respecting neither the apposed feast,
And hospitable table, that in love
He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
His host himself. From those mares' search now grew
Ulysses known t' Iphitus; who that how
At their encounter did in love bestow
Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,
(Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
In his steep turrets, left it to his son.
Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
And mighty lance. And thus began they there
Their fatal loves; for after never were
Their mutual tables to each other known,
Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown
Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
Eurytus' son; who with that bow began
And ended love t' Ulysses; who so dear
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,
But, in fit memory of one so far
In his affection, brought it home, and kept
His treasure with it; where till now it slept.
And now the Queen of women had intent
To give it use, and therefore made ascent

* Hercules.

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Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,
Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore
To such a close, when both together went,
It would resist the air in their consent.
The ring she took then, and did draw aside
A bar that ran within, and then implied
The key into the lock, which gave a sound,
The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground
A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring;
So loud the lock humm'd when it loosed his spring,
And ope the doors flew. In she went, along
The lofty chamber, that was boarded strong
With heart of oak, which many years ago
The architect did smooth and polish so
That now as then he made it freshly shine,
And tried the evenness of it with a line.
There stood in this room presses that enclosed
Robes odoriferous, by which reposed
The bow was upon pins; nor from it far
Hung the round quiver glittering like a star;
Both which her white extended hand took down..
Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown
Of both those relics, which she wept to see,
And cried quite out with loving memory
Of her dear lord; to whose worth paying then
Kind debts enow, she left, and, to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow,
And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow
With arrows, beating sighs up where they fell.
Then, with another chest, replete as well
With games won by the King, of steel and brass,
Her maids attended. Past whom making pass
To where her wooers were, she made her stay
Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray
Of her bright countenance hid with veils so thin,
That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in;
Her maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake:
"Hear me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take
To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines; my lord long away,
And you allow'd no colour for your stay
But his still absence; striving who shall frame
Me for his wife; and, since 'tis made a game,
I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece to which ye vow.
He that can draw it with least show to strive,
And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,
Him will I follow, and this house forego
That nourish'd me a maid: now furnish'd so
With all things fit, and which I so esteem
That I shall still live in it in my dream."
This said, she made Eumæus give it them.
He took and laid it by, and wept for woe;
And like him wept Philœtius, when the bow
Of which his king was bearer he beheld.
Their tears Antinous' manhood much re-fell'd,
And said: "Ye rustic fools! that still each day
Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
Why weep ye, wretches? and the widow's eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise
Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead,
And tears are idle? Sit, and eat your bread,
Nor whisper more a word; or get ye gone,
And weep without doors. Let this bow alone
To our out-match'd contention. For I fear
The bow will scarce yield draught to any here;
Here no such man lives as Laertes' soh
Amongst us all. I knew him; thought puts on
His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child."
Thus shew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd
His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string,
And his steels' piercer. But his shaft must sing
Through his pierced palate first; whom so he wrong'd
In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued

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Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
That spirited his son did further set
Their confidence on fire, and said: "O friends,
Jove hath bereft my wits. The Queen intends,
Though I must grant her wise, ere long to leave
Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
Some other lord; yet, notwithstanding, I
Am forced to laugh, and set my pleasures high
Like one mad sick. But, wooers, since ye have
An object for your trials now so brave,
As all the broad Achaian earth exceeds,
As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds,
As black Epirus, as Mycena's birth,
And as the more famed Ithacensian earth,
All which, yourselves well know, and oft have said;
(For what need hath my mother of my aid
In her advancement?) tender no excuse
For least delay, nor too much time profuse
In stay to draw this bow, but draw it straight,
Shoot, and the steels pierce; make all see how slight
You make these poor bars to so rich a prize.
No eagerer yet? Come on. My faculties
Shall try the bow's strength, and the pierced steel.
I will not for my reverend mother feel
The sorrows that I know will seize my heart,
To see her follow any, and depart
From her so long-held home; but first extend
The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am only to succeed my sire
In guard of his games, and let none aspire
To their besides possession." This said,
His purple robe he cast off; by he laid
His well-edged sword; and, first, a several pit
He digg'd for every axe, and strengthen'd it
With earth close ramm'd about it; on a rew
Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
Along the whole twelve; and so orderly
Did every deed belonging (yet his eye
Never before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze rose all his lookers on.
Then stood he near the door, and proved to draw
The stubborn bow. Thrice tried, and thrice gave law
To his uncrown'd attempts; the fourth assay
With all force offering, which a sign gave stay
Given by his father; though he shew'd a mind
As if he stood right heartily inclined
To perfect the exploit, when all was done
In only drift to set the wooers on.
His weakness yet confess'd, he said: "O shame!
I either shall be ever of no name,
But prove a wretch; or else I am too young,
And must not now presume on powers so strong
As sinews yet more growing may engraft,
To turn a man quite over with a shaft.
Besides, to men whose nerves are best prepared,
All great adventures at first proof are hard.
But come, you stronger men, attempt this bow,
And let us end our labour." Thus, below
A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
The brightly-headed shaft; then throned his thigh
Amidst his late-left seat. Antinous then
Bade all arise; but first, who did sustain
The cup's state ever, and did sacrifice
Before they eat still, and that man bade rise,
Since on the other's right hand he was placed,
Because he held the right hand's rising, graced
With best success still. This direction won
Supreme applause; and first rose Œnops' son,
Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
Could never like, but ever was the man
That check'd their follies; and he now began
To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard,
And held aloft, and, till he quite had marr'd
His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
The churlish string; who therefore did refer
The game to others, saying, that same bow,
In his presage, would prove the overthrow
Of many a chief man there; nor thought the fate
Was any whit austere, since death's short date

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Were much the better taken, than long life
Without the object of their amorous strife,
For whom they had burn'd out so many days
To find still other, nothing but delays
Obtaining in them; and affirm'd that now
Some hoped to have her, but when that tough bow
They all had tried, and seen the utmost done,
They must rest pleased to cease; and now some one
Of all their other fair-veil'd Grecian dames
With gifts, and dower, and Hymeneal flames,
Let her love light to him that most will give,
And whom the nuptial destiny did drive."
Thus laid he on the well-join'd polish'd board
The bow and bright-piled shaft, and then restored
His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reproved him thus:
"What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's guard,
That 'tis a work to bear? and set so hard
They set up my disdain: This bow must end
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows,
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.
Melanthius! light a fire, and set thereat
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat
That lies within bring out, that we may set
Our pages to this bow, to see it het
And suppled with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great decree
Utmost performance." He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire
Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,
Laid on the bow, which straight the pages het,
Chafed, suppled with the suet to their most;
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All wooers' strengths too indigent and poor
To draw that bow; Antinous' arms it tore,
And great Eurymachus', the both clear best,
Yet both it tired, and made them glad to rest.
Forth then went both the swains, and after them
Divine Ulysses; when, being past th' extreme
Of all the gates, with winning words he tried
Their loves, and this ask'd: "Shall my counsels hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God to guide
His steps and strokes to wreak these wooers' pride,
Would your aids join on his part, or with theirs?
How stand your hearts affected?" They made prayers
That some God would please to return their lord,
He then should see how far they would afford
Their lives for his. He, seeing their truth, replied:
"I am your lord, through many a sufferance tried,
Arrived now here, whom twenty years have held
From forth my country. Yet are not conceal'd
From my sure knowledge your desires to see
My safe return. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you
Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.
I therefore vow, which shall be perfected,
That if God please beneath my hand to leave
These wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and near to me
Have houses built to you, and both shall be
As friends and brothers to my only son.
And, that ye well may know me, and be won
To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd knee of mine,
When in Parnassus he was held in chase
By me, and by my famous grandsire's race.

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I'll let you see." Thus sever'd he his weed
From that his wound; and every word had deed
In their sure knowledges. Which made them cast
Their arms about him, his broad breast embraced,
His neck and shoulders kiss'd. And him as well
Did those true powers of human love compel
To kiss their heads and hands, and to their moan
Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun,
Had not Ulysses broke the ruth, and said:
"Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove display'd
By some that issue from the house, and they
Relate to those within. Take each his way,
Not altogether in, but one by one,
First I, then you; and then see this be done:
The envious wooers will by no means give
The offer of the bow and arrow leave
To come at me; spite then their pride, do thou,
My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and bow
To my hand's proof; and charge the maids before,
That instantly they shut in every door,
That they themselves (if any tumult rise
Beneath my roofs by any that envies
My will to undertake the game) may gain
No passage forth, but close at work contain
With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd.
And therefore, my Philœtius, see maintain'd,
When close the gates are shut, their closure fast,
To which end be it thy sole work to cast
Their chains before them." This said, in he led,
Took first his seat; and then they seconded
His entry with their own. Then took in hand
Eurymachus the bow, made close his stand
Aside the fire, at whose heat here and there
He warm'd and suppled it, yet could not stere
To any draught the string, with all his art;
And therefore swell'd in him his glorious heart,
Affirming, "that himself and all his friends
Had cause to grieve, not only that their ends
They miss'd in marriage, since enough besides
Kind Grecian dames there lived to be their brides
In Ithaca, and other bordering towns,
But that to all times future their renowns
Would stand disparaged, if Ulysses' bow
They could not draw, and yet his wife would woo."
Antinous answer'd: "That there could ensue
No shame at all to them; for well he knew
That this day was kept holy to the Sun
By all the city, and there should be done
No such profane act, therefore bade lay by
The bow for that day; but the mastery
Of axes that were set up still might stand,
Since that no labour was, nor any hand
Would offer to invade Ulysses' house,
To take, or touch with surreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for use.
He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice
They might let rest the shooting exercise,
And in the morning make Melanthius bring
The chief goats of his herd, that to the King
Of bows and archers they might burn the thighs
For good success, and then attempt the prize."
The rest sat pleased with this. The heralds straight
Pour'd water on their hands; each page did wait
With his crown'd cup of wine, served every man
Till all were satisfied. And then began
Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus:
"Hear me, ye much renown'd Eurymachus,
And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
And with decorum sacred, doth compel
This day's observance, and to let lay down
The bow all this light, giving Gods their own.
The morning's labour God the more will bless,
And streagth bestow where he himself shall please.
Against which time let me presume to pray
Your favours with the rest, that this assay
May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
In my poor powers the same activity
That long since crown'd them; or if needy fare
And desolate wandering have the web worn bare

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Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
Can furnish these affairs as heretofore."
This heat their spleens past measure, blown with fear
Lest his loathed temples would the garland wear
Of that bow's draught; Antinous using speech
To this sour purpose: "Thou most arrant wretch
Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
Graced with a humane soul, it serves not thee
To feast in peace with us, take equal share
Of what we reach to, sit, and all things hear
That we speak freely (which no begging guest
Did ever yet) but thou must make request
To mix with us in merit of the Queen.
But wine inflames thee, that hath ever been
The bane of men whoever yet would take
Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurytion,
In guest-rites with the mighty-minded son
Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
Against the Lapithes; who, driven as far
As madness with the bold effects of wine,
Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
Other heroes from him feasted there
With so much anger that they left their cheer,
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit his nose,
Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill dispose
His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
On his head with his host; for thence the fray
Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
Had mortal act. But he for his excess
In spoil of wine fared worst himself; as thou
For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the bow,
My mind foretells shalt fear; for not a man
Of all our consort, that in wisdom can
Boast any fit share, will take prayers then,
But to Echetus, the most stern of men,
A black sail freight with thee, whose worst of ill,
Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit then still,
Drink temperately, and never more contend
With men your youngers." This the Queen did end
With her defence of him, and told his foe
It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
The poorest guest her son pleased t' entertain
In his free turrets with so proud a strain
Of threats and bravings; asking if he thought,
That if the stranger to his arms had brought
The stubborn bow down, he should marry her,
And bear her home? And said, himself should err
In no such hope; nor of them all the best
That grieved at any good she did her guest
Should banquet there; since it in no sort show'd
Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she owed
Her own free rule there. This Eurymachus
Confirm'd and said: "Nor feeds it hope in us,
Icarius' daughter, to solemnize rites
Of nuptials with thee; nor in noblest sights
It can shew comely; but to our respects
The rumour both of sexes and of sects
Amongst the people, would breed shame and fear,
Lest any worst Greek said: 'See, men that were
Of mean deservings will presume t' aspire
To his wife's bed, whom all men did admire
For fame and merit, could not draw his bow,
And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
When straight an errant beggar comes and draws
The bow with ease, performing all the laws
The game beside contain'd;' and this would thus
Prove both indignity and shame to us."
The Queen replied: "The fame of men, I see,
Bears much price in your great supposed degree;
Yet who can prove amongst the people great,
That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
Doth so defame and ruin? And beside,
With what right is this guest thus vilified
In your high censures, when the man in blood
Is well composed and great, his parents good?*

* Εὐπαγής, *bene compactus et coagmentatus.*

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And therefore give the bow to him, to try
His birth and breeding by his chivalry.
If his arms draw it, and that Phœbus stands
So great a glory to his strength, my hands
Shall add this guerdon: Every sort of weed,
A two-edged sword, and lance to keep him freed
From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
His worth to what place tends that heart of his."
Her son gave answer, that it was a wrong
To his free sway in all things that belong
To guard of that house, to demand the bow
Of any wooer, and the use bestow
Upon the stranger: for the bow was his
To give or to withhold; no masteries
Of her proposing giving any power
T' impair his right in things for any wooer,
Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
Any that Elis; of which no man's words
Nor powers should curb him, stood he so inclined,
To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
To that his guest to bear and use at will,
And therefore bade his mother keep her still
Amongst her women at her rock and loom;
Bows were for men; and this bow did become
Past all men's his disposure, since his sire
Left it to him, and all the house entire."
She stood dismay'd at this, and in her mind
His wise words laid up, standing so inclined,
As he had will'd, with all her women going
Up to her chamber, there her tears bestowing,
As every night she did, on her loved lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restored.
The bow Eumæus took, and bore away;
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray,
Put all the wooers, one inquiring thus:
"Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
That bow proposed? Lay down, or I protest
Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine; amongst whom, left of all,
Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Deities' else."
This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said: "Set gone
That bow yet further; 'tis no servant's part
To serve too many masters; raise your heart
And bear it off, lest, though your younger, yet
With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
I wish as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
Some after with just sorrow to their end,
They waste my victuals so, and ply my cup,
And do me such shrewd turns still." This put up
The wooers all in laughters, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were grown
So grave and bloody; which resolved that fear
Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow; call'd nurse, and bade her make
The doors all sure, that if men's tumult take
The ears of some within, they may not fly,
But keep at work still, close and silently.
These words put wings to her, and close she put
The chamber door. The court-gates then were shut
By kind Philœtius, who straight did go
From out the hall, and in the portico
Found laid a cable of a ship, composed
Of spongy bulrushes; with which he closed,
In winding round about them, the court-gates,
Then took his place again, to view the fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw
The famous bow, which every way he moved,
Up and down turning it; in which he proved
The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
The horns were eat with worms in so long rest.
But what his thoughts intended turning so,
And keeping such a search about the bow,

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The wooers little knowing, fell to jest,
And said: "Past doubt he is a man profest
In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through the wood;
Or something, certain, to be understood
There is in this his turning of it still:
A cunning rogue he is at any ill."
Then spake another proud one: "Would to heaven,
I might, at will, get gold till he hath given
That bow his draught!" With these sharp jests did these
Delightsome wooers their fatal humours please.
But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
To every well-wreathed string his perfect sound,
Struck all together; with such ease drew round
The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string,
That as a swallow in the air doth sing
With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;
So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
Amazed the wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
The air with thunder; which at heart did cheer
The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
That Jove again would his attempt enable.
Then took he into hand, from off the table,
The first drawn arrow; and a number more
Spent shortly on the wooers; but this one
He measured by his arm, as if not known
The length were to him, nock'd it then, and drew;
And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
The steel-charged arrow; which when he had done
He thus bespake the Prince: "You have not won
Disgrace yet by your guest; for I have strook
The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
In wearying the bow with fat and fire
As did the wooers: yet reserved entire,
Thank Heaven, my strength is, and myself am tried,
No man to be so basely vilified
As these men pleased to think me. But, free way
Take that, and all their pleasures; and while day
Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast
Hath now full date, give banquet, and the rest,
Poem and harp, that grace a well-fill'd board."
This said, he beckon'd to his son; whose sword
He straight girt to him, took to hand his lance,
And complete-arm'd did to his sire advance.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Wooers in Minerva's sight
Slain by Ulysses: all the light
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

ANOTHER.

XI. The end of pride,
And lawless lust,
Is wretched tried
With slaughters just.

The upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which down
He pour'd before his feet, and thus made known
His true state to the wooers: "This strife thus
Hath harmless been decided; now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit;
Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay,
And try if Phœbus will give me his day."
He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous; that strook him just
As he was lifting up the bowl; to show
That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow.
Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast; for who
Would think that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many, and he best of all?
The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
And thrust his head far through the other side.
Down fell his cup, down he, down all his pride;
Straight from his nostrils gush'd the human gore;
And, as he fell, his feet far overbore
The feastful table; all the roast and bread
About the house strew'd. When his high-borne head
The rest beheld so low, up rush'd they all,
And ransack'd every corner of the hall
For shields and darts; but all fled far their reach.
Then fell they foul on him with terrible speech,
And told him it should prove the dearest shaft
That ever pass'd him; and that now was saft
No shift for him, but sure and sudden death;
For he had slain a man, whose like did breathe
In no part of the kingdom; and that now
He should no more for games strive with his bow,
But vultures eat him there. These threats they spent,
Yet every man believed that stern event
Chanced 'gainst the author's will. O fools, to think
That all their rest had any cup to drink
But what their great Antinous began!
He, frowning, said: "Dogs, see in me the man
Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries
File with my women's rapes; in which ye woo
The wife of one that lives, and no thought show
Of man's fit fear, or God's, your present fame,
Or any fair sense of your future name;
And, therefore, present and eternal death
Shall end your base life." This made fresh fears breathe
Their former boldness. Every man had eye
On all the means, and studied ways to fly
So deep deaths imminent. But seeing none,
Eurymachus began with suppliant moan
To move his pity, saying: "If you be
This isle's Ulysses, we must all agree,
In grant of your reproof's integrity,
The Greeks have done you many a wrong at home,
At field as many. But of all the sum
Lies here contract in death; for only he
Imposed the whole ill offices that we
Are now made guilty of, and not so much
Sought his endeavours, or in thought did touch
At any nuptials, but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces; for to be our king
Was his chief object; his sole plot it was
To kill your son, which Jove's hand would not pass,

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But set it to his own most merited end.
In which end your just anger, nor extend
Your stern wreak further; spend your royal powers
In mild ruth of your people; we are yours.
And whatsoever waste of wine or food
Our liberties have made, we'll make all good
In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
On every head, and raise your most rates still,
Till you are pleased with your confessed fill:
Which if we fail to tender, all your wrath
It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe."
"Eurymachus," said he, "if you would give
All that your fathers hoard, to make ye live,
And all that ever you yourselves possess,
Or shall by any industry increase,
I would not cease from slaughter, till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my goods.
It rests now for you that you either fight
That will scape death, or make your way by flight.
In whose best choice, my thoughts conceive, not one
Shall shun the death your first hath undergone."
This quite dissolved their knees. Eurymachus,
Enforcing all their fears, yet counsell'd thus:
"O friends! This man, now he hath got the bow
And quiver by him, ever will bestow
His most inaccessible hands at us,
And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
Till he hath strew'd the pavement with us all;
And, therefore, join we swords, and on him fall
With tables forced up, and borne in opposed
Against his sharp shafts; when, being round enclosed
By all our onsets, we shall either take
His horrid person, or for safety make
His rage retire from out the hall and gates;
And then, if he escape, we'll make our states
Known to the city by our general cry.
And thus this man shall let his last shaft fly
That ever his hand vaunted." Thus he drew
His sharp-edged sword; and with a table flew
In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
His fierce charge urging. But Ulysses smote
The board, and cleft it through from end to end
Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend
His sharp head to his liver, his broad breast
Pierced at his nipple; when his hand released
Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd the ground,
With cups and victuals lying scatter'd round
About the pavement; amongst which his brow
Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains did flow
His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
His feastful life, and hurl'd a throne about
That way-laid death's convulsions in his feet;
When from his tender eyes the light did fleet.
Then charged Amphinomus with his drawn blade
The glorious king, in purpose to have made
His feet forsake the house; but his assay
The prince prevented, and his lance gave way
Quite through his shoulder, at his back; his breast
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruin prest
Groans from the pavement, which his forehead strook.
Telemachus his long lance then forsook
(Left in Amphinomus) and to his sire
Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
His lance again, in doubt that, while he drew
The fixed pile, some other might renew
Fierce charge upon him, and his unharm'd head
Cleave with his back-drawn sword; for which he fled
Close to his father, bade him arm, and he
Would bring him shield and javelins instantly,
His own head arming, more arms laying by

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To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd is ever most preferr'd.
"Run then," said he, "and come before the last
Of these auxiliary shafts are past,
For fear, lest, left alone, they force my stand
From forth the ports." He flew, and brought to hand
Eight darts, four shields, four helms. His own parts then
First put in arms, he furnish'd both his men,
That to their king stood close; but he, as long
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong
For all the wooers, and some one man still
He made make even with earth, till all a hill
Had raised in th' even-floor'd hall. His last shaft spent,
He set his bow against a beam, and went
To arm at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the wooers, who, unarm'd, could be
No great assailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thrust out, at end of all
The house's entry; on whose utter side
There lay a way to town, and in it wide
And two-leaved folds were forged, that gave fit mean
For flyers-out; and, therefore, at it then
Ulysses placed Eumæus in close guard;
One only pass ope to it, which (prepared
In this sort by Ulysses 'gainst all pass)
By Agelaus' tardy memory was
In question call'd, who bade some one ascend
At such a window, and bring straight to friend
The city with his clamour, that this man
Might quickly shoot his last. "This no one can
Make safe access to," said Melanthius,
"For 'tis too near the hall's fair doors, whence thus
The man afflicts ye; for from thence there lies
But one strait passage to it, that denies
Access to all, if any one man stand,
Being one of courage, and will countermand
Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you arms, from where the King doth lay
His whole munition; and believe there is
No other place to all the armouries
Both of himself and son." This said, a pair
Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many casques
With horse-hair plumes; and set to bitter tasks
Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,
And his loved heart, when thus in arms he sees
So many wooers, and their shaken darts;
For then the work shew'd as it ask'd more parts
To safe performance, and he told his son
That or Melanthius or his maids had done
A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd.
"O father," he replied, "'tis I have err'd
In this caused labour; I, and none but I,
That left the door ope of your armoury.
But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
On that important place. Eumæus! haste
And shut the door, observing who hath past
To this false action; any maid, or one
That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son."
While these spake thus, Melanthius went again
For more fair arms; whom the renowned swain
Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
It was the hateful man that his conceit
Before suspected, who had done that ill;
And, being again there, ask'd if he should kill,
If his power served, or he should bring the swain
To him, t' inflict on him a several pain
For every forfeit he had made his house.
He answer'd: "I and my Telemachus
Will here contain these proud ones in despite,
How much soever these stolen arms excite
Their guilty courages, while you two take
Possession of the chamber; the doors make
Sure at your back, and then, surprising him,
His feet and hands bind, wrapping every limb
In pliant chains; and with a halter cast
Above the wind-beam, at himself made fast,
Aloft the column draw him; where alive
He long may hang, and pains enow deprive

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His vexed life before his death succeed."
This charge, soon heard, as soon they put to deed,
Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
His hands to more arms; when they, still at door,
Watch'd his return. At last he came, and bore
In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
Of which the cheek-bands had with age been torn.
They rush'd upon him, caught him by the hair,
And dragg'd him in again; whom, crying out,
They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd about
With sure and pinching cords both foot and hand,
And then, in full act of their King's command,
A pliant chain bestow'd on him, and haled
His body up the column, till he scaled
The highest wind-beam; where made firmly fast,
Eumæus on his just infliction past
This pleasurable cavil: "Now you may
All night keep watch here, and the earliest day
Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from rest
Your dainty cattle to the wooers' feast.
There, as befits a man of means so fair,
Soft may you sleep, nought under you but air;
And so long hang you." Thus they left him there,
Made fast the door, and with Ulysses were
All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,
Their minds fire breathed in flames against their foes,
Four in th' entry fighting all alone;
When from the hall charged many a mighty one.
But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva, came,
Resembling Mentor both in voice and frame
Of manly person. Passing well apaid
Ulysses was, and said: "Now, Mentor, aid
'Gainst these odd mischiefs; call to memory now
My often good to thee, and that we two
Of one year's life are." Thus he said, but thought
It was Minerva, that had ever brought
To her side safety. On the other part,
The wooers threaten'd; but the chief in heart
Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake:
"Mentor, let no words of Ulysses make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
'Gainst all us wooers; for we firm abide
In this persuasion, that when sire and son
Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to run
One fortune with them. What strange acts hast thou
Conceit to form here? Thy head must bestow
The wreak of theirs on us. And when thy powers
Are taken down by these fierce steels of ours,
All thy possessions, in-doors and without,
Must raise on heap with his; and all thy rout
Of sons and daughters in thy turrets bleed
Wreak offerings to us; and our town stand freed
Of all charge with thy wife." Minerva's heart
Was fired with these braves, the approved desert
Of her Ulysses chiding, saying: "No more
Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
Will gain thee glory; when nine years at Troy
White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever used,
The bloods of thousands through the field diffused
By thy vast valour; Priam's broad-way'd town
By thy grave parts was sack'd and overthrown;
And now, amongst thy people and thy goods,
Against the wooers' base and petulant bloods
Stint'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here
Than manly fighting? Come, friend, stand we near,
And note my labour, that thou may'st discern
Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves will earn

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All thy old bounties." This she spake, but stay'd
Her hand from giving each-way-often-sway'd
Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
But still would try what self-powers would produce
Both in the father and the glorious son.
Then on the wind-beam that along did ron
The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
Like to a swallow; sometimes cuffing at
The swords and lances, rushing from her seat,
And up and down the troubled house did beat
Her wing at every motion. And as she
Had roused Ulysses; so the enemy
Damastor's son excited, Polybus,
Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus,
Eurynomus, and Polyctorides;
For these were men that of the wooing prease
Were most egregious, and the clearly best
In strength of hand of all the desperate rest
That yet survived, and now fought for their souls;
Which straight swift arrows sent among the fowls.
But first, Damastor's son had more spare breath
To spend on their excitements ere his death,
And said: That now Ulysses would forbear
His dismal hand, since Mentor's spirit was there,
And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses' ears;
In whose trust he would cease his massacres,
Rest him, and put his friend's huge boasts in proof;
And so was he beneath the entry's roof
Left with Telemachus and th' other two.
"At whom," said he, "discharge no darts, but throw
All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest;
Whom if we slaughter, by our interest
In Jove's assistance, all the rest may yield
Our powers no care, when he strows once the field."
As he then will'd, they all at random threw
Where they supposed he rested; and then flew
Minerva after every dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade,
Some beat the doors, and all acts render'd vain
Their grave steel offer'd: which escaped, again
Came on Ulysses, saying: "O that we
The wooers' troop with our joint archery
Might so assail, that where their spirits dream
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them."
Thus the much-sufferer said; and all let fly,
When every man strook dead his enemy.
Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus;
Euryades by young Telemachus
His death encounter'd. Good Eumæus slew
Elatus; and Philœtius overthrew
Pisander: all which tore the paved floor
Up with their teeth. The rest retired before
Their second charge to inner rooms; and then
Ulysses follow'd; from the slaughter'd men
Their darts first drawing. While which work was done,
The wooers threw with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her swallow-wing
Minerva cuff'd, and made their javelins ring
Against the doors and thresholds, as before.
Some yet did graze upon their marks. One tore
The Prince's wrist, which was Amphimedon,
Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd upon.
Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield
His shoulder's top did taint; which yet did yield
The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the ground.
Again then charged the wooers, and girt round
Ulysses with their lances; who turn'd head,
And with his javelin strook Eurydamas dead.
Telemachus dislived Amphimedon;
Eumæus, Polybus; Philœtius won
Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, and said,
(In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses:)
"Now,
Great son of Polytherses, you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd

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Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
To fools in folly, but your glory building
On putting down in fooling, spitting forth
Puff'd words at all sorts: cease to scoff at worth,
And leave revenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds;
And, in the mean time, take the dart I drave,
For that right hospitable foot you gave
Divine Ulysses, begging but his own."
Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman; and straight down
Ulysses struck another with his dart;
Damastor's son. Telemachus did part,
Just in the midst, the belly of the fair
Evenor's son; his fierce pile taking air
Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
His whole brows knocking, and did mark the place.
And now, man-slaughtering Pallas took in hand
Her snake-fringed shield, and on that beam took stand
In her true form, where swallow-like she sat.
And then, in this way of the house and that,
The wooers, wounded at the heart with fear,
Fled the encounter; as in pastures where
Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field
(As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
The high-fed bullocks fly, whom in the spring,
When days are long, gad-bees or breezes sting.
Ulysses and his son the flyers chased,
As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a cast
Of hill-bred eagles, cast-off at some game,
That yet their strengths keep, but put up in flame
The eagles' stoops; from which, along the field
The poor fowls make wing, this and that way yield
Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay
For scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the quarry
Their falconers ride in, and rejoice to see
Their hawks perform a flight so fervently;
So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
Did stoop and cuff the wooers, that the air
Broke in vast sighs; whose heads they shot and cleft,
The pavement boiling with the souls they reft.
Liodes, running to Ulysses, took
His knees, and thus did on his name invoke:
"Ulysses, let me pray thee to my place
Afford the reverence, and to me the grace,
That never did or said, to any dame
Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to blame;
But others so affected I have made
Lay down their insolence; and, if the trade
They kept with wickedness have made them still
Despise my speech, and use their wonted ill,
They have their penance by the stroke of death,
Which their desert divinely warranteth.
But I am priest amongst them, and shall I
That nought have done worth death amongst them die?
From thee this proverb then will men derive:
Good turns do never their mere deeds survive."
He, bending his displeased forehead, said:
"If you be priest amongst them, as you plead,
Yet you would marry, and with my wife too,
And have descent by her. For all that woo
Wish to obtain, which they should never do,
Dames' husbands living. You must therefore pray
Of force, and oft in Court here, that the day
Of my return for home might never shine;
The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall be thine."
This said, he took a sword up that was cast
From Agelaus, having strook his last,
And on the priest's mid neck he laid a stroke
That strook his head off, tumbling as he spoke.
Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname
Was call'd Terpiades; who thither came

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Forced by the wooers) fly death; but being near
The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there
In two his counsels; either to remove
And take the altar of Herceian Jove
(Made sacred to him, with a world of art
Engraven about it, where were wont t' impart
Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
And pray his ruth. The last was the decree
His choice resolved on. 'Twixt the royal throne
And that fair table that the bowl stood on
With which they sacrificed, his harp he laid
Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said:
"Ulysses! Let my prayers obtain of thee
My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me.
It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain
A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
I of myself am taught, for God alone
All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown,
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee;
Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.
Thine own loved son Telemachus will say,
That not to beg here, nor with willing way
Was my access to thy high court addrest,
To give the wooers my song after feast,
But, being many, and so much more strong,
They forced me hither, and compell'd my song."
This did the prince's sacred virtue hear,
And to the King, his father, said: "Forbear
To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
And with him likewise let our mercies save
Medon the herald, that did still behave
Himself with care of my good from a child;
If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd,
Or by Philœtius, nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the house it swet."
This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
A throne set near, half-dead with fear of death;
A new-flead ox-hide, as but there thrown by,
His serious shroud made, he lying there to fly.
But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
His ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soon
The prince's knees seized, saying: "O my love,
I am not slain, but here alive and move.
Abstain yourself, and do not see your sire
Quench with my cold blood the unmeasured fire
That flames in his strength, making spoil of me,
His wrath's right, for the wooers' injury."
Ulysses smiled, and said: "Be confident
This man hath saved and made thee different,
To let thee know, and say, and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany.
Go then, sit free without from death within:
This much renowned singer from the sin
Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,
While I my house purge as it fits me here."
This said, they went and took their seat without
At Jove's high altar, looking round about,
Expecting still their slaughter: when the King
Search'd round the hall, to try life's hidden wing
Made from more death. But all laid prostrate there
In blood and gore he saw: whole shoals they were,
And lay as thick as in a hollow creek
Without the white sea, when the fishers break
Their many-meshed draught-net up, there lie
Fish frisking on the sands, and fain the dry
Would for the wet change; but th' all-seeing beam
The sun exhales hath suck'd their lives from them;
So one by other sprawl'd the wooers there.
Ulysses and his son then bid appear
The nurse Euryclea, to let her hear
His mind in something fit for her affair.
He oped the door, and call'd, and said: "Repair,
Grave matron long since born, that art our spy
To all this house's servile housewifery;
My father calls thee, to impart some thought
That asks thy action." His word found in nought
Her slack observance, who straight oped the door
And enter'd to him; when himself before

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Had left the hall. But there the King she view'd
Amongst the slain, with blood and gore imbrued.
And as a lion skulking all in night,
Far off in pastures, and come home, all dight
In jaws and breast-locks, with an ox's blood
New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;
So look'd Ulysses, all his hands and feet
Freckled with purple. When which sight did greet
The poor old woman (such works being for eyes
Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries,
Whose vent, though throughly open'd, he yet closed,
Call'd her more near, and thus her plaints composed:
"Forbear, nor shriek thus, but vent joys as loud:
It is no piety to bemoan the proud,
Though ends befall them moving ne'er so much,
These are the portions of the Gods to such.
Men's own impieties in their instant act
Sustain their plagues, which are with stay but rack'd.
But these men, Gods nor men had in esteem;
Nor good nor bad had any sense in them.
Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause
That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.
Recount, then, to me those licentious dames
That lost my honour and their sex's shames."
"I'll tell you truly," she replied: "there are
Twice five-and-twenty women here that share
All work amongst them; whom I taught to spin,
And bear the just bands that they suffer'd in.
Of all which only there were twelve that gave
Themselves to impudence and light behave,
Nor me respecting, nor herself, the Queen.
And for your son he hath but lately been
Of years to rule; nor would his mother bear
His empire where her women's labours were.
But let me go and give her notice now
Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show
His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
That all these uproars bears and never wakes."
"Nor wake her yet," said he, "but cause to come
Those twelve light women to this utter room."
She made all utmost haste to come and go,
And bring the women he had summon'd so.
Then both his swains and son he bade go call
The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne
With wetted sponges: which with fitness done,
He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall
Of his first court and that room next the hall,
In which the vessels of the house were scour'd,
And in their bosoms sheath their every sword,
Till all their souls were fled, and they had then
Felt 'twas but pain to sport with lawless men.
This said, the women came, all drown'd in moan,
And weeping bitterly. But first was done
The bearing thence the dead; all which beneath
The portico they stow'd, where death on death
They heap'd together. Then took all the pains
Ulysses will'd. His son yet and the swains
With paring-shovels wrought. The women bore
Their parings forth, and all the clotter'd gore.
The house then cleansed, they brought the women out,
And put them in a room so wall'd about
That no means served their sad estates to fly.
Then said Telemachus: "These shall not die
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poison that gave lust her food,
The body cleansing; but a death that chokes
The breath, and altogether that provokes
And seems as bellows to abhorred lust,
That both on my head pour'd depraves unjust,

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And on my mother's, scandalling the Court,
With men debauch'd, in so abhorr'd a sort."
This said, a halser of a ship they cast
About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast
They made about their necks, in twelve parts cut,
And haled them up so high they could not put
Their feet to any stay. As which was done,
Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,
In any grove caught with a springe or net,
With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat
Her tender body, and that then strait bed
Is sour to that swing in which she was bred;
So strived these taken birds, till every one
Her pliant halter had enforced upon
Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was haul'd
To wretched death. A little space they sprawl'd,
Their feet fast moving, but were quickly still.
Then fetch'd they down Melanthius, to fulfil
The equal execution; which was done
In portal of the hall, and thus begun:
They first slit both his nostrils, cropp'd each ear,
His members tugg'd off, which the dogs did tear
And chop up bleeding sweet; and, while red-hot
The vice-abhorring blood was, off they smote
His hands and feet; and there that work had end.
Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood had stain'd,
And took the house again. And then the King
Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring
All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
That with perfumes cast he might make entire
The house's first integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, she should call
Her Queen and ladies; still yet charging her
That all the handmaids she should first confer.
She said he spake as fitted; but, before,
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And she would others bring him, that not so
His fair broad shoulders might rest clad, and show
His person to his servants was to blame.
"First bring me fire," said he. She went, and came
With fire and sulphur straight; with which the hall
And of the huge house all rooms capital
He throughly sweeten'd. Then went nurse to call
The handmaid servants down; and up she went
To tell the news, and will'd them to present
Their service to their sovereign. Down they came
Sustaining torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of love about their lord, with welcomes home,
With huggings of his hands, with labour-some
Both head's and forehead's kisses and embraces,
And plied him so with all their loving graces
That tears and sighs took up his whole desire;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES to his wife is known.
A brief sum of his travels shown.
Himself, his son, and servants go
T' approve the Wooers' overthrow.

ANOTHER.

Vi. For all annoys
Sustain'd before,
The true wife's joys
Now made the more.

THE servants thus inform'd, the matron goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such repose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain conceal.
Her knees revoked their first strength, and her feet
Were borne above the ground with wings, to greet
The long-grieved Queen with news her King was come;
And, near her, said: "Wake, leave this withdrawn room,
That now your eyes may see at length, though late,
The man return'd; which, all the heavy date
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd to see.
Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
His court of all your wooers, slaughtering all
For wasting so his goods with festival;
His house so vexing, and for violence done
So all ways varied to his only son."
She answer'd her: "The Gods have made thee mad,
Of whose power now thy powers such proof have had.
The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,
And make men foolish so to make them wise.
For they have hurt even thy grave brain, that bore
An understanding spirit heretofore.
Why hast thou waked me to more tears, when Moan
Hath turn'd my mind with tears into her own?
Thy madness much more blameful, that with lies
Thy haste is loaden, and both robs mine eyes
Of most delightsome sleep, and sleep of them,
That now had bound me in his sweet extreme,
T' embrace my lids and close my visual spheres.
I have not slept so much this twenty years;
Since first my dearest sleeping-mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-speak-of Ilion.
Hence, take your mad steps back. If any maid
Of all my train besides a part had play'd
So bold to wake, and tell mine ears such lies,
I had return'd her to her housewiferies
With good proof of my wrath to such rude dames:
But go, your years have saved their younger blames."
She answer'd her: "I nothing wrong your ear,
But tell the truth. Your long-miss'd lord is here;
And, with the wooers' slaughter, his own hand
In chief exploit, hath to his own command
Reduced his house; and that poor guest was he,
That all those wooers wrought such injury.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his father, but his wisdom so
Observed his counsels, to give surer end
To that great work to which they did contend."
This call'd her spirits to their conceiving places;
She sprung for joy from blames into embraces
Of her grave nurse, wiped every tear away
From her fair cheeks, and then began to say

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What nurse said, over thus: "O nurse, can this
Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his
Alone destroy so many? They would still
Troop all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers so united?" "How," said she,
"I have not seen nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear
The sighs and groans of every man he slew,
But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd to me,
And bade me then come forth; and then I see
Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughter'd wooers, heap'd up, like a wall,
One on another round about his side.
It would have done you good to have descried
Your conquering lord all-smear'd with blood and gore
So like a lion. *Straight, then, off they bore
The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on other piled.
And now your victor all the hall, defiled
With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crown'd.
Thus, all the death removed, and every room
Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
His pleasure sent me.* Come, then, take you now
Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
Hath long and many sufferings laid; which length,
Which many sufferings, now your virtuous strength
Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is safe arrived at home; his wife, his son,
Found safe and good; all ill that hath been done
On all the doers' heads, though long prolong'd,
His right hath wreak'd, and in the place they wrong'd."
She answer'd: "Do not you now laugh and boast
As you had done some great act, seeing most
Into his being; for you know he won,
Even through his poor and vile condition,
A kind of prompted thought that there was placed
Some virtue in him fit to be embraced
By all the house; but most of all by me:
And by my son that was the progeny
Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofs ye plead to me:
Some God hath slain the wooers, in disdain
Of the abhorred pride he saw so reign
In those base works they did. No man alive,
Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
At their abodes once, ever could obtain
Regard of them; and therefore their so vain
And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
But, for Ulysses, never will extend
His wish'd return to Greece; nor he yet lives."
"How strange a Queen are you," said she, "that gives
No truth your credit, that your husband, set
Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet
No faith of you, but that he still is far
From any home of his! Your wit's at war
With all credulity ever; and yet now
I'll name a sign shall force belief from you:
I bathed him lately, and beheld the scar
That still remains a mark too ocular
To leave your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you, but his hand was fain
To close my lips from th' acclamation
My heart was breathing, and his wisdom won
My still retention, till he gave me leave
And charge to tell you this. Now then receive
My life for gage of his return; which take
In any cruel fashion, if I make
All this not clear to you." "Loved nurse," said she,
"Though many things thou know'st, yet these things be
Veil'd in the counsels th' uncreated Gods
Have long time mask'd in; whose dark periods
'Tis hard for thee to see into. But come,
Let's see my son, the slain, and he by whom

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They had their slaughter." This said, down they went;
When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts were spent,
If, all this given no faith, she still should stand
Aloof, and question more; or his hugg'd hand
And loved head she should at first assay
With free-given kisses. When her doubtful way
Had pass'd the stony pavement, she took seat
Against her husband, in the opposite heat
The fire then cast upon the other wall.
Himself set by the column of the hall,
His looks cast downwards, and expected still
When her incredulous and curious will
To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
To kiss a husband that was not the same,
Would down, and win enough faith from his sight.
She silent sat, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood clear
He was her husband; sometimes the ill wear
His person had put on transform'd him so
That yet his stamp would hardly current go.
Her son, her strangeness seeing, blamed her thus:
"Mother, ungentle mother! tyrannous!
In this too-curious modesty you show;
Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
A word on me t' inquire and clear such doubt
As may perplex you? Found man ever out
One other such a wife? that could forbear
Her loved lord's welcome home, when twenty year
In infinite sufferance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."
"Son," said she, "amaze contains my mind,
Nor can I speak and use the common kind
Of those inquiries, nor sustain to see
With opposite looks his countenance. If this be
My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
To give me argument he is my lord;
And my assurance of him may afford
My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes
With more decorum than object their guise
To public notice." The much-sufferer brake
In laughter out, and to his son said:
"Take
Your mother from the prease, that she may make
Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give
More cause to the acknowledgments that drive
Their shew thus off. But now, because I go
So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know
So loathed a creature for her loved lord.
Let us consult, then, how we may accord
The town to our late action. Some one slain
Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him fain
To fly his friends and country; but our swords
Have slain a city's most supportful lords,
The chief peers of the kingdom: therefore see
You use wise means t' uphold your victory."
"See you to that, good father," said the son,
"Whose counsels have the sovereign glory won
From all men living. None will strive with you;
But with unquestion'd girlands grace your brow,
To whom our whole alacrities we vow
In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leave
Your onsets needy of supplies to give
All the effects that in our powers can fall."
"Then this," said he, "to me seems capital
Of all choice courses: Bathe we first, and then
Attire we freshly; all our maids and men
Enjoining likewise to their best attire.
The sacred singer then let touch his lyre,
And go before us all in graceful dance;
That all without, to whose ears shall advance
Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by,
Or firm inhabitants, solemnity
Of frolic nuptials may imagine here.
And this perform we, lest the massacre
Of all our wooers be divulged about
The ample city, ere ourselves get out
And greet my father in his grove of trees;
Where, after, we will prove what policies
Olympius shall suggest to overcome
Our latest toils, and crown our welcome home."

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This all obey'd; bathed, put on fresh attire
Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
With songs and faultless dances; all the court
Rung with the footings that the numerous sport
From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames;
Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames:
"This sure the day is when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed. O wretch! that hath not been
So constant as to keep her ample house
Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."
Thus some conceived, but little knew the thing.
And now Eurynome had bathed the King,
Smooth'd him with oils, and he himself attired
In vestures royal. Her part then inspired
The Goddess Pallas; deck'd his head and face
With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
Through all his body breathed; curls soft and bright
Adorn'd his head withal, and made it show
As if the flowery hyacinth did grow
In all his pride there, in the general trim
Of every lock and every curious limb.
Look how a skilful artizan, well-seen
In all arts metalline, as having been
Taught by Minerva and the God of fire,
Doth gold with silver mix so that entire
They keep their self-distinction, and yet so
That to the silver from the gold doth flow
A much more artificial lustre than his own,
And thereby to the gold itself is grown
A greater glory than if wrought alone,
Both being stuck off by either's mixtion;
So did Minerva hers and his combine,
He more in her, she more in him, did shine.
Like an Immortal from the bath he rose,
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,
Encountering thus her strangeness: "Cruel dame
Of all that breathe, the Gods past steel and flame
Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not one
Of all dames else that bears so overgrown
A mind with abstinence; as twenty years
To miss her husband drown'd in woes and tears,
And at his coming keep aloof, and fare
As of his so long absence and his care
No sense had seized her. Go, nurse, make a bed,
That I alone may sleep; her heart is dead
To all reflection." To him thus replied
The wise Penelope: "Man half-deified,
'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight
With bravest men, nor poorest use to sleight.
Your mean appearance made not me retire,
Nor this your rich shew makes me now admire,
Nor moves at all; for what is all to me,
If not my husband? All his certainty
I knew at parting; but, so long apart,
The outward likeness holds no full desart
For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see addrest
A soft bed for him, and the single rest
Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
That stands within our bridal chamber-sted,
Which he himself made. Bring it forth from thence,
And see it furnish'd with magnificence."
This said she to assay him, and did stir
Even his establish'd patience; and to her
Whom thus he answer'd: "Woman! your words prove
My patience strangely. Who is it can move
My bed out of his place? It shall oppress
Earth's greatest understander; and, unless
Even God himself come, that can easely grace
Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place;
For man, he lives not that (as not most skill'd,
So not most young) shall easely make it yield;
If, building on the strength in which he flows,
He adds both levers too and iron crows:
For in the fixture of the bed is shown
A master-piece, a wonder; and 'twas done
By me, and none but me, and thus was wrought:
There was an olive-tree that had his grought
Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,
Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure show'd,
His leaves and arms so thick that to the eye
It shew'd a column for solidity.

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To this had I a comprehension
To build my bridal bower; which all of stone,
Thick as the tree of leaves, I raised, and cast
A roof about it nothing meanly graced,
Put glued doors to it, that oped art enough.
Then from the olive every broad-leaved bough
I lopp'd away; then fell'd the tree; and then
Went over it both with my axe and plane,
Both govern'd by my line. And then I hew'd
My curious bedstead out; in which I shew'd
Work of no common hand. All this begun,
I could not leave till to perfection
My pains had brought it; took my wimble, bored
The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
The varied ornament, which shew'd no want
Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant.
An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
Above the cords. And thus to curious view
I hope I have objected honest sign
To prove I author nought that is not mine.
But if my bed stand unremoved or no,
O woman, passeth human wit to know."
This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true
The signs she urged; and first did tears ensue
Her rapt assurance; then she ran and spread
Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head,
And thus the curious stay she made excused:
"Ulysses! be not angry that I used
Such strange delays to this; since heretofore
Your suffering wisdom hath the garland wore
From all that breathe; and 'tis the Gods that, thus
With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
Have caused my coyness; to our youths envied
That wish'd society that should have tied
Our youths and years together; and since now
Judgment and Duty should our age allow
As full joys therein as in youth and blood,
See all young anger and reproof withstood
For not at first sight giving up my arms:
My heart still trembling lest the false alarms
That words oft strike up should ridiculize me.
Had Argive Helen known credulity
Would bring such plagues with it, and her again,
As authoress of them all, with that foul stain
To her and to her country, she had stay'd
Her love and mixture from a stranger's bed;
But God impell'd her to a shameless deed,
Because she had not in herself decreed,
Before th' attempt, that such acts still were shent
As simply in themselves as in th' event.
By which not only she herself sustains,
But we, for her fault, have paid mutual pains.
Yet now, since these signs of our certain bed
You have discover'd, and distinguished
From all earth's others, no one man but you
Yet ever getting of it th' only show,
Nor one of all dames but myself and she
My father gave, old Actor's progeny
(Who ever guarded to ourselves the door
Of that thick-shaded chamber) I no more
Will cross your clear persuasion, though till now
I stood too doubtful and austere to you."
These words of hers, so justifying her stay,
Did more desire of joyful moan convey
To his glad mind, than if at instant sight
She had allow'd him all his wishes' right.
He wept for joy, t' enjoy a wife so fit
For his grave mind, that knew his depth of wit,
And held chaste virtue at a price so high.
And as sad men at sea when shore is nigh,
Which long their hearts have wish'd, their ship quite lost
By Neptune's rigour, and they vex'd and tost
'Twixt winds and black waves, swimming for their lives,
A few escaped, and that few that survives,
All drench'd in foam and brine, crawl up to land,
With joy as much as they did worlds command;
So dear to this wife was her husband's sight;
Who still embraced his neck, and had, till light
Display'd her silver ensign, if the Dame,
That bears the blue sky intermix'd with flame
In her fair eyes, had not infix'd her thought
On other joys, for loves so hardly brought

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To long'd-for meeting; who th' extended night
Withheld in long date, nor would let the light
Her wing-hooved horse join (Lampus, Phaeton)
Those ever colts that bring the morning on
To worldly men; but, in her golden chair,
Down to the ocean by her silver hair
Bound her aspirings. Then Ulysses said:
"O wife, nor yet are my contentions stay'd:
A most unmeasured labour long and hard
Asks more performance; to it being prepared
By grave Tiresias, when down to hell
I made dark passage, that his skill might tell
My men's return and mine. But come, and now
Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow."
"The place of rest is ready," she replied,
"Your will at full serve, since the deified
Have brought you where your right is to command.
But since you know, God making understand
Your searching mind, inform me what must be
Your last set labour; since 'twill fall to me,
I hope, to hear it after, tell me now.
The greatest pleasure is before to know."
"Unhappy!" said Ulysses; "To what end
Importune you this labour? It will lend
Nor you nor me delight, but you shall know:
I was commanded yet more to bestow
My years in travel, many cities more
By sea to visit; and when first for shore
I left my shipping, I was will'd to take
A naval oar in hand, and with it make
My passage forth till such strange men I met
As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat
With any victuals, who the purple beaks
Of ships did never see, nor that which breaks
The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
And serves as wings with which a ship doth soar.
To let me know, then, when I was arrived
On that strange earth where such a people lived,
He gave me this for an unfailing sign:
When any one that took that oar of mine,
Borne on my shoulder, for a corn-cleanse fan,
I met ashore, and shew'd to be a man
Of that land's labour, there had I command
To fix mine oar, and offer on that strand
T' imperial Neptune, whom I must implore,
A lamb, a bull, and sow-ascending boar;
And then turn home, where all the other Gods
That in the broad heaven made secure abodes
I must solicit (all my curious heed
Given to the several rites they have decreed)
With holy hecatombs; and then, at home,
A gentle death should seize me, that would come
From out the sea, and take me to his rest
In full ripe age, about me living blest
My loving people; to which, he presaged,
The sequel of my fortunes were engaged."
"If then," said she, "the Gods will please t' impose
A happier being to your fortune's close
Than went before; your hope gives comfort strength
That life shall lend you better days at length."
While this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed
Eurynome and nurse had made, and spread
With richest furniture, while torches spent
Their parcel gilt thereon. To bed then went
The aged nurse; and, where their sovereigns were,
Eurynome, the chambermaid, did bear
A torch, and went before them to their rest;
To which she left them and for hers addrest.
The King and Queen then now, as newly-wed,
Resumed the old laws of th' embracing bed.
Telemachus and both his herdsmen then
Dissolved the dances both to maids and men;
Who in their shady roofs took timely sleep.
The bride and bridegroom having ceased to keep
Observed love-joys; from their fit delight
They turn'd to talk. The Queen then did recite
What she had suffer'd by the hateful rout
Of harmful wooers, who had eat her out
So many oxen and so many sheep,
How many tun of wine their drinking deep
Had quite exhausted. Great Ulysses then
Whatever slaughters he had made of men,
Whatever sorrows he himself sustain'd,
Repeated amply; and her ears remain'd
With all delight attentive to their end,
Nor would one wink sleep till he told her all,
Beginning where he gave the Cicons fall;

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From thence his pass to the Lotophagi ;
The Cyclop's acts, the putting out his eye,
And wreak of all the soldiers he had eat,
No least ruth shown to all they could entreat ;
His way to Æolus ; his prompt receit
And kind dismission ; his enforced retreat
By sudden tempest to the fishy main,
And quite distraction from his course again ;
His landing at the Læstrigonian port,
Where ships and men in miserable sort
Met all their spoils, his ship and he alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confusion ;
His pass to Circe, her deceits and arts ;
His thence descension to th' infernal parts ;
His life's course of the Theban prophet learn'd,
Where all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd,
And loved mother ; his astonish'd ear
With what the Sirens' voices made him hear ;
His scape from th' erring rocks, which Scylla was,
And rough Charybdis, with the dangerous pass
Of all that touch'd there ; his Sicilian
Offence given to the Sun ; his every man
Destroy'd by thunder volley'd out of heaven,
That split his ship ; his own endeavours driven
To shift for succours on th' Ogygian shore,
Where Nymph Calypso such affection bore
To him in his arrival, that with feast
She kept him in her caves ; and would have blest
His welcome life with an immortal state
Would he have stay'd and lived her nuptial mate ;
All which she never could persuade him to;
His pass to the Phæacians spent in woe ;
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were
A God descended from the starry sphere ;
Their kind dismission of him home with gold,
Brass, garments, all things his occasions would.
This last word used, sleep seized his weary eye
That salves all care to all mortality.

In mean space Pallas entertain'd intent
That when Ulysses thought enough time spent
In love-joys with his wife, to raise the day,
And make his grave occasions call away.
The morning rose and he, when thus he said :
"O Queen, now satiate with afflictions laid
On both our bosoms (you oppressed here
With cares for my return, I everywhere
By Jove and all the other Deities tost
Even till all hope of my return was lost)
And both arrived at this sweet haven, our bed,
Be your care used to see administered
My house-possessions left. Those sheep, that were
Consumed in surfeits by your wooers here,
I'll forage to supply with some ; and more
The suffering Grecians shall be made restore,
Even till our stalls receive their wonted fill.
"And now, to comfort my good father's ill
Long suffer'd for me, to the many-tree'd
And ample vineyard grounds it is decreed
In my next care that I must haste and see
His long'd-for presence. In the mean time, be
Your wisdom used, that since, the sun ascended,
The fame will soon be through the town extended
Of those I here have slain ; yourself, got close
Up to your chamber, see you there repose,
Cheer'd with your women ; and nor look afford
Without your court, nor any man a word."
This said, he arm'd ; to arms both son and swain
His power commanding, who did entertain
His charge with spirit, oped the gates and out,
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Aurora's ruddy fire ; through all whose light
Minerva led them through the town from sight.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Mercury the Wooers' souls
Are usher'd to th' infernal pools.
Ulysses with Laertes met,
The people are in uproar set
Against them, for the wooers' ends;
Whom Pallas stays and renders friends.

ANOTHER.

Q. The uproar's fire,
The people's fall:
The grandsire, sire,
And son, to all.

CYLLENIAN Hermes, with his golden rod,
The wooers' souls, that yet retain'd abode
Amids their bodies, call'd in dreadful rout
Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.
And as amids the desolate retreat
Of some vast cavern, made the sacred seat
Of austere spirits, bats with breasts and wings
Clasp fast the walls, and each to other clings,
But, swept off from their coverts, up they rise
And fly with murmurs in amazeful guise
About the cavern; so these, grumbling, rose
And flock'd together. Down before them goes
None-hurting Mercury to Hell's broad ways,
And straight to those straits, where the ocean stays
His lofty current in calm deeps, they flew.
Then to the snowy rock they next withdrew,
And to the close of Phœbus' orient gates.
The nation then of dreams, and then the states
Of those souls' idols that the weary dead
Gave up in earth, which in a flowery mead
Had habitable situation.
And there they saw the soul of Thetis' son,
Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
Of all the Greek host next, Peleion;
All which assembled about Maia's son.
And to them, after, came the mournful ghost
Of Agamemnon, with all those he lost
In false Ægisthus' court. Achilles then
Beholding there that mighty king of men,
Deplored his plight, and said: "O Atreus' son!
Of all heroes, all opinion
Gave thee for Jove's most loved, since most command
Of all the Greeks he gave thy eminent hand
At siege of Ilion, where we suffer'd so.
And is the issue this? that first in woe
Stern Fate did therefore set thy sequel down?
None borne past others' Fates can pass his own.
I wish to heaven that in the height of all
Our pomp at Ilion, Fate had sign'd thy fall;
That all the Greeks might have advanced to thee
A famous sepulchre; and Fame might see
Thy son given honour in thy honour'd end;
But now a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confusion and thy issue's shame."
"O Thetis' son," said he, "the vital flame
Extinct at Ilion, far from th' Argive fields,
The style of blessed to thy virtue yields.
About thy fall the best of Greece and Troy
Were sacrificed to slaughter. Thy just joy
Conceived in battle with some worth forgot
In such a death as great Apollo shot
At thy encounters. Thy brave person lay
Hid in a dusty whirlwind, that made way
With human breaths spent in thy ruin's state.
Thou, great, wert greatly valued in thy fate.
All day we fought about thee; nor at all
Had ceased our conflict, had not Jove let fall
A storm that forced off our unwilling feet.
But, having brought thee from the fight to fleet,
Thy glorious person, bathed and balm'd, we laid
Aloft a bed; and round about thee paid

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The Greeks warm tears to thy deplored decease,
Quite daunted; cutting all their curls' increase.
Thy death drave a divine voice through the seas
That started up thy mother from the waves;
And all the marine Godheads left their caves,
Consorting to our fleet her rapt repair.
The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and air
And earth combine so in thy loss's sense,
Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,
If old much-knowing-Nestor had not stay'd
Their rushing off; his counsels having sway'd
In all times former with such cause their courses;
Who bade contain themselves, and trust their forces,
For al they saw, was Thetis come from sea,
With others of the watery progeny,
To see and mourn for her deceased son.
Which stay'd the fears that all to flight had won;
And round about thee stood th' old Sea-god's seeds
Wretchedly mourning, their immortal weeds
Spreading upon thee. All the sacred Nine
Of deathless Muses paid thee dues divine,
By varied turns their heavenly voices venting,
All in deep passion for thy death consenting.
And then of all our army not an eye
You could have seen undrown'd in misery,
The moving Muse so ruled in every mind.
Full seventeen days and nights our tears confined
To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men and Gods did in thy moan contend.
The eighteenth day we spent about thy heap
Of dying fire: black oxen, fattest sheep
We slew past number. Then the precious spoil,
Thy corse, we took up, which with floods of oil
And pleasant honey we embalm'd; and then
Wrapp'd thee in those robes that the Gods did rain.
In which we gave thee to the hallow'd flame;
To which a number of heroical name,
All arm'd, came rushing-in in desperate plight,
As prest to sacrifice their vital right
To thy dead ruins while so bright they burn'd.
Both foot and horse brake in, and fought and mourn'd
In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame lasted, and that wasted quite
Thy body was with the enamour'd fire,
We came in early morn, and an entire
Collection made of every ivory bone;
Which wash'd in wine, and given fit unction,
A two-ear'd bowl of gold thy mother gave;
By Bacchus given her, and did form receive
From Vulcan's famous hand; which, O renown'd
Great Thetis' son, with thy fair bones we crown'd
Mix'd with the bones of Menœtiades*
And brave Antilochus; who, in decease
Of thy Patroclus, was thy favour's dear.
About thee then a matchless sepulchre
The sacred host of the Achaians raised
Upon the Hellespont, where most it seized,
For height and conspicuity, the eyes
Of living men and their posterities.
Thy mother then obtain'd the Gods' consent
To institute an honour'd game, that spent
The best approvement of our Grecian fames.
In whose praise I must say that many games
About heroes' sepulchres mine eyes
Have seen perform'd, but these bore off the prize
With miracles to me from all before.
In which thy silver-footed mother bore
The institution's name; but thy desarts,
Being great with heaven, caused all the eminent parts.
And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate,
Achilles' fame even Death shall propagate;
While any one shall lend the light an eye
Divine Æacides shall never die.
But wherein can these comforts be conceived
As rights to me? when, having quite achieved
An end with safety, and with conquest, too,
Of so unmatch'd a war, what none could do

* Patroclus.

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Of all our enemies there, at home a friend
And wife have given me inglorious end?"
While these thus spake, the Argus-killing spy
Brought near Ulysses' noble victory
To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends
The wooers suffer'd, and shew'd those his friends;
Whom now amaze invaded with the view
And made give back; yet Agamemnon knew
Melanthius' heir, much-famed Amphimedon,
Who had in Ithaca guest-favours shown
To great Atrides; who first spake, and said:
"Amphimedon, what sufferance hath been laid
On your alive parts that hath made you make
This land of darkness the retreat you take,
So all together? all being like in years?
Nor would a man have choosed, of all the peers
A city honours, men to make a part
More strong for any object? Hath your smart
Been felt from Neptune, being at sea? his wrath
The winds and waves exciting to your scath?
Or have offensive men imposed this fate?
Your oxen driving, or your flocks' estate?
Or for your city fighting and your wives,
Have deaths untimely seized your best-timed lives?
Inform me truly. I was once your guest,
When I and Menelaus had profest
First arms for Ilion, and were come ashore
On Ithaca, with purpose to implore
Ulysses' aid, that city-racing man,
In wreak of the adulterous Phrygian.
Retain not you the time? A whole month's date
We spent at sea, in hope to instigate
In our arrival old Laertes' son,
Whom, hardly yet, to our design we won."
The soul made answer: "Worthiest king of men,
I well remember every passage then
You now reduce to thought, and will relate
The truth in whole form of our timeless fate:
"We woo'd the wife of that long-absent king,
Who (though her second marriage were a thing
Of most hate to her) she would yet deny
At no part our affections, nor comply
With any in performance, but decreed,
In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed.
Her craft was this: She undertook to weave
A funeral garment destined to receive
The corse of old Laertes; being a task
Of infinite labour, and which time would ask.
In midst of whose attempt she caused our stay
With this attraction: 'Youths, that come in way
Of honour'd nuptials to me; though my lord
Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to board
My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,
Lest what is past me of this web be vain,
Till all receive perfection. 'Tis a weed
Disposed to wrap in at his funeral need
The old Laertes; who, possessing much,
Would, in his want of rites as fitting, touch
My honour highly with each vulgar dame.'
Thus spake she, and persuaded; and her frame
All day she labour'd, her day's work not small,
But every night-time she unwrought it all,
Three years continuing this imperfect task;
But when the fourth year came her sleights could mask
In no more covert, since her trusted maid
Her whole deceit to our true note betray'd.
With which surprized, she could no more protract
Her work's perfection; but gave end exact
To what remain'd; wash'd up, and set thereon
A gloss so bright that like the sun and moon
The whole work shew'd together. And when now
Of mere necessity her honour'd vow
She must make good to us, ill-fortune brought
Ulysses home; who yet gave none one thought
Of his arrival, but far-off at-field
Lived with his herdsman; nor his trust would yield
Note of his person, but lived there a guest,
Ragg'd as a beggar in that life profest.
At length Telemachus left Pylos' sand,
And with a ship fetch'd soon his native land,

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When yet not home he went, but laid his way
Up to his herdsman where his father lay;
And where both laid our deaths. To town then bore
The swine-herd and his King, the swain before.
Telemachus in other ways bestow'd
His course home first, t' associate us that woo'd.
The swain the King led after, who came on
Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd upon
A borrow'd staff. At length he reach'd his home,
Where (on the sudden and so wretched come)
Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dream
Of his return there, but did wrongs extreme
Of words and blows to him; all which he bore
With that old patience he had learn'd before.
But when the mind of Jove had raised his own,
His son and he fetch'd all their armour down,
Fast lock'd the doors, and, to prepare their use,
He will'd his wife, for first mean, to produce
His bow to us, to draw; of which no one
Could stir the string; himself yet set upon
The deadly strength it held, drew all with ease,
Shot through the steels, and then began to seize
Our armless bosoms; striking first the breast
Of king Antinous, and then the rest
In heaps turn'd over; hopeful of his end
Because some God, he knew, stood firm his friend.
Nor proved it worse with him, but all in flood
The pavement straight blush'd with our vital blood.
And thus our souls came here; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofs; no word convey'd
To any friend to take us home and give
Our wounds fit balming; nor let such as live
Entomb our deaths; and for our fortunes shed
Those tears and dead rites that renown the dead."

Atrides' ghost gave answer: "O blest son
Of old Laertes; thou at length hast won
With mighty virtue thy unmatched wife.
How good a knowledge, how untouch'd a life,
Hath wise Penelope! How well she laid
Her husband's rights up, whom she loved a maid!
For which her virtues shall extend applause
Beyond the circles frail mortality draws;
The deathless in this vale of death comprising
Her praise in numbers into infinites rising.
The daughter Tyndarus begat begot
No such chaste thoughts, but cut the virgin knot
That knit her spouse and her with murtherous swords.
For which posterities shall put hateful words
To notes of her, that all her sex defamed,
And for her ill shall even the good be blamed."
To this effect these these digressions made
In hell, earth's dark and ever-hiding shade.
Ulysses and his son, now past the town,
Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown
By old Laertes' labour; when, with cares
For his lost son, he left all court affairs,
And took to this rude upland; which with toil
He made a sweet and habitable soil;
Where stood a house to him; about which ran,
In turnings thick and labyrinthian,
Poor hovels, where his necessary men
That did those works (of pleasure to him then)
Might sit, and eat, and sleep. In his own house
An old Sicilian dame lived, studious
To serve his sour age with her cheerful pains.
Then said Ulysses to his son and swains:
"Go you to town, and for your dinner kill
The best swine ye can choose; myself will still
Stay with my father, and assay his eye
If my acknowledged truth it can descry,
Or that my long time's travel doth so change
My sight to him that I appear as strange."
Thus gave he arms to them, and home he hied.
Ulysses to the fruitful field applied

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His present place; nor found he Dolius there,
His sons, or any servant, anywhere
In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence
Were dragging bushes to repair a fence,
Old Dolius leading all. Ulysses found
His father far above in that fair ground,
Employ'd in proining of a plant; his weeds
All torn and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Upon his legs he wore
Patch'd boots to guard him from the brambles' gore;
His hands had thorn-proof hedging mittens on;
His head a goat-skin casque; through all which shone
His heart given over to abjectest moan.
Him when Ulysses saw consumed with age;
And all the ensigns on him that the rage
Of grief presented, he brake out in tears;
And, taking stand then where a tree of pears
Shot high his forehead over him, his mind
Had much contention if to yield to kind,
Make straight way to his father, kiss, embrace,
Tell his return, and put on all the face
And fashion of his instant-told return;
Or stay th' impulsion, and the long day burn
Of his quite loss given in his father's fear
A little longer; trying first his cheer
With some free dalliance, th' earnest being so near.
This course his choice preferr'd, and forth he went:
His father then his aged shoulders bent
Beneath what years had stoop'd, about a tree
Busily digging: "O, old man," said he,
"You want no skill to dress and deck your ground,
For all your plants doth order'd distance bound:
No apple, pear, or olive, fig, or vine,
Nor any plat or quarter you confine
To grass or flowers, stands empty of your care,
Which shews exact in each peculiar;
And yet (which let not move you) you bestow
No care upon yourself; though to this show
Of outward irksomeness to what you are
You labour with an inward froward care,
Which is your age; that should wear all without
More neat and cherishing. I make no doubt
That any sloth you use procures your lord
To let an old man go so much abhorr'd
In all his weeds; nor shines there in your look
A fashion and a goodliness so took
With abject qualities to merit this
Nasty entreaty. Your resemblance is
A very king's, and shines through this retreat.
You look like one that having wash'd and eat
Should sleep securely, lying sweet and neat.
It is the ground of age, when cares abuse it,
To know life's end, and, as 'tis sweet, so use it.
"But utter truth, and tell what lord is he
That rates your labour and your liberty?
Whose orchard is it that you husband thus?
Or quit me this doubt, for if Ithacus
This kingdom claims for his, the man I found
At first arrival here is hardly sound
Of brain or civil; not enduring stay
To tell nor hear me my inquiry out
Of that my friend; if still he bore about
His life and being, or were dived to death,
And in the house of him that harboureth
The souls of men. For once he lived my guest;
My land and house retaining interest
In his abode there; where there sojourn'd none
As guest from any foreign region
Of more price with me. He derived his race
From Ithaca, and said his father was
Laertes, surnamed Arcesiades.
I had him home, and all the offices
Perform'd to him that fitted any friend,
Whose proof I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seven talents gold; a bowl all silver, set
With pots of flowers; twelve robes that had no pleat;
Twelve cloaks, or mantles, of delicious dye;
Twelve inner weeds; twelve suits of tapestry.
I gave him likewise women skill'd in use
Of loom and needle, freeing him to choose
Four the most fair." His father, weeping, said:
"Stranger! The earth to which you are convey'd

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Is Ithaca; by such rude men possess'd,
Unjust and insolent, as first address'd
To your encounter; but the gifts you gave
Were given, alas! to the ungrateful grave.
If with his people, where you now arrive,
Your fate had been to find your friend alive,
You should have found like guest-rites from his hand;
Like gifts, and kind pass to your wished land.
But how long since received you for your guest
Your friend, my son, who was th' unhappiest
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O born when Fates and ill-aspects let fall
A cruel influence for him: far away
From friends and country destined to allay
The sea-bred appetites; or, left ashore,
To be by fowls and upland monsters tore,
His life's kind authors nor his wealthy wife
Bemoaning, as behoved, his parted life;
Nor closing, as in honour's course it lies,
To all men dead, in bed his dying eyes.
But give me knowledge of your name and race.
What city bred you? where the anchoring-place
Your ship now rides-at lies that shored you here
And where your men? Or, if a passenger
In others' keels you came, who (giving land
To your adventures here, some other strand
To fetch in further course) have left to us
Your welcome presence?" His reply was thus:
"I am of Alybande, where I hold
My name's chief house, to much renown extoll'd.
My father Aphidantes, famed to spring
From Polypemon, the Molossian king.
My name Eperitus. My taking land
On this fair isle was ruled by the command
Of God or fortune, quite against consent
Of my free purpose, that in course was bent
For th' isle Sicania. My ship is held
Far from the city, near an ample field.
And for Ulysses, since his pass from me
'Tis now five years. Unbless'd by destiny,
That all this time hath had the fate to err!
Though, at his parting, good birds did augur
His putting off, and on his right hand flew;
Which to his passage my affection drew,
His spirit joyful; and my hope was now
To guest with him, and see his hand bestow
Rites of our friendship." This a cloud of grief
Cast over all the forces of his life.
With both his hands the burning dust he swept
Up from the earth, which on his head he heapt,
And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke:
Which grieved his son, and gave so smart a stroke
Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,
That up the vein rose there; and weeping ripe
He was, to see his sire feel such woe
For his dissembled joy; which now let go,
He sprung from earth, embraced and kiss'd his sire,
And said: "O father: he of whom y' enquire
Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,
Is now return'd. But do not break in tears,
For now we must not forms of kind maintain,
But haste and guard the substance. I have slain
All my wife's wooers, so revenging now
Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you
The comfort of my coming then to heart
At this glad instant, but, in proved desert
Of your grave judgment, give moan glad suspense,
And on the sudden put this consequence
In act as absolute, as all time went
To ripening of your resolute assent."
All this haste made not his staid faith so free
To trust his words; who said: "If you are he,
Approve it by some sign." "This scar then see,"
Replied Ulysses, "given me by the boar
Slain in Parnassus; I being sent before
By yours and by my honour'd mother's will,
To see your sire Autolycus fulfil
The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.
I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame
Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you
Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show,
And name of every tree. You gave me then
Of fig-trees forty, apple-bearers ten,
Pear-trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine;
Each one of which a season did confine
For his best eating. Not a grape did grow
That grew not there, and had his heavy brow
When Jove's fair daughters, the all-ripening Hours,
Gave timely date to it." This charged the powers

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Both of his knees and heart with such impression
Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
Of all to Trance; the signs were all so true;
And did the love that gave them so renew.
He cast his arms about his son and sunk,
The circle slipping to his feet; so shrunk
Were all his age's forces with the fire
Of his young love rekindled. The old sire
The son took up quite liveless. But his breath
Again respiring, and his soul from death
His body's powers recovering, out he cried,
And said: "O Jupiter! I now have tried
That still there live in heaven remembering Gods
Of men that serve them; though the periods
They set on their appearances are long
In best men's sufferings, yet as sure as strong
They are in comforts; be their strange delays
Extended never so from days to days.
Yet see the short joys or the soon-mix'd fears
Of helps withheld by them so many years:
For if the wooers now have paid the pain
Due to their impious pleasures, now again
Extreme fear takes me, lest we straight shall see
The Ithacensians here in mutiny;
Their messengers dispatch'd to win to friend
The Cephallenian cities." "Do not spend
Your thoughts on these cares," said his suffering son,
"But be of comfort, and see that course run
That best may shun the worst. Our house is near,
Telemachus and both his herdsmen there
To dress our supper with their utmost haste;
And thither haste we." This said, forth they past,
Came home, and found Telemachus at feast
With both his swains; while who had done, all drest
With baths and balms and royally array'd
The old king was by his Sicilian maid.
By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-age straightening,
His flesh more plumping, and his looks enlightening.
Who issuing then to view, his son admired
The Gods' aspects into his form inspired,
And said: "O father, certainly some God
By your addression in this state hath stood,
More great, more reverend, rendering you by far
At all your parts than of yourself you are."
"I would to Jove," said he, "the Sun, and she
That bears Jove's shield, the state had stood with me
That help'd me take-in the well-builded towers
Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian powers
To that fair city leading) two days past,
While with the wooers thy conflict did last,
And I had then been in the wooers' wreak;
I should have help'd thee so to render weak
Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's desert
Thy breast had been too little for thy heart."
This said, and supper order'd by their men,
They sat to it; old Dolius entering then;
And with him, tired with labour, his sons came,
Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame
That brought them up and dress'd their father's fare,
As whose age grew, with it increased her care
To see him served as fitted. When thus set
These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,
They knew him, and astonish'd in the place
Stood at his presence; who, with words of grace,
Call'd to old Dolius, saying: "Come and eat,
And banish all astonishment: your meat
Hath long been ready, and ourselves made stay,
Expecting ever when your wished way
Would reach amongst us." This brought fiercely
Old Dolius from his stand; who ran upon,
With both his arms abroad, the King, and kiss'd
Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,
Thus welcoming his presence: "O my love,
Your presence here, for which all wishes strove,
No one expected. Even the Gods have gone
In guide before you to your mansion.

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Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.
Knows yet Penelope? Or shall we send
Some one to tell her this?" "She knows," said he,
"What need these troubles, father, touch at thee?"
Then came the sons of Dolius, and again
Went over with their father's entertain;
Welcomed, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.
About which while they sat, about the town
Fame flew, and shriek'd about the cruel death
And fate the wooers had sustain'd beneath
Ulysses' roofs. All heard; together all
From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,
Short-breathed and noiseful, bore out all the dead
To instant burial, while their deaths were spread
To other neighbour-cities where they lived,
From whence in swiftest fisher-boats arrived
Men to transfer them home. In mean space here
The heavy nobles all in council were;
Where, met in much heap, up to all arose
Extremely-grieved Eupitheus, so to lose
His son Antinous; who, first of all,
By great Ulysses' hand had slaughterous fall.
Whose father, weeping for him, said: "O friends,
This man hath author'd works of dismal ends;
Long since conveying in his guide to Troy
Good men, and many that did ships employ,
All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead;
And now the best men Cephallenia bred
His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before
His scape to Pylos, or the Elean shore,
Where rule the Epeans) 'gainst his horrid hand;
For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand
Our fames for ever, if we see our sons
And brothers end in these confusions,
Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I
Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die
With instant onset. Nor should you survive
To keep a base and beastly name alive.
Haste, then, lest flight prevent us." This with tears
His griefs advised, and made all sufferers
In his affliction. But by this was come
Up to the council from Ulysses' home
(When sleep had left them, which the slaughters there
And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear
Had two nights intercepted) those two men
That just Ulysses saved out of the slain;
Which Medon and the sacred singer were.
These stood amidst the council; and the fear
The slaughter had impress'd in either's look
Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook
Through every there beholder. To whose ears
One thus enforced, in his fright, cause of theirs:
"Attend me, Ithacensians; This stern fact
Done by Ulysses was not put in act
Without the Gods' assistance. These self eyes
Saw one of the immortal Deities
Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on
At every part: and this sure Deity shone
Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold
And slaughterous spirit; now the points controll'd
Of all the wooers' weapons, round about
The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout
Their party putting, till in heaps they fell."
This news new fears did through their spirits impel,
When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son,
Who of them all saw only what was done
Present and future) the much-knowing man
And aged heroe, this plain course ran
Amongst their counsels: "Give me likewise ear,
And let me tell ye, friends, that these ills bear
On your malignant spleens their sad effects,
Who not what I persuaded gave respects,
Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said;
That you should see your issues' follies stay'd
In those foul courses; by their petulant life
The goods devouring, scandalling the wife
Of no mean person; who, they still would say,
Could never more see his returning day.

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Which yet appearing now, now give it trust,
And yield to my free counsels: Do not thrust
Your own safe persons on the acts your sons
So dearly bought, lest their confusions
On your loved heads your like addictions draw."
This stood so far from force of any law
To curb their loose attempts, that much the more
They rush'd to wreak, and made rude tumult roar.
The greater part of all the court arose;
Good counsel could not ill designs dispose.
Eupitheus was persuader of the course,
Which, complete arm'd, they put in present force;
The rest sat still in council. These men met
Before the broad town, in a place they set
All girt in arms; Eupitheus choosing chief
To all their follies, who put grief to grief;
And, in his slaughter'd son's revenge, did burn.
But Fate gave never feet to his return,
Ordaining there his death. Then Pallas spake
To Jove, her Father, with intent to make
His will high arbiter of th' act design'd,
And ask'd of him what his unsearched mind
Held undiscover'd? If with arms, and ill,
And grave encounter he would first fulfil
His sacred purpose, or both parts combine
I peaceful friendship? He ask'd: "Why incline
These doubts thy counsels? Hast not thou decreed
That Ithacus should come and give his deed
The glory of revenge on these and theirs?
Perform thy will; the frame of these affairs
Have this fit issue: When Ulysses' hand
Hath reach'd full wreak, his then renown'd command
Shall reign for ever, faithful truces strook
'Twixt him and all; for every man shall brook
His sons' and brothers' slaughters; by our mean
To send Oblivion in, expugning clean
The character of enmity in them all,
As in best leagues before. *Peace, festival,*
And riches in abundance, be the state
That crowns the close of wise Ulysses' fate."
This spurr'd the free, who from heaven's continent
To th' Ithacensian isle made straight descent.
Where, dinner past, Ulysses said: "Some one
Look out to see their nearness." Dolius' son
Made present speed abroad, and saw them nigh,
Ran back, and told, bade arm; and instantly
Were all in arms. Ulysses' part was four,
And six more sons of Dolius; all his power
Two only more, which were his aged sire
And like-year'd Dolius, whose lives' slaked fire
All white had left their heads; yet, driven by need,
Made soldiers both of necessary deed.
And now, all girt in arms, the ports set wide,
They sallied forth, Ulysses being their guide;
And to them in the instant Pallas came,
In form and voice like Mentor; who a flame
Inspired of comfort in Ulysses' heart
With her seen presence. To his son, apart,
He thus then spake: "Now, son, your eyes shall see,
Exposed in slaughterous fight, the enemy,
Against whom who shall best serve will be seen.
Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath been
For force and fortitude the foremost tried
Of all earth's offsprings." His true son replied:
"Yourself shall see, loved father, if you please,
That my deservings shall in nought digress
From best fame of our race's foremost merit."
The old king sprung for joy to hear his spirit,
And said: "O loved Immortals, what a day
Do your clear bounties to my life display!
I joy, past measure, to behold my son
And nephew close in such contention
Of virtues martial." Pallas, standing near,
Said: "O my friend! Of all supremely dear,
Seed of Arcesius, pray to Jove and her
That rules in arms, his daughter, and a dart,
Spritefully brandish'd, hurl at th' adverse part."

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This said, he pray'd; and she a mighty force
Inspired within him, who gave instant course
To his brave-brandish'd lance; which strook the brass
That cheek'd Eupitheus' casque, and thrust his pass
Quite through his head; who fell, and sounded falling,
His arms the sound again from earth recalling.
Ulysses and his son rush'd on before,
And with their both-way-headed darts did gore
Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone
The way of slaughter, had not Pallas thrown
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood so from their faces that it left
A greenish paleness: all their hands it reft
Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth;
And to the common mother of their birth,
The City, all fled, in desire to save
The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave
A horrid shout; and like Jove's eagle flew
In fiery pursuit, till Saturnius threw
His smoking lightning 'twixt them, that had fall
Before Minerva, who then out did call
Thus to Ulysses: "Born of Jove! abstain
From further bloodshed: Jove's hand in the slain
Hath equall'd in their pains their prides to thee.
Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity."
Again then, 'twixt both parts the seed of Jove,
Athenian Pallas, of all future love
A league composed; and for her form took choice
Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice.

END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH AND LAST BOOK.

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APPENDIX.

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[*The Seven Books of Homer's Iliad* published by Chapman in 1598 comprised the first, second, and seventh to eleventh books inclusive. The later books were considerably revised when the complete Iliad appeared: some of the more important of the original readings have been given in footnotes. But the first book and the second, as far as the catalogue of ships, were completely re-written. The earlier version is therefore added here in an appendix, together with a fragment of the eighteenth book, *Achilles Shield*, also published in 1598, and translated into the same ten-syllable metre as the Odyssey.]

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THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

APOLLO's Priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king:
For which her tender'd freedom he entreats;
But being dismiss'd with contumelious threats
At Phœbus' hands by vengeful prayer he seeks
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks:
Which done, Achilles doth a council cite
And forceth Chalcas in the king's despite
To tell the truth why they were punish'd so:
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth grow.
In which Achilles so extremely raves,
That Goddess Thetis from her throne of waves,
(Ascending Heaven) of Jove assistance won
T'afflict the Greeks, by absence of her son,
And make the General himself repent
To wrong so much his army's ornament.
This found by Juno, she with Jove contends,
Till Vulcan with Heaven's cup the quarrel ends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha, the prayer of Chryses sings,
The army's plague, th' incensed kings.

ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, great Goddess of my verse,
That through th' afflicted host of Greece did worlds of woes disperse,
And timeless sent by troops to hell the glory-thirsting souls
Of great Heroes; but their limbs, left food for beasts and fowls:
So Jove's high counsel took event, from whence that jar begun
'Twixt Agamemnon, King of men, and Thetis' Godlike son.
What God did give them up to strife? Jove's and Latona's seed,
Who angry with the King for wrongs, against his Priest decreed,
Excited sickness through the host, which much life put to flight:
His Priest came to the Greeks' swift fleet, with ransom infinite.
The golden Sceptre and the Crown, far-shooting Phœbus wore,
To free his daughter; which in hand he did propose before
The peers of Greece, whom he besought, but both th' Atrides most,
Who were most mighty in the rule of all th' imperial host.
"Atrides and the well-greaved Greeks; Gods that in heavenly halls
Make blest abodes, renowm your swords with Priam's razed walls,
And grant you safe retreat to Greece: mean time accept of me
This holy ransom, and return my dearest daughter free,
Approving your religious minds to him: from Jove descends
Divine Apollo that his darts through all the earth extends.
The general presence well allow'd the Priest and his demands,
And thought the shining presents fit to free his daughter's bands:
But Agamemnon was displeased, and did his gifts refuse,
Dismiss'd him with unfit repulse, and this hard charge did use:
"Hence, doating Priest, nor let me find thy stay protracted now,
In circuit of our hollow fleet, or once hereafter know
Of thy return; for if I do, the Crown thou dost sustain
And golden sceptre of thy God, thou shalt present in vain:
Thy daughter I will not dissolve, till age deflower her head;
Till in my Royal Argive Court, her beauties strow my bed,
And she her twisting spindle turns far from her native shore,
To which if thou wilt safe return, tempt our contempt no more."
This answer strook the Priest with fear, who served his stern command
In silence shunning his abode, and walk'd along the strand
Of Neptune's high resounding rule, when from the fleet far gone,
Thus pray'd he to the King of Flames, fair-hair'd Latona's son:
"Hear thou that bear'st the silver Bow that dost on Chrysa shine,
That strongly govern'st Tenedos, and Cylla most divine,
O Sminthius, if ever I thy thankful Temple crown'd,
Or with fat thighs of bulls and goats hath made thy fires abound,

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Give full effect to my desires, and for these
tears I shed,
Let Greeks pay pains, and with thy shafts
in troops be stricken dead."
Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who
at the heart offended,
Down from the topless brows of heaven into
the host descended;
His bow and quiver cover'd round his
golden shoulders wore,
His angry arrows, as he moved, did
thunder on the shore;
So like the lowering night he walk'd, and
took his wreakful stand
Athwart the fleet; his silver bow with his
hard-losing hand
A dreadful sound did make, and first the
mules and dogs he wounds
And after with the breasts of men his
mortal shafts confounds:
The funeral piles did ever burn with heaps
of men he slew,
Nine days together through the host his
poison'd arrows flew,
The tenth a council through the camp
Æacides design'd [into his mind,
Which Juno with the silver arms did put
Who stood remorseful of the Greeks, to
see them everywhere
Employ the greedy fires of death. And
now convented were
The chief commanders of the camp, who
(altogether placed)
From sacred Thetis' swift-foot son, this
supposition pass'd:
"Atrides, some new error now, procures
this plague I fear
To drive us hence, if with our lives we
may th' impulsions bear
Of this our double pestilence, th' infection
and the war:
But let us some grave Prophet ask, or
Priest that sees from far,
Or some interpreter of dreams (for dreams
proceed from Jove)
Who may report what sin doth thus the
Delphian Archer move [offer'd sheep,
To punish us; if hecatombs or fumes of
Or soundest goats, or vows unkept, which
now our zeals may keep,
That his sharp arrows in our breasts he
may refrain to steep."
Achilles having said, sat down, when
Calchas, Thestor's son,
The best of Augurs, that was skill'd in all
things present, done
Deeds past, and every act to come; and
did direct the course [force
Of th' Argive Fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic
(Given by Apollo) next stood up, and thus
did silence break:
"Jove-loved Achilles, if thou wish and
wilt command me speak
My knowledge of Apollo's wrath, covenant
and swear to me,
That, ready with thy hand and sword, thou
wilt assistant be
Both now and in affairs to come; for him
that most doth sway
The sovereign empire of the host, whom
all the Greeks obey,
I fear my sentence will offend: and if a
mighty state [lordly hate
Against a much inferior man conceive a
Though he depress it for a time, yet he
reserves it still
Till best advantage of his power have
perfected his will.
Say then if thou wilt warrant me against
the worst event?"
Achilles answer'd: "All thou knowest,
speak and be confident.
For by the dear-beloved of Jove, the day's
eternal King,
From whom (O Calchas) to the Greeks
thou Oracles dost sing,
Not one of all the peers shall lay offensive
hands on thee,
While my truth-shielding forces last, or
that in earth I see;
No, not if Agamemnon's frown be object
of thy fears,
Who to be sovereign of us all the glorious
title bears."
Then took the blameless prophet heart,
and said: "They were not vows
Yet unperform'd, nor hecatombs, but love
that Phœbus shows
In honour of his priest disgraced by
Agamemnon's will,
That scorn'd his ransom, and reserves his
dearest daughter still:
For this Apollo sends this plague, and yet
will send us more,
Nor will contain from our distress his
heavy hand, before
The black-eyed virgin be released, unbought and ransomless,
And convoy'd hence with hecatombs, till
her chaste foot do press
The flowery Chrysa's holy shore; and so,
if we shall please
Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure
this keen disease."
He sat: the great Heroe rose, the far-commanding King
Atrides, full of froward grief; excessive
anger's sting

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Spersed black fumes round about his breast, his eyes like burning fire
Sparkled beneath his bended brows, as lightnings of his ire;
And looking sternly on the priest, "Prophet of ill (said he,)
That never did presage my good, but took'st delight to be
Offensive in thy auguries, not one good word proceeds
From thy rude lips, nor is perform'd in any future deeds;
And now thou frowardly dost preach, in midst of all the Greeks,
That heaven's far-shooter in this plague, the restitution seeks
Of my fair prisoner, who retain'd, is cause of our annoy;
And all because thou know'st in her I take such special joy,
And wish to bring her to my court, since I esteem her more
Than Clytemnestra, that to me the nuptial contract swore
When she was yet a maid and young; nor doth she merit less
Both for her body's comely form, her native towardness,
Her wisdom and her huswifery, yet will I render her [prefer.
If it be best, for to my good my soldiers' I
But in her place some other prize see quickly you prepare,
That I alone of all the Greeks lose not my honour's share,
Which needs must be confess'd unfit: but thus, my friends, you see,
That what by all your minds is mine, another takes from me."
To him the excellent'st of foot, divine Achilles, said,
"Ambitious and most covetous man, what prize can be repaid
By these our noble-minded friends for thy desired supply?
All know how scantily we've stored our common treasury;
For what the spoiled cities gave each soldier for his pain,
Hath duly shared by our consents, which to exact again
Were base and gnominious; but to the God resign
Thy pleasure for our common good; and if the most divine
So grace us that this well-wall'd town we level with the plain,
We fourfold will repay the loss thy fortunes now sustain."
The king replied: "Be not deceived, nor think though thou art strong
And godlike framed, thou canst persuade my patience to my wrong;
Or that thy feet into thy breath can transmigrated be
To pass me with thy sleights as well as in outrunning me.
Would'st thou thyself enjoy thy prize, and I sit dispossess'd?
Then let the Greeks apply themselves as much to my request,
And with some other fit amends my satisfaction make;
If not I'll make mine own amends, and come myself and take
Thine Ajax or Ulysses' prize (men of most excellence,
And most admitted to thy love) and let him take offence
On whom I shall perform my vow; but touching this design,
We will hereafter or elsewhere decide what shall be mine.
Now let us launch the sable bark into the holy seas,
Ship chosen rowers on her banks, and hecatombs to ease
Our instant plague, and we will cause bright Chryseis to ascend,
Whose charge to some Greek prince in chief 'tis fit we should commend,
Or to the royal Idomen or Ajax Telamon,
Or to the prudent counsellor, divine Laertes' son,
Or to the terriblest of men, thyself, Æacides;
That offerings made by thy strong hands, Apollo may appease."
Æacides, observing well the urged authority
Of his proud foe with brows contract, return'd this sharp reply:
"O thou possess'd with impudence that in command of men
Affect'st the brute mind of a fox, for so thou fill thy den
With forced or betrayed spoils thou feel'st no sense of shame;
What soldier can take any spirit to put on, for thy fame,
Contempt of violence and death, or in the open field,
Or secret ambush, when the hire his high desert should yield,
Is before hand condemn'd to glut thy gulf of avarice.
For me, I have no cause t' account these Ilians enemies,

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Nor of my oxen nor my horse have they
made hostile spoil,
Nor hurt the comfortable fruits of Phthia's
populous soil;
For many shady distances, hills and re-
sounding seas
Are interposed; but our kind arms are
lifted to release
(Thou senseless of all royalty) thine and
thy brother's fame,
Imprison'd in disgraceful Troy, which
nothing doth inflame
Thy dogged nature to requite with favour
or renown
Our ceaseless and important toils; for
which what is mine own,
Given by the general hands of Greece, yet
by the valour got
Of my free labours, thy rude lust will
wrest into thy lot.
In distribution of all towns won from our
Trojan foes,
Still more than mine to thy heap'd store
th' uneven proportion rose,
But in proportion of the fight, the heaviest
part did rise
To my discharge, for which I find much
praise and little prize.
But I'll endure this odds no more, 'tis
better to retire,
And to my country take my fleet, not
feeding thy desire,
Both with the wrack of my renown and of
my wealth beside,
Exhausted by the barbarous thirst of thy
degenerate pride."
"Affect'st thou flight," replied the king,
"begone, and let not me
Nor any good of mine be cause to stay the
fleet or thee;
There are enow besides will stay and do
my state renown,
But chiefly prudent Jupiter. Of all his
hand doth crown
Thou still art bitterest to my rule, con-
tention and stern flight
To thee are unity and peace; if thou
exceed in might, [as our own,
God gave it thee, and 'tis absurd to glory
In that we have not of ourselves, but is
from others grown.
Home with thy fleet and Myrmidons, there
let thy rule be seen.
I loathe so much to fear thy rage or glorify
thy spleen,
That to thy face I threaten thee, and since
th' offended sun
Takes Chryseis from me, whom by right of
all consents I won,
Yet I, with mine own ship and men, must
send her to her sire.
Myself will to thy tent repair, and take thy
heart's desire,
Even bright-cheek'd Briseis from thine
arms, that then thy pride may swear
Atrides is thy better far, and all the rest
may fear [bitious heart
To vaunt equality with me, or take am-
To stand with insolence compared in any
adverse part."
This set Pelides' soul on fire, and in his
bristled breast
His rational and angry parts a doubtful
strife possest
If he should draw his wreakful sword, and
forcing way through all,
Make Agamemnon's bravery fit for bloody
funeral,
Or else restrain his froward mind, and
calm his anger's heat.
Whilst in his thus divided self these
agitations beat,
And he his mighty sword unsheathed, wise
Pallas was in place,
Foresent by great Saturnia, that makes the
white embrace,
Who of the two late enemies had
wondrous love and care:
She stood behind Æacides, and by the
golden hair
She pull'd him to her, and to him she
only did appear,
Who turning to her heavenly sight, was
strook with reverend fear,
But by her dreadful sparkling eyes her
godhead straight he knew,
And said, "Why comes Jove's daughter
here, the arrogance to view
Of Atreus' son? 'twere fitter death his
barbarous pride should bow,
Whose author I have vow'd to be, and will
perform my vow."
She answer'd, "'Tis not best for thee;
and I am come t'appease
Thy violent fury, if thou wilt, for my per-
suasions cease,
Sent by the ivory-finger'd Queen that
tenders both your lives,
Forbear then thy adviseless sword, and rule
that part that strives,
Reproving him with words more safe, and
here I promise thee
What shall be perfectly perform'd: thou
shalt presented be
With gifts of threefold eminence to thy
received wrong;
And therefore serve our deities, and only
use thy tongue."

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"'Tis fit," Pelides did reply, "your
godhead should be pleased,
Though at my soul I be incensed; who is
for heaven appeased
Heaven will appease his wrongs for him."
This said, his ample hand
Closed in his silver hilt forbore, and did
the Dame's command.
So to the heavenly house she flew of Ægis-
bearing Jove
To keep her state with other Queens that
sway the thrones above.
She gone, Pelides did renew breach of his
temper's peace,
And gave the king despiteful words nor yet
his wrath would cease.
"Thou great in wine with dogged looks,
and heart but of a hart,
That never with the foremost troops in fight
darest shake thy dart,
Nor in dark ambush arm thyself, these
seem too full of death
For thy cold spirit; 'tis more safe, with
contumelious breath,
To show thy manhood 'gainst a man that
contradicts thy lust,
And with thy covetous valour take his
spoils with force unjust;
Because thou knowest a man of fame will
take wrong ere he be
A general mischief; nor shamest thou
though all the army see.
Thou soldier-eating king, it is on beasts
thou rule hast won,
Or else this wrong had been the last thou
ever shouldst have done;
But I protest and swear to thee a great and
sacred oath
Even by this sceptre which with kings,
laws and religion both
Was wont to institute and held a symbol of
the right, [bewrays the might
By partless justice minister'd, and still
Of princes carried in their hands, protect-
ing all the laws
We all receive from Jupiter, which gives
sufficient cause
To make thee think I mean t' observe
what I so deeply swear,
That as it never since it grew did leaves or
branches bear
Cut from the hills, and can no more pro-
duce delightsome shade;
So since thy most inhuman wrongs have
such a slaughter made
Of my affections borne to thee, they never
shall renew
Those sweet and comfortable flowers with
which of late they grew.
But when the universal host shall faint
with strong desire
Of wrong'd Achilles, though thou pine,
thou never shalt aspire
Help to their miseries from me, when
underneath the hand
Of bloody Hector cold as death their
bodies spread the sand,
And thou with inward hands of grief, shalt
tear thy desperate mind
That to the most kind-worthy Greek thou
wert so most unkind."
This said, he threw against the ground
the sceptre he sustain'd,
Through which, in bright transfixed drops,
a shower of gold was rain'd.
So sat the king, and he enraged, when
up old Nestor stood,
The thundering Pylean orator, whose
tongue pour'd forth a flood
Of honey-sweeting eloquence: two ages he
had lived
Of sundry-languaged men, all which were
dead, yet he survived,
And now amongst the third he reign'd.
He thus bespake the peers:
"O Gods, what mighty woes will pierce
through all true Achive ears,
And how will Priam and his sons with all
the Ilion seed
Even at their hearts rejoice to hear these
hainous discords breed
'Twixt you who in the skill of fight and
counsels do excel
All other Greeks; let me advise this
bitterness expel:
You are not both so old as I, who lived
with men that were
Your betters far, yet ever held my exhorta-
tions dear; [of them,
I never saw, nor ever shall behold the like
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the
god-like Poliphem,
Exadius, and Perithous, and Drias great
in power,
And Theseus wedded to renown with an
immortal dower,
And Cæneus, a right worthy man, all
which the strongest were
Of all the earth then nourished, the
strongest past compare,
And with the strongest Centaurs fought
that ever mountain bred,
And bravely slew them, and with these my
Lycians forth I led
Far from the land of Apia, themselves did
call me forth,
And to my utmost strength I fought; and
these were men whose worth

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No men that now live durst withstand, yet these would gladly hear
My counsels, and obey them too ; then do not both you bear
Greater conceits than greater men, but as they did obey ;
Obedience better is than rule, where rule errs in his sway. [damsel take,
Let not the king officiously by force the
But yield her whom the Greeks at first Pelides' prize did make.
Nor let a king's heir 'gainst a king with such contempt repine,
Since never sceptre-state attain'd an honour so divine,
And rightfully, by Jove's high gift ; though better born thou be
Because a goddess brought thee forth ; yet better man is he
Since his command exceeds so much; then let the king subdue
His spirit's greatness, and myself to Thetis' son will sue [mightiest bar
That he depose his fury's heat, who is the
Betwixt the Grecians' safe estate, and power of impious war."
"With good decorum, reverend sire," Atrides did reply,
"Thou givest us counsel, but this man above us all will fly ;
All in his power he will conclude, and over all men reign,
Commanding all, all which I think his thoughts attempt in vain,
What if the ever being state to him such strength affords,
Is it to rend up men's renowns with contumelious words ?"
Achilles interrupted him, "Thou might'st esteem me base [disgrace ;
And cowardly to let thee use thy will in my
To bear such burthens never were my strength and spirits combined,
But to reform their insolence, and that thy soul shall find
Were it not hurt of common good more than mine own delight,
But I not soothing Nestor's suit, for right's sake reverence right
Which thou dost servilely command, but violate it quite.
And this even in thy entrails print, I'll not profane my hand
With battle in my lust's defence ; a girl cannot command
My honour and my force like thine, who yet commands our host,
Slave live he to the world that lives slave to his lusts engross'd.
But feed it ; come, and take the dame, safe go thy violent fleet ;
But whatsoever else thou find'st aboard my sable fleet
Dare not to touch without my leave ; for feel my life mischance
If then thy black and lust-burnt blood flow not upon my lance."
Contending thus in words apposed they rose, the council brake,
Pelides to his tents and ships his friend and men did take ;
Atrides launch'd the swift-sail'd ship into the brackish seas
And put therein the hecatomb, that should the God appease.
Twice ten selected rowers then, then Chryseis forth he brings,
Made her ascend the sacred ship ; with her the grace of kings,
Wise Ithacus ascended too. All shipp'd together, then
Neptune's moist wilderness they plow, the king charged all his men
Should hallowed lustrations use ; which done, into the flood
They threw the offal, and the bark purged from polluted blood.
Thus sweet and due solemnities they to Apollo keep,
Of bulls and goats, near to the shore of the unfruitful deep ;
The savour wrapt in clouds of smoke ascended to the skies,
And thus they sanctified the Camp with general sacrifice.
Yet Agamemnon's froward thoughts did not from discord cease,
But call'd to him Talthibius and grave Euribates, [high commands,
Heralds and careful ministers of all his
And this injurious ambassy committed to their hands:
"Go to Achilles' tent and take the bright-cheek'd Briseis thence ;
If he deny, tell him myself with more extreme offence
Will come and force her from his arms, with unresisted bands."
The heralds all unwilling went along the barren sands ;
The tents and fleet of Myrmidons they reach'd, and found the king
In his black ship and tent, his looks mark'd with his anger's sting.
Greeting their entry ; which amazed and made them reverend stand,
Not daring to salute his mood, nor what they sought demand.

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He seeing them loth th' injurious cause of his offence to be,
"Welcome, ye heralds, messengers of gods and men," said he,
"Come near; I blame not you, but him that 'gainst your wills doth send
To have the lovely Briseis brought: Patroclus, princely friend,
Bring forth the dame, and render her, pleased be their sovereign then.
But here before the blessed gods, before the eyes of men,
Before your ignominious king, be faithful witnesses [bitterness
Of what I bear: if ever work in future
Of any plague to be removed from your unhappy host,
Be needful of my friendly hand, wrong hath your refuge lost.
Your king not present harms conceives, much less succeeding woes,
But led by envious counsel raves and knows not what he does;
Nor how to win his name renown, being careful to foretel
How with least death his men might fight, and have them bulwark'd well."
This said, Patroclus well allow'd the patience of his friend,
Brought Briseis forth, and to her guides her comforts did commend
With utmost kindness; which his friend could not for anguish use;
She wept, and look'd upon her love; he sigh'd and did refuse.
O how his wisdom with his power did mightily contend,
His love encouraging his power and spirit, that durst descend
As far as Hercules for her: yet wisdom all subdued,
Wherein a high exploit he show'd and sacred fortitude.
Briseis without her soul did move and went to th' Achive tents,
Achilles sever'd from his friends melts anger in laments;
Upon the shore of th' aged deep, viewing the purple seas,
And lifting his broad hands to heaven he did with utterance ease
His manly bosom, and his wrongs to Thetis thus relate:—
"O mother, since you brought me forth to breathe so short a date,
Th' Olympian thunderer might commix some boon with my short breath,
That what my mind's power, wanting time, contracts in timeless death
Short life well graced might amplify; which Jupiter denies,
As if his gifts being given in vain, men justly might despise,
Admitting Atreus' son to vaunt the enforcement of my prize."
His mother (seated in the deeps of Neptune's soften'd sky [like a cloud,
With old Oceanus) forsakes the grey seas
And presently before him sat, whom ruthful sorrows bow'd.
She minion'd him with her soft hand, and said, "Why mourns my son?
What bold woes dare invade thy breast? conceal not what is done,
But tell, that we may both partake one mournful injury."
He sighing, said, "Why should I tell? thou know'st as well as I
We went and ransack'd sacred Thebes Aëtion's wealthy town,
Brought thence the spoil and parted it, each man possess'd his own:
Th' Atrides beauteous Chryseis choosed, whose liberty was sought
By her grave father, Phœbus' priest, that to the navy brought
A precious ransom, even the crown and sceptre of his God;
Which Atreus' impious son despised, and threaten'd his abode,
Dismissing him with all disgrace; for which his vengeful prayer
Attain'd of Phœbus such a plague as poison'd all the air;
In which his shafts flew through our camp, and many soldiers died.
We had an Augur, that our cause of mischief prophesied.
I urged the appeasure of the Gods, which vex'd Atrides so,
He threaten'd his amends on me, which with disgraceful woe
He hath perform'd; his heralds now fetch'd Briseis from my tent,
Whose beauty was my valour's prize by every Greek's consent.
If then thou canst assist thy son, ascend Olympus' top,
Pray Jove, if ever his estate thy godhead help'd to prop,
By ministry of words, or works, he will assistance grant.
Since often in my father's court mine ears have heard thee vaunt
(As women love to tell their worth) thou didst avert alone,
Of all th' immortals cruel scath from that cloud-maker's throne,

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When Juno, Neptune, and the dame he shook out of his brain,
Offer'd to bind him : thy repair their furies did restrain,
And brought the hundred-handed power to high Olympus' Hall,
Whom gods do Briareus name, but men Egæon call,
Whose strength redoubled his strong sire's, he fray'd the immortal states,
And drave them from the impious chains, should execute their hates :
For which in Jove's own throne he joy'd : let this remember'd be,
Sit ever praying at his foot, never forsake his knee,
Till (if by any means he mean to help Troy) now he deign
To fight for Ilion and expel the Greeks to sea again :
Or slaughter'd at their fleet, their lives may wreak their king's offence,
And he in his acknowledged harms confess my eminence."
Thetis pour'd out reply in tears : "Ah me, my son," said she,
"Why bearing thee to such hard fate, did my breasts nourish thee?
O would thou would'st contain thyself at fleet from wrongs and tears,
Since fates allow thee little life, and that too swiftly wears :
Soon must thou die, and yet the date is hasten'd with such woes
As none endures ; and therefore sad and hapless were my throes
That brought thee forth ; but Jupiter, that doth in thunder joy,
I will importune as thou will'st, and all my powers employ,
Scaling Olympus' snowy brows to order, if I may, [unmoved stay
An honourable wreak for thee ; meantime
Hid in thy tent, and scorn the Greeks ; thought of their aid abstain ;
Jove by Oceanus yesterday, with all th' immortal train,
Went to the holy Æthiops' feast, which thrice four days will end :
Then will he turn to heaven again, and then I will ascend
His Pyramis, whose base is brass, where round about his knee
I will solicit thy revenge, and hope to bring it thee."
Thus left she her dear son with wrath for his lost love still fed,
Whom wilful force, against his will, took from his mournful bed.

Ulysses with the hecatomb arrived on Chrysa's shore ;
And when into the haven's deep mouth they came to use the oar,
They straight strook sail, they roll'd them up, and them on th' hatches threw :
The topmast by the kelsine laid, with cables down they drew,
The ship then into harbour brought, with oars, they anchor cast,
And 'gainst the violent sway of storms make her for drifting fast.
All come ashore, they all exposed the sacred hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and withal, fair Chryseis forth did come,
Who wise Ulysses to her sire, that did at th' altar stand
For honour lead, and with these words re-sign'd her to his hand :
"Chryses, the mighty king of men, great Agamemnon, sends
Thy loved daughter safe to thee, and to thy god commends
This holy hecatomb, to cease the plague he doth extend
Amongst the sigh-expiring Greeks, and make his power their friend."
Thus he resign'd her to her sire, who took her full of joy, [orderly employ
The honour'd offering to the God they
About the Altar, wash their hands, and take their salted cakes ;
When Chryses with erected hands this prayer to Phœbus makes :
"O thou that bear'st the silver bow, that Chrysa dost dispose
Celestial Cylla, and with power command'st in Tenedos,
O hear thy Priest, and as thine ears gave honour to my prayers
In shooting sickness 'mongst the Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renew'd, and quite exhale th' infection from their breasts."
He pray'd, and gracious Phœbus heard both his allow'd requests :
All after prayer cast on salt heaps, draw back, kill, flea the beeves ;
Cut off their thighs dubb'd with the fat, drest fair in doubled leaves
And prick the sweetbreads thereupon in cleft perfumed wood.
The grave old Priest did sacrifice, and red wine as they stood
He gave to every one to taste ; the young men held to him
Five folded gridirons, on the which he laid each choicest limb,

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Which broil'd and with the inwards eat; the rest in gigots slit
They fix on spits, till roasted well they draw and fall to it.
The Mariners (their labours past) have food for them prepared, [petently fared.
Which eaten, not a man was left but com-
Their hunger and their thirst thus quench'd, the youths crown cups with wine,
Begin and distribute to all; that day was held divine
Consumed in Pæans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear,
And when his chariot took the sea, and twilight hid the clear,
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn;
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd morn
Rose from the hills, they freshly rose, and to the camp retired;
Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling bark inspired;
The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails upon the same they put,
The mizens then were fill'd with wind, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves about her sides did roar
Which coming to the camp they drew upon the sandy shore,
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before. [in anger's flame
But Peleus' son at his black fleet sat girt
Nor to consults, that makes men wise, nor forth to battle came; [late desires
But did consume his mighty heart in deso-
Of mortal shrieks and massacres made in the Greeks' retires.
And now the day-star had appear'd twelve times in furthest East,
When all the Gods return'd to heaven from th' Æthiopian feast,
And Jupiter before them all: then Thetis call'd to mind
Her mournful issue, and above the seas green billows shined:
The great heaven early she ascends, and doth the king behold,
Set from the rest in heaven's bright top adorn'd with pearl and gold;
By him she falls, her left hand holds his knee, her right his chin,
And thus her son's desire of Jove by prayer she seeks to win.
"Celestial Jove, if ever I amongst the immortals stood
Thy trusty aid in word or act, do my desires this good:
Honour my son above the rest, since past the rest his life
Hath so short date; yet Atreus' son in a disgraceful strife
His labours' recompense hath forced: but thou most prudent Jove,
That with just will rewards desires, which glory grace the love
Of my sad son, to shew his strength with adding strength to Troy
Now he is absent, that the Greeks may let him clearly joy
Gain of his honour in their loss, and so augment his fame
By that disgrace they let him bear to their eternal shame."
Jove answer'd not a word to this, but silent sat so long
That she still hanging on his knee, insisting on her wrong,
Intreated promise at his hands by his resistless beck
Or flat rebuke. "I know," said she, "the servile fear of check
Is far from him may check all powers, then if thy power deny
I well may see myself least graced of every deity."
Jove thunder'd out a sigh, and said: "Thou urgest works of death
And strife betwixt my Queen and me, who with opprobrious breath
Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though vainly she contend,
And chargeth my respectful hand to be the Trojans' friend.
But covertly do thou descend, lest her eye seize on thee:
Care of thy will I will assume, which shall effected be;
Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall to my bosom bow,
Which with the gods is greatest sign of any fact I vow,
Not by myself to be revoked, nor spiced with any guile, [recule.
Nor can it ever to my breast without effect
Now bow'd the sable brows of Jove, the thick ambrosian hair
Flow'd on his most immortal head; heaven shook beneath his chair.
Their conference dissolved, she slid to th' ocean from the skies;
Jove to his house, when all the Gods did from their thrones arise
To meet their sire, none durst sustain to save that reverence done
Till he came near, all met with him, attending to his throne.

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Nor Juno ignorantly sat, but when her jealous view [fidently knew
Saw Thetis with the silver feet, she con-
She brought some plots to heaven with her, and thus began to chide :
"What goddess' counsels yet again deceitful dost thou hide?
Still thou takest joy to be from me, and sift'st in corners still
Secrets that I must never know, nor ever with thy will
Thou canst endure a word to me of all thy actions' scope."
The Sire of men and gods replied : "Saturnia, do not hope
That all my counsels thou shalt know; they are too deep for thee,
Although my wife ; but for thy ear what decent I shall see
Not any God nor man shall know ; before thyself partake ;
Yet what I list to understand, and no God partner make,
Enquire not their particulars, nor urge them at my hand."
Then Juno with the ox-fair eyes, "On what nice terms you stand,
As if I did so much affect, or urge to know thy mind [close you bind
Froward Saturnides till now; but wondrous
Your loose endeavours, and my heart sustains exceeding fear
The aged sea-god's daughter breathed seducements in thine ear ;
She kneel'd so early at thy feet, and took thee by the knee,
For whom thy chin against thy breast, my mind suggested me,
Thou erst didst knock, and promise her some honour for her son,
Though for his mood the Greeks in heaps do on their ruins run."
"Wretch," answer'd Jove, "still thy suspects into my bosom dive,
Yet canst thou hinder me in nought but thou dost ever strive
To be ungracious in my thoughts, which humour, if I please,
I can make horrible to thee : obey me then and cease,
Lest all the Gods Olympus holds suffice not for thy aid [laid."
If my inaccessible hands upon thy limbs be
The reverend fair-eyed Juno sat with this high threat afraid,
Nor any word she answer'd him, her heart had such a fall ;
The rest of Gods with murmur fill'd the high Saturnian hall.

The famous fiery Artisan, the white-arm'd goddess' son,
Lame Vulcan, stood betwixt them both, and with kind words begun
To ease his loved mother's heart : he said, "This strife will breed
Intolerable plaguy acts, if you of heavenly seed [the Gods ye make
For paltry mortals thus contend ; amongst
A tumult here, and all the mirth from our sweet banquet take,
Because the worse the better hath : but, mother, I advise
(Although I need not counsel you, because I know you wise ;)
Give good respect to my good sire, lest once again he chide,
And make our banquet bitterer yet ; for he is magnified
With power to throw us from our thrones, th' Olympian lightener is ;
With gentle words then supple him, it will not be amiss
To make benevolent and calm that thundering heart of his."
With this the double-eared bowl put in his mother's hand,
Upon his admonition still, the crook'd-legg'd God did stand.
"Bear mother, and forbear," said he, "though it be pain to you ;
Lest I that hold you dear behold stripes make your stomach bow,
And cannot help you if I would, although it cost me tears ;
It is not easy to repugn the king of all our spheres. [wish it otherwise?
How served he me, though seeking help I
He took me by the helpless foot and threw me from the skies ;
The whole day long I headlong fell, even till the Sun and I
Did set together ; he at ease, I in extremity ; [did I fall,
He on the sea, and I by land. In Lemnos
And there the Sintii took me up half dead with my appal."
The ivory-finger'd goddess laugh'd, and did that laughter make
An echo with a counter-laugh, and then the bowl did take
Of her kind son, who now began carouse to all the Gods
Of heaven's sweet wine, from his right hand, round in despite of odds,
Which unextinguish'd laughter stirr'd in every blessed breast
To see him halt about the house, and fill to all the feast.

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So all that day they banqueted till sunset raised the night,
. .nd wanted nought that with content might crown the appetite.
There did the God of music touch his harp's stone-quickening strings,
To which each sacred muse consorts and most divinely sings.
But when the comfortable Sun left to enlighten air,
To several houses all the Gods with sleepy brows repair,
The famous both-foot-halter wrought their rooms with wondrous art;
With them the heavenly-wild fire-god did to his rest depart
Where Somnus used to close his eyes, and to his side ascends
Fair Juno with the golden throne; and there their quarrel ends.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

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THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a vision up from Somnus' den,
To will Atrides muster up his men;
The king to Greeks dissembling his desire,
Persuades them to their country to retire;
By Pallas' will Ulysses stays their flight,
And prudent Nestor heartens them to fight.
They take repast; which done, to arms they go
And march in good array against the foe;
So those of Troy, when Iris from the sky
Of friendly Jove performs the ambassy.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta, the dream and synod cites
And catalogues the naval knights.

THE other Gods and Knights at arms slept
all the humorous night,
But Jove lay waking, and his thoughts
kept in discursive fight
How he might honour Thetis' Son with
slaughtering at their tents
Whole troops of Greeks; this counsel then
seem'd best for these events:
He instantly would send a dream to Atreus'
eldest son,
That with dark vows might draw his
powers to their confusion.
And calling him, he wing'd these words:
"Fly to the Grecian fleet,
Pernicious vision, and the king at our
high summons greet,
Uttering the truth of all I charge; give
him command to arm
His universal fair-hair'd host, this is the
last alarm
He shall enthunder 'gainst proud Troy,
and take her airy towers,
For now no more remain disjoin'd the
heavenly housed powers.
Saturnia with successive prayers hath
drawn in one right line
Their general forces: instant ills shall Ilion's
pomp decline."
This heard, the dream with utmost haste
the Greeks' swift fleet attain'd,
Where entering Agamemnon's tent, he
found him fast enchain'd
In sleep divine; aloft his head he took im-
pressive place
Inform'd like Nestor, whom the king, past
all old men did grace,
And thus he spoke: "Sleeps Atreus' son,
whose brave horse-taming sire
Was so exceeding politic? a man that
guards the fire
Of state and counsel must not drown the
complete night in sleep,
Since such a multitude of lives are tender'd
him to keep,
And cares in such abundance swarm about
his labouring mind:
Then wake, and give me instant ear, sent
from the most divined;
Who, though far hence, is near in care;
he gives thee charge to arm
Thy universal fair-hair'd host; this is the
last alarm
Thou shalt enthunder 'gainst proud Troy,
and take her airy towers,
For now no more disjoin'd the heavenly
housed powers.
Saturnia with successive prayers, hath
drawn in one right line
Their general forces, instant ills shall Ilion's
pomp decline.
This Jove assures, which well observe,
nor let oblivion seize
Thy loose affections, carelessly dissolved
in sleep and ease."
Thus left he him, who in his mind with
deep contention toss'd
These wish'd events: far short of date, yet
he supposed his host
Should raze in that next day the town, so
indiscreet he was:
Not knowing what repugnant works did
Jove's designments pass,
Who plotted miseries and sighs to smoke
from either's side
In scathful battle, long before Troy's
general spoil was tried.
He rose from heaven-infused sleep, the
dream's celestial sounds
Still rung about his pleased ears sweeten'd
with ease of wounds;
He deck'd him with his silken weed, right
beautiful and new,
On which he cast his plenteous robe; then
on his feet he drew
Fair shoes, and on his shoulder girt his
silver-studded sword:
The never-tainted sceptre then, his birth-
right did afford,

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He took, and went amongst the fleet; Aurora now arose,
Climb'd steep Olympus, and sweet light did to all gods disclose,
When he the voiceful heralds charged in counsel to convent
The curled Greeks; they summon'd all; and all with one consent
Together came; the court in chief, the General did decree
At Nestor's ship, the Pylian King should all of princes be
And men of counsel: all which met, Atrides thus did frame [sacred vision came
The consultation: "Princely friends, a
In this night's depth, and in my sleep, like Nestor greeting me,
For stature, habit, form of face, and head as white as he:
He stood above my head, and said: 'Sleep'st thou, wise Atreus' son?
A counsellor's state-charged thoughts, through broken sleeps should run
To whom so many cares and lives are in commission given;
Then give me audience instantly, the ambassador of heaven
Whose sovereign though so far removed, vows his exceeding care
And easeful pity of thy toils; he bids thee straight prepare
Thy fair-hair'd complete host for fight; for now thy royal hand
Shall take Troy's ample-streeted town; no more at difference stand
The great immortals, Juno's suit hath clear inclined them all
To smother Ilion's fatal pride, in ashy funeral.
This Jove affirms, which let thy thoughts be sure to memorise,
Then took he wings, and golden sleep flew with him from mine eyes:
Resolve then, let us prove to arm our powers to this design;
Whom to make eager of exploit, I will in show incline
To sail and fight; as far as may with their incitements stand,
Which will be much the fiercer made if you shall countermand
With words of honourable stay, assuring them the prize
By their firm valours: soldiers' spirits are fired by contraries."
This said, he used his royal throne, and up did Nestor rise,
Grave king of Pylos' sandy soil, who thus gave his advice:
"Ye friends, commanders of the Greeks, ye princes of estate,
If, save our General any Greek, his vision should relate,
We might esteem it fabulous, or rather flat reject
The strange narration; but because his sovereign intellect
(With which and with the like high souls, Jove and the powers divine
Have properest mixture) had the grace to have this glory shine
In his immortal faculties: serve we their high contract,
Admitting utmost power to give this excitation act." [sceptre-states
To this affair he first went forth; the other
Rose and obey'd their General, and help'd t' effect the fates
Jove plotted by the baneful dream, endeavouring to atone
Their complete host, to their attempt in public session;
To which in troops the soldiers ran, as when black swarms of bees
Break ceaseless from a crannied rock, and none the exhausture sees
Of their sweet vault, they fill it so, and furnish the supply
Of their fresh issue, still with flocks that every way do fly
To prey upon the flowery spring; so from the ships and tents
The soldiers multiplied the shore, in endless regiments;
And Fame the ambassador of Jove amongst them all did shine,
Enflaming their desires to hear th' intent of this design;
Whose utterance much disturbance found, so thick they did appear,
And th' earth did crack beneath the weight of such as sat to hear.
Rude tumult sprung out of the thrust, nine heralds cried for peace,
And audience of the Jove-kept King; and straight they sit and cease.
Divine Atrides stood aloft, and in his hand he closed
Th' elaborate sceptre Vulcan wrought, and to heaven's king disposed;
Jove gave it to his messenger that slew Saturnia's spy;
Hermes to Pelops render'd it, renowm'd for chivalry;
Pelops to chieftain Atreus, and Atreus at his death
Gave it Thyestes, rich in herds; Thyestes did bequeath

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The high successive use thereof to Agamemnon's hands
To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-sieged lands;
He leaning on this sceptre, said: "Princes of Greece and friends,
The household and the guard of Mars, cruel Saturnius ends
Our actions in extreme disgrace, who promised my desire,
And bound it with his moved brow, to honour our retire,
With well-wall'd Troy's eversion; but now th' event approves
His plain deceit, since gloriless he urgeth our removes;
Commanding our retreat to Greece, with loss of so much blood
Of our dear countrymen and friends, who must not be withstood,
That hath in desolation drown'd the free commercial steeps
Of many cities; and of more will make subverted heaps;
His power is so surpassing great: but it will loathe the ear [number were,
Of all posterity, that we, who such a
And so renown'd, with men so few, should wage successless war,
Of whose drifts yet no end appears; that we exceed them far;
If we should strike firm trace and try, by numbering either side,
Take all the town's inhabitants, and into tens divide
Our Achive power, and let each ten at banquet choose them one
Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy should harbour none;
To fill the cup to many tens, so much I say, transcends
Our powers, th' inhabitants of Troy; but their assistant friends,
From many cities drawn, are they that stay this city's spoil,
In spite of our affected wreak, nine years have past our toil;
And now the substance of our ships corrupts, our tacklings fail,
Our wives and seed sit in their doors expecting our resail;
When that we sought is yet unfound; but come, hoist sail and home,
For never shall Troy's spacious town by us be overcome."
This moved to flight in every mind, th' inglorious multitude,
Who heard not what in private court the council did conclude.
Th' assembly grew most turbulent, as billows rude and vast,
Roused in the rough Icarian seas, when east and southern blasts
Break fiercely from the clouds of Jove; or as when Zephyr flies
Upon a wealthy field of corn, makes all his forces rise, [beneath his violence:
And all the field bows her fair heads
So did the common soldiers yield t' Atrides' forced pretence;
All to the ships with shouting ran, earth smoked beneath their feet,
And mutually they made exhort to hale the crazed fleet
Into the seas; pump'd and made clean, and drew the stocks away,
Offering to launch; the other Peers could not be heard for stay;
A noise confused alongst the shore did smite the golden stars,
From soldiers' throats, whose hearts did long to leave such irksome wars;
Then gloriless the Greeks had fled, past all presage of fate,
Had not Saturnia thus advised Jove's targe-supporting state:
"Out on this shame, O Jove's fair seed, thou conquering deity,
Shall thus upon the sea's broad back th' infamous Argives fly,
Admitting Priam and his Peers, a glory so despised, [dearly prized
As Helen's rapture in despite, and have so
Their long-sworn honour of revenge with Greeks so many slain
Far from their country? but descend to Argos' brass-arm'd train,
And with persuasive gentle speech will every man to stay,
Not suffering any go aboard, nor hale their ships away, [out of the bay."
Which now are everywhere prepared to fly
So said she, nor the gray-eyed maid stood adverse to her will,
But left the undiscerned brows of Jove's Olympian hill,
And quickly reach'd the Grecian fleet, where standing still, she found
Th' adviceful King of Ithaca, like Jove in counsels sound,
Who yet had not so much as touch'd his black well transom'd bark;
But vexed in his heart and soul, the army's shame did mark.
To him said Pallas, coming near, "Great Laertiades,
Most wise Ulysses, make ye flight thus headlong to the seas,

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In your well-furnish'd men-of-war, and long so much for home?
What honour to the King of Troy, and his consorts will come,
In leaving Argive Helen here, the price of so much blood,
Suck'd from the woful breasts of Greece, robb'd of her dearest brood?
But run and interpose no stay, through every Grecian band,
And with thy sweet persuasive tongue, let none depart the land,
Nor draw the oar-enforced fleet from off the Trojan strand."
So Pallas charged, whose heavenly voice, prudent Ulysses knew;
Then forth he ran and for more speed, his cloak on earth he threw,
Which diligent Eurybates, a herald of renown [of Priam's town
Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege
Took up; Ulysses met the King, from whom he was so bold [his line of old,
To take the sceptre never-stain'd, held in
With which he went amongst the troops to stay them from the fleet;
And with what Prince or gentleman, his royal steps did meet,
In these fair terms he willed him, pretended flight forbear,
"Sir, 'tis not fit for such as you to fly as check'd with fear,
But rather stay, and with bold words, make others so inclined:
For you as yet not rightly know king Agamemnon's mind;
He makes but trial of such spirits as he may most renown,
And he will quickly punish such as flying humours drown,
All we in council heard not all comprised in his command,
Nor durst we prease too near for fear of his offended hand.
The anger of a king is death; his honour springs from Jove,
His person is in spite of hate protected in his love." [took
But if he saw the vulgar sort, or if in cry he
A soldier with exclaims for flight; him with his mace he strook.
And used these speeches of reproof; "Wretch, keep thy place and hear
Others besides thy General that place above thee bear;
Thou art unfit to rule, and base, without a name in war,
Or state of council; nor must Greeks be so irregular,
To live as every man may take the sceptre from the king;
The rule of many is absurd, one Lord must lead the ring
Of far resounding government; one king whom Saturn's son,
Hath given a sceptre and sound laws, to bear dominion."
Thus ruling govern'd he the host: again to council then,
From ships and tents in tumult swarm'd these base disorder'd men
With such a blustering as against the Pontic shore rebounds
A storm-driven billow, with whose rage the sea itself resounds.
All sat, and silent used their seats, Thersites sole except,
A man of tongue, whose raven-like voice a tuneless jarring kept,
Who in his rank mind copy had of unregarded words,
That rashly and beyond all rule used to oppugn the Lords;
But whatsoever came from him was laugh'd at mightily.
The filthiest Greek that came to Troy: he had a goggle eye,
Stark-lame he was of either foot; his shoulders were contract
Into his breast and crook'd withal; his head was sharp compact,
And here and there it had a hair; to mighty Thetides, [and disease;
And wise Ulysses he retain'd much anger
For still he chid them eagerly; and then against the state,
At Agamemnon he would rail; the Greeks in vehement hate
And high disdain conceited him, yet he with violent throat
Would needs upbraid the General; and thus himself forgot:
"Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what dost thou covet more?
Thy thrifty tents are full of coin, and thou hast women store,
Fair and well-favour'd, which we Greeks, at every town we take
Resign to thee; think'st thou, thou want'st some treasure thou might'st make
To be deduced thee out of Troy, by one that comes to seek
His son for ransom; who myself, or any other Greek
Should bring thee captive? or a wench, fill'd with her sweets of youth,
Which thou may'st love and private keep for thy insatiate tooth?

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But it becomes not kings to tempt by wicked precedent [impotent,
Their subjects to dishonesty: O minds most
Not Achives but Achaian girls; come fall aboard and home;
Let him concoct his prey alone, alone Troy overcome,
To make him know if our free ears his proud commands will hear,
In anything: or not disdain his longer yoke to bear, [man than he,
Who hath with contumely wrong'd a better
Achilles, from whose arms, in spite that all the world might see,
He took a prize won with his sword, but now it plain appears,
Achilles hath no spleen in him, but most remissly bears
A female stomach: else be sure the robbery of his weed,
O Agamemnon, would have proved thy last injurious deed."
Thus did Thersites chide the king to whom all Greece did bow,
When wise Ulysses straight stood up, and with contracted brow,
Beholding him, used this rebuke: "Prating Thersites, cease
Though thou canst rail so cunningly; nor dare to tempt the peace
Of sacred kings, for well thou know'st I know well what thou art,
A baser wretch came not to Troy to take the Grecians' part.
Profane not kings then with thy lips; examine our retreat,
Whereof ourselves are ignorant, nor our estates so great
That we dare urge upon the king what he will only know.
Sit then and cease thy barbarous taunts to him whom all we owe.
So much observance, though from thee these insolent poisons flow;
But I protest and will perform, if I shall deprehend
Such frenzy in thy pride again, as now doth all offend,
Then let Ulysses lose his head, and cease inglorious, [Telemachus;
To be the native father call'd of young
If from thee to thy nakedness thy garments be not stript
And from the Council to the fleet thou be not soundly whipt."
This said, his back and shoulder blades he with his sceptre smit,
Who then shrunk round and down his cheeks the servile tears did flit:
The golden sceptre in his flesh a bloody print did raise
With which he trembling took his seat, and looking twenty ways,
Ill-favouredly he wiped the tears from his self-pitying eyes,
And then, though all the host were sad, they laugh to hear his cries,
When thus flew speeches intermix'd: "O God, what endless good
Ulysses still bestows on us! that to the field of blood
Instructs us; and in council doth for chief director serve;
Yet never action past his hands that did more praise deserve
Than to disgrace this railing fool in all the army's sight,
Whose rudeness henceforth will take heed how he doth princes bite."
This all the multitude affirm'd, when now again did rise
The razer of repugnant towns, Ulysses bold and wise, [Pallas by
With sceptre of the General, and prudent
That did a herald's form assume, and for still silence cry,
That through the host the soldiery might understand th' intent
The council urged; and thus their flight his wisdom did prevent.
"Atrides, if in these faint drifts the Greeks have licence given,
Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men under heaven,
Since they infringed their vows to thee at our designs for Troy,
From horse-race Argos, to persist, till Ilion they destroy;
But like young babes amongst themselves, or widows, they lament,
And would go home; and I confess a tedious discontent
May stir some humour to return: for if a man remain
But twice two se'nights from his wife, much mood he doth sustain
Within his many-seated ship, which winter's storms enfold
And fierce commotion of the sea; where thrice three heavens have roll'd
About the circle of the year since this our anchor'd stay.
I cannot then reprove such Greeks as grieve at this delay;
Yet were it shame to stay so long, and empty-handed fly:
Sustain a little then, my friends, that we the truth may try

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Of reverend Calchas' prophecy; for we remember well,
And you in heart are witnesses, whom death-arm'd fates from hell,
The third day past and yesterday have held in sovereign guard,
That when in Aulis' long-ring gulf, we Grecian ships prepared
To ruin Priam and his friends, on holy altars made
About a fountain, and within a goodly platan shade,
We perfect hecatombs did burn to all the Gods divine,
Where straight appear'd to all our eyes a most prodigious sign:
A dragon with a bloody back, most horrible to sight, [into the light;
Which great Olympius himself did send
This tumbling from the altar's foot, did to the Platan creep,
Where nestling in an utter bow, and under shade, did sleep
The russet sparrows' little young, which eight in number were,
The dam the ninth, that brought them forth, which with the beast did smear
His ruthless jaws, and crash'd their bones, the mother round about,
Flew mourning her beloved birth, who by her wing stretch'd out
The dragon caught, and crying eat, as he her young had done,
This openly Olympius wrought, and turn'd into a stone
The purple serpent, which effect we standing by admired,
That such a terrible portent should answer offerings fired.
A little after, Calchas said: 'Why stand ye wonder-driven,
Ye men of Greece? This miracle almighty Jove hath given
Thus late to shew the late event whose fame shall never die.
For as these eight young birds he eat, and she that mourned by
Did make the ninth, so we nine years should here firm battle wage,
And in the tenth year take the town.' Thus Calchas did presage,
All which is almost now fulfill'd; then stay, renowmed Greeks,
Till every man possess the spoil he honourably seeks."
Ulysses having spoken thus his words so liked were,
That of his praise the ships, the tents, the shore did witness bear:
Resounding with the people's noise, who gave his speech the prize.
The applause once ceased, from seat to speak old Nestor doth arise:
"Fie, Greeks, what infamy is this? ye play at children's game,
Your warlike actions thus far brought, now to neglect their fame.
O whither from our lips profane, shall oaths and compacts fly?
The counsels and the cares of men now in the fire shall die.
With those our sacred offerings made by pure unmixed wine;
And our righ hands with which our faiths we freely did combine.
The cause is, since amongst ourselves we use discursive words,
And go not manlike to the field, to manage it with swords, [gem's device
Nor with the fineness of our wits by strata-
In all this while against a world to work our enterprise. [being sound,
But, great Atrides, as at first, thy counsel
Command to field, and be not led corruptly from the ground
Of our endeavours, by the moods of one or two that use
Counsels apart; they shall not go to Greece till Jove refuse
To ratify his promise made, or we may surely know
If those ostents were true or false, that he from heaven did show:
But I am sure (to cheer our hopes) his beck the heavens did shake
That day of choice, when towards Troy our fleet first sail did make,
Conferring on our conquering sterns the powers of death and fate,
His lightning right hand shewing us presages fortunate.
And therefore not a man shall do himself that wrong to fly
Before with Phrygian maids and wives he at his pleasure lie,
That Helen's rape and all our sighs may be revenged thereby.
But if some be so mutinous whom nothing may restrain,
Let him but touch his black-arm'd bark, that he may first be slain.
Then, great Atrides, be advised, and others' reasons see, [will utter thee.
It shall not prove an abject speech that I
In tribes and nations let thy men be presently array'd
That still the tribes may second tribes, and nations nations aid:

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Of every chief and soldier thus, the proof
shall rest in sight,
For both will thirst their country's fame,
and prease for single fight.
What soldier when he is allow'd his
countryman for guide
Will not more closely stick to him than to
a stranger's side?
Thus shalt thou know, if Gods detain thy
hand from Ilion's harms,
Or else the faintness of thy men, and
ignorance in arms."
Thus to autentique Nestor's speech
Atrides' answer was:
"All Grecian birth, thrice reverend king,
thy counsels far surpass:
O would King Jove, Tritonea, and he that
guides the Sun,
Would grant me ten such counsellors:
then should our toils be done.
Then Priam's high-topp'd towers should
stoop, outfacing us no more,
But fall beneath our conquering hands,
despoil'd of all her store;
But Jove hath stored my life with woes,
that no good hour can spend,
And thrown me in the midst of strifes that
never think of end.
Since with Achilles for a girl in humorous
terms I strove, [treated love
And I the author of the strife; but if en-
Make us with reunited minds consult in
one again, [pride sustain:
Troy shall not in the left delay her loathed
But now to food, that to the fight ye may
your valours yield;
Well let his soldier sharp his lance, and
well address his shield;
Well let each horseman meat his horse, to
break the bristled field;
Well let each coachman view his wheels,
and chariot-furniture,
And arm them so that all the day we
soundly may endure.
For faint conceits must be expell'd, that
pine at labour lest,
Till night take strength from both our
hosts, and force us to our rest:
The bosoms of our targeteers must all be
steep'd in sweat,
The lancer's arm must fall dissolved, our
chariot horse with heat
Must seem to melt; and if I find one
soldier bide the chace, [face,
Pursued by any enemy, or fight not in his
Or else be found a shipboard hid, not all
the world shall save
His hateful limbs; but fowls and beasts be
his abhorred grave."
This speech applausive murmur stirr'd;
as when upon the shore
The waves run high, driven with south
gales, and 'gainst a rock do roar,
Plied with a diverse flood of air at one self
time so fast,
That their hoarse rages never cease; such
lasting murmurs past
The pleased Greeks: they rose, dispersed,
all haste to shipward make,
Where all made fires within their tents,
and did their suppers take:
And every man to some of heaven did
sacrifice and pray
To scape the fury of the fight in that im-
portant day.
Atrides to the king of Gods, a well-fed ox
first kill'd
Of five years' grought, and all the host to
wait on him were will'd.
Wise Nestor first, then Idomen of Crete
the kingly name,
Then both the Ajaxes in consort with Dio-
medes came,
Ancient Laertes' son was sixth, whose
counsel bore the sway,
And uninvited last of all, came sweet-voiced
Menelay, [in his respect.
Acknowledging his brothers' cares and toils
King Agamemnon in the midst did pray
to this effect:
"Most happy and almighty Jove, great
thickener of the sky,
Descend on our long-toiled host, with thy
remorseful eye;
Let not the lightsome Sun be set, nor set
the night on wing,
Before old Priam's high-raised towers to
level earth I bring;
Before his broad-leaved ports enflamed may
far off be descried,
Before my sword on Hector's breast his
cuirass may divide,
And his chief friends fall'n dead in dust,
may spread his carcass round,
And in fell death's convulsions eat the
many-feeding ground."
At this Jove bended not his head, but
did more labours guise,
For him and his associates: yet took his
sacrifice.
Then, after prayer, salt lumps of dough
cast on the altar's sides,
They strike the offerings down, then strike
and strip them of their hides,
Then quarter them and all the thighs with
thrifty fat they spread,
Put one in other, and to them, the little
fragments shred;

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All these with sere and leaveless wood, they consequently burn,
And all the inwards put to spit, before the fire they turn;
The thighs burn'd up, th' entrails roast, they eat and piecemeal slice
In little goblets all the rest reserved for sacrifice.
They roast it wondrous cunningly, and draw it from the spit,
And when their labours were perform'd, and all their suppers fit,
They used their stomachs, wanting nought that appertain'd a feast.
When thirst and hunger being allay'd, thus spake the Pylian guest:—
"Great Agamemnon, king of men, effect thy words with hands,
Nor more defer the work high Jove so instantly commands,
But give the heralds charge t' accite all soldiers to the fleet,
And let ourselves assist their pains to set Mars on his feet,
With expedition more exact." The king was pleased, and will'd
The heralds cite the curl'd-head Greeks, who with quick concourse fill'd
The smother'd shore, and all the kings enrank'd themselves about
The great Atrides; and with them, Jove's gray-eyed maid went out;
She bore the targe her father made, of Amalthæa's hide, [all eternified;
Not to be pierced, nor worn with time, but
A hundred serpents fringed it round, quick struggling all of gold,
And at a hundred oxen's price, each serpent might be sold. [utmost haste,
She through the Achive army ran, enforcing
And every stomach fill'd with thirst to lay proud Ilion waste; [ceaseless fight,
Enabling all their faculties to fierce and
And made Troy's irksome war more wish'd than their dear country's sight.
Then as a hungry fire enflames a mighty wood that grows
Upon the high-tops of a hill, and far his splendour throws,
So from the Grecians' burnish'd arms an admirable light
Flew through the air with golden wings, and did the Gods affright.
Or as whole flocks of geese, or cranes, or swans with necks so tall,
Fly cloud-like over Asian meads to fair Caïster's fall,
Who proud of their supportful wings, as they take stream or ground,
Make all the river-bordering lawns their melody resound.
So the thick troops from ships and tents throng'd to Scamander's plain,
And under sway of foot and horse the earth did groan again;
They stood in that enflowered mead, as infinite as leaves,
Or flowers the spring doth amplify; or as the cloudy threaves
Of busy flies that sheep-cotes fill when summer's golden vails
Enrich the fields, and nourishing milk bedews the sprinkled pails;
So many fair-hair'd Grecians stood, upon that equal ground,
The Trojan ranks with deadly charge desirous to confound;
And as good goat-herds when their goats at food in herds abide,
Though they be never so commix'd, can easily them divide:
So did the leaders well digest their bands for fight applied,
'Mongst whom the mighty king of men, with brows and eyes like Jove,
Like Mars in waist, in breast like him that most doth waters love.
And as a bull amidst the herd, most proudly far doth go
(For he with well-branch'd oxen fed, makes most illustrious show)
So Jupiter made Atreus' son in that death-threatening day
The bravest object of all Greeks that held supremest sway. [palaces
Sing then, fair Muses, ye that hold celestial
(For you are Goddesses, know all, and fill the farthest places;
We knowing nought but only hear the uncertain voice of fame),
What Grecian princes and their peers to hapless Phrygia came;
The common soldiers by their names I not assay to sing,
Although ten tongues, and ten big throats I could to utterance bring;
Though I sustain'd a brazen heart, and breathed a voice infract:
For only you the seed of Jove can tell the troops exact,
That under Ilion's lofty walls employ'd revengeful fight;
The princes therefore of the fleet, and fleet itself I cite.

* * * * * * * *

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ACHILLES' SHIELD.

BRIGHT-footed Thetis did the sphere aspire,
Amongst the Immortals, of the God of fire,
Starry, incorruptible, and had frame
Of ruddy brass, right shaped by the lame.
She found him at his swelling bellows sweating,
And twenty tripods seriously beating,
To stand and beautify his royal hall,
For chairs of honour, round about the wall,
And to the feet he fix'd of every one
Wheels of man-making gold to run alone
To the Gods' Temples; to the which they were
Religious ornaments, when standing there
Till sacrifice were done, they would retire
To Vulcan's house, which all eyes did admire;
Yet the Dædalian handles to hold by
Were unimposed, which straight he did apply.
These while he fashion'd with miraculous art,
The fair white-footed dame appear'd apart
To Charis with the rich-attired head,
Whose heavenly beauties strow'd the nuptial bed
Of that illustrious smith; she took her hand
And entertain'd her with this kind demand:
"What makes the Goddess with the ample train,
Reverend and friendly Thetis, entertain
Conceit to honour us with her repair,
That never yet was kind in that affair?
But enter further, that so wish'd a guest
May be received with hospitable feast."
Thus led she Thetis to a chair of state,
Rich, and exceedingly elaborate,
And set a footstool at her silver feet;
Then call'd her famous smith; "Vulcan, my sweet,
Thetis in some use needs thy fiery hand:"
He answer'd, "Thetis hath a strong command
Of all my powers, who gave my life defence,
Cast by my mother's wilful impudence
Out of Olympus; who would have obscured
My native lameness; then had I endured
Unhelped griefs, if on her shining breast
Hospitious Thetis had not let me rest,
And bright Eurinome, my guardian,
Fair daughter of the labouring Ocean,
With whom nine years I wrought up divers things,
Buttons and bracelets, whistles, chains, and rings,
In concluse of a cave; and over us
The swelling waves of old Oceanus
With foamy murmur flow'd, and not a God,
Nor any mortal knew my close abode,
But Thetis and divine Eurinome,
Who succour'd me; and now from gulfy sea
To our steep house hath Thetis made ascent,
To whom requital more than competent
It fits me much my safety should repay;
Charis, do thou some sumptuous feast purvey,
Whiles I my airy bellows may lay by,
And all my tools of heavenly ferrary."
Thus from his anvil the huge monster rose,
And with distorted knees he limping goes
To a bright chest of silver ore composed,
Where all his wonder-working tools were closed,
And took his sighing bellows from the fire;
Then with a sponge, his breast with hairs like wire,
His brawned neck, his hard hands and his face
He cleansed; put on his robe, assumed his mace,
And halted forth, and on his steps attended
Handmaids of gold that with strong paces wended,
Like dames in flower of life, in whom were minds
Furnish'd with wisdom, knowing all the kinds
Of the Gods' powers; from whom did Voices fly,
In whom were strengths, and motions voluntary.
These at his elbow ever ministered;
And these, drawing after him his legs, he led

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To Thetis seated in a shining throne,
Whose hand he shook, and ask'd this question :
"What wish'd occasion brings the sea's bright Queen
To Vulcan's house, that ever yet hath been
So great a stranger? shew thy reverend will,
Which mine of choice commands me to fulfil,
If in the reach of all mine art it lie,
Or it be possible to satisfy?"
Thetis pour'd out this sad reply in tears :
"O Vulcan, is there any Goddess bears,
Of all the deities that deck the sky,
So much of mortal wretchedness as I,
Whom Jove past all deprives of heavenly peace?
My self of all the blue Nereides,
He hath subjected to a mortal's bed,
Which I against my will have suffered
To Peleus surnamed Æacides,
Who in his Court lies slain with the disease
Of woful age; and now with new infortunes,
He all my joys to discontents importunes
In giving me a son, chief in renown
Of all Heroes; who hath palm-like grown,
Set in a fruitful soil; and when my care
Had nursed him to a form so singular,
I sent him in the Grecian's crook-stern'd fleet
To Ilion, with the swiftness of his feet,
And dreadful strength, that his choice limbs indued
To fight against the Trojan fortitude;
And him I never shall receive retired,
To Peleus' court; but while he lives inspired
With human breath, and sees the Sun's clear light,
He must live sad and moody as the night.
Nor can I cheer him, since his valour's price
Resign'd by all the Grecians' compromise,
Atrides forced into his fortune's part
For which consumption tires upon his heart;
Yet since the Trojans, all the Greeks conclude
Within their fort, the peers of Greece have sued
With worthiness of gifts and humble prayers,
To win his hand to hearten their affairs
Which he denied; but to appease their harms,
He deck'd his dear Patroclus in his arms,
And sent him with his bands to those debates :
All day they fought before the Scæan gates,
And well might have expugn'd by that black light,
The Ilian city, if Apollo's spite
Thirsting the blood of good Menetius' son,
Had not in face of all the fight foredone
His faultless life; and author'd the renown
On Hector's prowess, making th' act his own :
Since therefore, to revenge the timeless death
Of his true friend, my son determineth
T' embrue the field; for want whereof he lies
Buried in dust, and drown'd in miseries;
Here at thy knees I sue, that the short date
Prefix'd his life by power of envious fate,
Thou wilt with heavenly arms grace and maintain,
Since his are lost with his Patroclus slain."
He answer'd, "Be assured, nor let the care
Of these desires thy firmest hopes impair;
Would God as far from lamentable death,
When heavy fates shall see it with his breath,
I could reserve him, as unequall'd arms,
Shall be found near t'avert all instant harms,
Such arms as all worlds shall for art admire
That by their eyes their excellence aspire."
This said, the smith did to his bellows go,
Set them to fire, and made his Cyclops blow :
Full twenty pair breathed through his furnace holes
All sorts of blasts to inflame his temper'd coals,
Now bluster'd hard, and now did contrarise,
As Vulcan would, and as his exercise
Might with perfection serve the dame's desire.
Hard brass and tin he cast into the fire,
High-prized gold and silver, and did set
Within the stock, an anvil bright and great :
His massy hammer then his right hand held,
His other hand his gasping tongues compell'd.
And first he forged a huge and solid shield,
Which every way did variant artship yield,

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Through which he three ambitious circles cast,
Round and refulgent; and without he placed
A silver handle; five-fold proof it was,
And in it many things with special grace
And passing artificial pomp were graven;
In it was earth's green globe, the sea and heaven,
Th' unwearied Sun; the Moon exactly round,
And all the stars with which the sky is crown'd,
The Pleiades, the Hyads, and the force
Of great Orion; and the Bear, whose course
Turns her about his sphere observing him
Surnamed the Chariot, and doth never swim
Upon the unmeasured Ocean's marble face,
Of all the flames that heaven's blue veil enchace.
In it two beauteous cities he did build
Of divers-languaged men: the one was fill'd
With sacred nuptials and with solemn feasts,
And through the streets the fair officious guests,
Lead from their bridal chambers their fair brides,
With golden torches burning by their sides.
Hymen's sweet triumphs were abundant there,
Of youths and damsels dancing in a sphere;
Amongst whom masking flutes and harps were heard,
And all the matrons in their doors appear'd,
Admiring their enamour'd braveries;
Amongst the rest busy Contention flies
About a slaughter; and to solemn Court
The Citizens were drawn in thick resort,
Where two contended for a penalty:
The one due satisfaction did deny
At th' other's hands for slaughter of his friend,
The other did the contrary defend:
At last by arbitration both desired,
To have their long and costly suit expired,
The friends cast sounds confused on either side
Whose tumult straight the heralds pacified.
In holy circle and on polish'd stones,
The reverend Judges made their Sessions,
The voiceful heralds awful sceptres holding,
And their grave dooms on either side unfolding.
In midst two golden talents were proposed
For his rich fee by whom should be disclosed
The most applausive sentence; th' other town
Two hosts besieged, to have it overthrown,
Or in two parts to share the wealthy spoil,
And this must all the citizens assoil.
They yield to neither, but with close alarm,
To sallies and to ambuscadoes arm,
Their wives and children on their walls did stand,
With whom and with the old men they were mann'd.
The other issued; Mars and Pallas went
Propitious captains to their brave intent.
Both golden did in golden garments shine
Ample and fair, and seem'd indeed divine.
The soldiers were in humbler habits deck'd.
When they had found a valley most select
To couch their ambush—at a river's brink
Where all their herds had mutual place to drink,
These, clad in shining steel, they close did lie,
And sit far off two sentinels to spy,
When all their flocks and crook-haunch'd herds came near,
Which soon succeeded, and they follow'd were
By two poor herdsmen that on bagpipes play'd,
Doubtless of any ambuscadoes laid;
The sentinels gave word, and in they flew,
Took herds and flocks, and both their keepers slew.
The enemy hearing such a strange uproar
About their cattle—being set before
In solemn council—instantly took horse,
Pursued, and at the flood, with mutual force,
The conflict join'd; betwixt them flew debate,
Disorder'd tumult, and exitial fate;
Here was one taken with wounds bleeding green,
And here, one pale and yielding, no wound seen;
Another slain, drawn by the strengthless heels
From the red slaughter of the ruthless steels,
And he that slew him on his shoulders wearing
His bloody weeds as trophies of his daring.
Like men alive they did converse in fight,
And tired on death with mutual appetite.
He carved besides a soft and fruitful field
Broad and thrice new-till'd in that heavenly shield,
Where many ploughmen turn'd up here and there
The earth in furrows, and their sovereign near

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They strived to work; and every furrow ended
A bowl of sweetest wine he still extended
To him that first had done, then turn'd they hand,
Desirous to dispatch that piece of land,
Deep and new-ear'd; black grew the plough with mould
Which look'd like blackish earth tho' forged of gold.
And this he did with miracle adorn.
Then made he grow a field of high-sprung corn,
In which did reapers sharpen'd sickles ply;
Others, their handles fall'n confusedly,
Laid on the ridge together; others bound
Their gather'd handfuls to sheaves hard and round.
Their binders were appointed for the place,
And at their heels did children glean apace,
Whole armfuls to the binders ministering.
Amongst all these all silent stood their king,
Upon a balk, his sceptre in his hand,
Glad at his heart to see his yieldy land.
The heralds then the harvest feast prepare,
Beneath an oak far off, and for their fare,
A mighty ox was slain, and women dress'd
Store of white cakes, and mix'd the labourers' feast.
In it besides a vine ye might behold
Loaded with grapes, the leaves were all of gold,
The bunches black and thick did through it grow
And silver props sustain'd them from below:
About the vine an azure dyke was wrought
And about it a hedge of tin he brought.
One path went through it, through the which did pass
The vintagers, when ripe their vintage was.
The virgins then, and youths, childishly wise,
For the sweet fruit did painted cups devise,
And in a circle bore them dancing round,
In midst whereof a boy did sweetly sound
His silver harp, and with a piercing voice,
Sung a sweet song; when each youth with his choice
Triumphing over earth, quick dances treads.
A herd of oxen thrusting out their heads
And bellowing, from their stalls rushing to feed
Near a swift flood, raging and crown'd with reed,
In gold and tin he carved next the vine
Four golden herdsmen following: herd-dogs nine
Waiting on them; in head of all the herd,
Two lions shook a bull, that bellowing, rear'd
In desperate horror, and was dragg'd away:
The dogs and youths pursued; but their slain prey,
The lions rent out of his spacious hide,
And in their entrails did his flesh divide,
Lapping his sable blood; the men to fight
Set on their dogs in vain that durst not bite
But bark'd and backwards flew: he forged beside
In a fair vale, a pasture sweet and wide
Of white-fleeced sheep, in which he did impress
Sheepcotes, sheepfolds, and cover'd cottages.
In this rare shield the famous Vulcan cast
A dancing mace; like that in ages past,
Which in broad Gnossus Dedalus did dress
For Ariadne with the golden tress.
There youths and maids with beauties past compare
Danced with commixed palms: the maids did wear
Light silken robes; the youths in coats were deck'd
Embroider'd fair, whose colours did reflect
Glosses like oil: the maids fair coronets wore,
The youths gilt swords in silver hangers bore,
And these sometimes would in a circle meet
Exceeding nimbly, and with skilful feet,
Turning as round as doth a wheel new done,
The wheelwright sitting, trying how 'twill run.
Then would they break the ring, and take their places
As at the first: when troops pleased with their graces
Stood looking on, two youths then with a song
Danced in the midst to please th' admiring throng.
About this living shield's circumference,
He wrought the ocean's curled violence,
Arming his work as with a crystal wall.
The targe thus firm and huge, now finish'd all;

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He cuirass made that did for light outshine
The blaze of fire, impierceable, divine:
A helm fit for his brows, whose lofty crest
Was with a waving plume of gold impress'd:
Then shining greaves he made of brightest brass;
And when this smith of heaven brought to full pass
This full of wonder and unmatch'd affair,
To goddess Thetis he address'd repair,
And laid it sounding at her crystal feet,
Which with refreshed mind and countenance sweet
She took, and like a hawk, stoop'd from the brows
Of steep Olympus: and the wreakful vows
Of her enraged son she help'd to pay,
With Vulcan's arms wrought for eternal day.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.

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